



PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

BOOK 02

Er Gen

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Pursuit of the Truth

(求魔)

by
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Synopsis

Three thousand years of bowing down to the Demon Lord,

I would rather be a mortal than a celestial being when looking back,

but for her I will...

become one who controls life and death!

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Chapter 101 – Why

Tracking the HeiShan Patriarch's trail, Su Ming was led to the location of HeiShan Tribe's reinforcements. The brutal killing and decapitation of the HeiShan Patriarch was in fact carefully thought out by Su Ming in order to amplify the effect it will have on the HeiShan tribesmen. This was further augmented by his demonic appearance under the full moon, and he now had an overwhelming psychological advantage against his enemies.

It was essential for Su Ming to do all of that, for he was on the brink of exhaustion. Even though he was rejuvenated by the moonlight, he still had to kill the traitor Shan Heng, whom he hated to the core.

In order to accomplish his tasks given his limited stamina, Su Ming had to rely on this psychological tactic against his enemies.

The death of the man who was the lookalike of the HeiShan Patriarch made Su Ming seemed even more mysterious. Tricked into believing that Su Ming was a terrifying Heretic-Mán, they had lost the will to fight, causing them to retreat in haste when Su Ming charged forth at them.

Even if the HeiShan Patriarch lookalike did not present himself as a target, Su Ming would have used the same fearsome method in order to mess with the minds of his enemies.

Screams of despair and imminent death could be heard from this small space of a forest clearing. It was after sometime before

silence returned once again. Dragging his body, Su Ming walked out step-by-step.

There were a few more wounds on his body, one of which was a bone-deep slash. Under the moonlight, blood gradually ceased to leak from the wounds, but Su Ming's face remained as pale as the snow-laden land.

Behind him, four corpses laid on the ground, the snow around them soaked in their blood. They had paid the price for their invasion.

All these made HeiShan Tribe all the more regret their underestimation of WuShan's resistance, and their overconfidence in their Mán-Elder.

Their regret stemmed ever since the ambush in the forest. But the battle had already been fought, and moreover without the command of their Mán-Elder, they dare not retreat, but continue in their folly.

Shocked by the struggle put up by WuShan, those injured but surviving tribesmen of HeiShan chose not to return to the tribe, but dispersed themselves from the forest in order to find an excuse to not participate in the pursuit.

WuShan Tribe's zeal was etched deeply in their hearts.

Su Ming pushed onwards in the forest, his breath heavy. He was searching for traces of evidence using tracking techniques he had learnt since young, searching for Shan Heng!

He had to find this man, for the sake of Nan Song, for the tribesmen of WuShan, and for the familiar faces who perished in battle. He had to ask Shan Heng just why!

In the air above, clashing sounds never ceased. Su Ming knew that Grandpa was burning his life force in order to intercept and engage Bi Tu in a persistent battle.

Su Ming was willing to do all he can to protect the safety of his tribesmen. Even though he remained silent, the perseverance and resolution in his eyes not once wavered.

As he advanced along the traces left by Shan Hen, Su Ming came across the corpses of the tribesmen who had chosen to stay behind.

Seeing these tribesmen made Su Ming's heart ache, as he slowly walked by each one of them before stopping by one of them.

In front of him was a large tree, and by the foot of the tree laid a youth whose arms hung limply from his body, an ocarina laying on the ground by his side, dyed brown with blood even clogging up some of its holes.

Su Ming approached the deceased Liu Di, his body already rigid as it lifelessly gazed towards the sky, unsure of what he was seeing just before his death. Perhaps it was just like the WuShan's burial hymn, asking who determined the skies were blue, and who the stars belonged to.

While gazing at Liu Di, Su Ming slowly knelt by his side as he retrieved his bone ocarina and put it away.

He could never forget the sound of his melody amidst the many quiet nights in the tribe, each time wanting to meet this person but ending up never doing so.

But today as Su Ming shut his eyes, the opportunity to watch this person perform was forever lost.

Su Ming left.

With his extreme speed while bathed in the countless strands of dancing moonlight, he dashed through the forest pursuing Shan Hen.

The path left behind by Shan Hen was a mess, representative of his grievous wounds and his chaotic mind as his escape route was hardly camouflaged.

Or perhaps he had believed that there would not be anyone coming after him, otherwise as the WuShan Tribe's Hunting

Party's Captain, he was definitely no less familiar of the forest than Su Ming.

This pursuit continued on as time slowly passed, the skies have already completely darkened and the full moon hung high in the sky, its glow overpowering the stars around it, even the fog in the skies became unable to mask the moon. After reaching where Grandpa fought off the HeiShan pursuers, the barrier of light had long since faded.

There Su Ming looked at Wu La who smilingly laid at rest.

Seeing Wu La, he slowly continued onwards as her dying words surfaced by his ears once more.

“Ar..... are you Mo Su.....”

Only after standing by her side for a long while did he once more walk on.

As he walked on he reached the place where he had slain Bi Su, but his body was no longer there, probably carried away by someone else.

Along this journey, everything Su Ming saw allowed his memories of the battles to etch themselves deeper into his heart until he reached a faraway place.

Here was not part of the forest, in front of Su Ming he saw a heap

of flesh and blood along with a patch of white hair, giving off a sense of familiarity.

At the start of their migration, after barely leaving the tribe, this was where the tribe's old people had chosen to stay behind. And unfortunately these old people no longer existed, the frigid winds blowing upon the lands, stirring up the snow and dispersing the last remnants of their white hair.

They had requested from Grandpa a method to self detonate, a method to sacrifice their lives, as they reminisced their lives, laughing and smiling before exploding in a bang as the Hei Shan pursuers came.

Su Ming deeply bowed towards these piles of blood, these normal seniors worthy of respect like the Mán-Cultivators who fought to their death.

Silently moving his feet, he walked past the snowy plains, finding the five arrows belonging to the Marksman. After stringing them back onto his back, he continued walking onwards to where there was the most number of casualties, the place where the HeiShan Tribe laid their ambush.

Seeing this land of carnage, Su Ming's killing intent towards Shan Hen further deepened.

A large number of corpses laid in front of Su Ming, over a dozen of the lazy good-for-nothing youths of the tribe whose last scenes made Su Ming's heart ache even more.

As he followed behind Shan Hen's path, he could clearly tell that he was not the only one who had witnessed these sights, Shan Hen too saw all these things as he ran, his footsteps clearly becoming more obvious at these places, implying that he had stopped as well.

"Shan Hen, could the place you are heading to be..... that place..." Su Ming mumbled, his expression a mess. Since he was a child, Shan Hen had been the leader of the tribes hunting party, and like the Marksman, was someone he and the rest of his generation respected.

Although the two of them were of different surnames, the Marksman was loved by the La Su of the tribe, whereas although Shan Hen was colder, he too allowed these La Su to feel safe and warmth.

Perhaps he was not cold, but as the Hunting Party's Captain, he had to protect the Tribe and get enough food for the tribe, the time spent outside hunting had exposed to too much bloodshed. Perhaps, he too did smile, but this smile only faintly appeared on his face when the tribe had enough food for everyone.

This smile was not something that the tribesmen normally saw.

For such a person, just why did he betray the tribe, Su Ming deeply thought as he chased, no longer caring about the tracks Shan Hen left behind, he could already guess where Shan Hen was headed to.

As he passed the previous battleground, under the moonlight, he once more turned into a red streak, a faint outline eventually appearing in the distance.

That place was where he experienced his joyous days, every night there would be tribesmen dancing by the fire, every night there were La Su playing around.

That was where Su Ming's sixteen years of memory lied, but today was just a bleak desolate wasteland.

That place was the WuShan Tribe.

As Su Ming approached, he could see through the main gates of the tribe, on the messy snowy grounds sat a man in tears.

His cries could be clearly heard in the silent night, reverberating in the surroundings, the sorrowful sound making Su Ming's feet stop.

"This sorrow, is it real....." Su Ming clenched his fists as he determinedly walked onwards, after he walked past the doors of the tribe, he stopped about a hundred Zhang from the weeping man.

Seeing the person's figure and his sorrowful cries as well as his former home, Su Ming's heart felt a piercing pain.

"WHY!"

Chapter 102 – Shan Hen

Su Ming stood in the remains of the tribe as he looked at the crying man, his words remaining unanswered. This man was indeed Shan Hen, who knelt in the middle of the tribe, his tears overflowing, his expression one with pain, guilt and sorrow.

Su Ming remained silent, nor did he attack, rather he waited for Shan Hen's answer.

After some time, as the cold wind continue to blow sending the various possessions of the people who used to live there flying, Shan Hen had finally stopped crying. Slowly standing up, he turned back to look at Su Ming.

His eyes were bloodshot and fatigued.

His familiar gaze had become foreign, this person who had been close to them had become a traitor of the Wu Shan Tribe. If not for him, the losses to the tribe would not have been as severe.

“It was you who informed the Hei Shan Tribe about our migration route.” Su Ming gazed at Shan Hen as he sadly walked over.

“When I came back, you were supposedly clearing the surrounding area of Hei Shan Tribesmen, and at that time you all split ways so no one knew where you were. And you, instead of killing those Hei Shan Tribesmen in the area, you gave them the information about our tribes migration.” Su Ming continued

walking forward.

Shan Hen's face was pale as he bitterly smiled, taking a few steps back, unwilling to answer Su Ming's questioning.

“At that ambush, we lost a lot of our tribesmen.....”

“After that, you managed to wait till the end at the most critical juncture to keep Lei Chen, grandpa Nan Song and us back and then strike out then severely injuring grandpa Nan Song and disrupting out plans.....

Did you really want to see the Hei Shan Tribe brutally murder all of us.....” Su Ming continued onwards, his voice slowly turning hoarse.

Shan Hen's expression grew even more pained as he retreated further backwards.

“But there are just two things I don't understand, firstly, what benefit is there for you to betray the tribe like this. And secondly, when you got Bei Ling and his father to leave with the tribe, was it out of guilt or was it because you were not confident of taking on grandpa Nan Song while they were around.” Su Ming's body trembled slightly as he got within twenty Zhang from Shan Hen.

“Tell me why!”

“Stop talking!!” Shan Hen's face was pale as he loudly shouted,

all his pain and sorrow bursting out as he backed off even further.

“Just stop.....talking! There was no why, no nothing!” Shan Hen’s tears continued to fall out as he raised his right arm and pointed a finger towards Su Ming, a crimson glow appearing on his arm.

“I don’t care if you are Su Ming or Mo Su or whatever, just get lost! I can’t die yet, ten years later I will end myself here anyway.

If you keep coming closer, don’t blame me for ignoring the fact we were from the same tribe!” Shan Hen’s cold expression was no longer there, what remained was like a wild beast who would escape in a flash.

“As someone who chose to betray the tribe, what tribal relationships are you talking about, when you injured grandpa Nan Song, didn’t you think about what would happen to the rest of the migrating tribesmen when we fall!!” Su Ming fiercely grit his teeth, tossing the Scaled Blood Spear in his right arm towards Shan Hen.

Su Ming’s body once more turned into a red flash, the dancing strands of moonlight behind him instantly closing in on Shan Hen, as the sounds of battle rang in this originally peaceful tribe.

In an instant, the light from Shan Hen’s arm transformed into a bloody knife, clashing head on with the spear, sending out shockwaves into the surroundings.

“Wu Blood Dust!” Shen Hen took a few steps back and spat out some blood which disintegrated mid-air and flew towards Su Ming as a bloody mist.

With his higher cultivation, this Wu Blood Dust technique was not something Su Ming could compare to, instantly it covered an area several Zhang wide, the moment it lands on Su Ming’s body, it would pierce through it like an arrow. But as this powerful bloody mist approached Su Ming, his eyes flashed with moonlight, after all today was a full moon night!

The numerous strands of moonlight floating behind Su Ming suddenly surged forward and condensed into a barrier, meeting the blood mist the instant before it hit Su Ming.

A tremendous boom ensued and Su Ming’s body flinched from the recoil. The barrier of moonlight utterly shattered, but the blood mist also disintegrated as though erased by a violent gale.

At the same time, Shan Heng was blown several meters backwards by the impact, blood seeping from his mouth. Giving a mighty lurch, he chose to flee instead of resuming this engagement.

But Su Ming would not let him flee, and immediately gave chase with a turn of his body. When he approached Shan Heng, the latter suddenly turned around to face him, an expression of agony and killing intent on his face.

“Su Ming, you forced my hand!” Shan Heng gave a hoarse roar.

The instant he raised the knife that was his right hand, the vestige of a knife began to form on his face. That was his Man-Tattoo!

The moment the Man-Tattoo surfaced, the space behind Shan Heng began to warp. A great red knife manifested out of nowhere. As the knife descended, it pierced Shan Heng's body towards Su Ming's head with an immense killing intent.

This strike was a sight to behold, the strongest attack of Shan Heng, the hunting captain of WuShan! Countless had fell before this attack, be it man or beast!

Around Su Ming, a vast quantity of moonlight transformed into countless threads to entwine the incoming knife, but breaking the instant it came into contact with the weapon.

Watching the knife that is about to land, flames began to emanate in Su Ming's eyes, as though his pupils were ignited. With the appearance of the flames, a burning sensation kindled in Su Ming's blood qi, as though his body contained a fire that could scorch heaven and earth!

On this full moon night, the burning sensation exceeded that of any previous occasion. His eyes blazing, Su Ming raised his right hand without making a sound towards the incoming blood knife, pressing his palm at it.

All over his body, flames suddenly erupted and enveloped him, forming a colossal figure of flames. Facing the moon, the blazing giant breathed in deeply, causing the surrounding to grow dim at

once, as though all moonlight in this vicinity had been sucked into it.

“Fire!” Su Ming said softly. During his pursuit, he had already felt this fire within his body that he could summon at will anytime.

With a wave of Su Ming’s right hand, the flaming giant collided head on with the incoming blood knife. It no longer had a humanoid form, but morphed into a sea of flame, scorching everything in its path.

An earth rending explosion resounded the instant the sea of fire and blood knife annihilated each other. Spatting out blood, Shan Heng’s expression was one of disbelief. Being severely injured previously, more blood sprayed from his mouth as his body was blown backwards midair, no longer able to suppress his wounds. Stumbling, he fled in haste.

Blood seeped from the corner of Su Ming’s mouth and dripped onto the snow, immediately melting large swathes of it as though the snow was set aflame. Looking at Shan Heng who was about to escape, Su Ming gave a mighty lurch forward, thrusting the blood-scaled spear forward with vengeance.

In the midst of the wind’s howl, the blood-scaled spear morphed into a blood-coloured condor, and a loud bang sounded from Shan Heng’s position ahead. The sheer impact of the blast forced Shan Heng to stop in his track for an instant.

Seizing the moment, Su Ming gave the ground a stomp. A dagger

on the ground beside him, left behind by his tribesmen during their migration, flew into his grasp. Wielding it in one hand, his body disappeared and reappeared beside Shan Heng in the blink of an eye, plunging the dagger into the latter's body.

"I cannot die!" Shan Heng had a frenzied look on his face. Just before Su Ming's dagger stabbed into him, the fingers of his right hand shone with a faint red glow and morphed into a red knife. Then, the two impaled each other at the same time.

"Give me ten years, just ten years!!" Shan Heng breathed harshly as those words came in an agonized, hoarse shouting.

"When I was a child, you were an elder whom I admired deeply. I knew that your aloofness was a pretense that you put on due to your heavy responsibilities. You had to protect the tribe. The tribe needed not only an approachable figure like the Marksman, but also a detached individual."

"Which is why you chose to be detached... I accept this stab of yours... is to thank you for your past contributions to the tribe."

"But I will never forgive you for your betrayal, neither will the tribesmen who had died!" Blood seeped from Su Ming's mouth. Leaning against Shan Heng's body, he withdrew the stone dagger with his right hand, only to stab it in again.

"This, is on behalf of the elderly of the tribe who had died."

“This, is on behalf the tribesmen who sacrificed themselves to protect the Patriarch.” Su Ming whispered beside Shan Heng’s ear, stabbing him once again.

“This, is on behalf of Wu La.”

“This, is on behalf of Liu Di.” Tears leaked from Su Ming’s grieving eyes as he stabbed continually. With each knife, Shan Heng’s body shook, blood drained unceasingly from his mouth. He was also crying as he suffered in agony.

This, is on behalf of Grandpa Nan Song.” Su Ming gazed at the ruins of the tribe, propping up Shan Heng so that he will not collapse. Pushing his body forward, he stabbed with the dagger on his right hand again. As Su Ming pushed, a frightful stream of blood formed on the snow beneath their feet, until they collided onto an undamaged part of the gigantic wooden fence surrounding the tribe.

With a bang, the fence shook. Once again, Su Ming withdrew his dagger.

“This, is on behalf of Grandpa”

“This, is from me.” Su Ming spoke softly as the stone dagger in his hand plunged deeply into Shan Heng’s heart. The latter collapsed onto Su Ming, his body convulsing as light faded from his eyes.

It was all silent. Only the two remained on the tribe, seemingly seized in each other's arms. Su Ming shut his eyes. After a long while, he took a few light steps backwards, and Shan Heng's corpse collapsed onto the ground. His eyes were devoid of life, as though he could no longer see Su Ming. He struggled to raise his trembling right hand to retrieve a piece of bone from his embrace.

It was a tiny piece of bone that seemed like the leg bone of an infant. Grasping that tiny bone, tears poured from his deaden eyes.

Amongst tears, he stopped breathing, and died.

Chapter 103 – Place Closest To The Skies

Su Ming silently stood there as he watched Shan Hen's body collapse before him. As for his betrayal, Su Ming still felt extremely conflicted, killing him not only did not bring respite, but rather worsened his feelings.

Even if he did something he had to die for, who would be willing to with their own hands slay the person they so respected as a youth.

Su Ming stared at Shan Hen's vacant eyes, blankly looking at a place Su Ming could not see, never going to figure out what he thought just as he died. Tightly holding onto the small infant's bone dyed red with blood, as if it was the most important thing in his life.

Su Ming still did not have answers for why Shan Hen betrayed the tribe, lightly walking forwards he knelt by Shan Hen's side, his gaze becoming kinder as the original memories of Shan Hen resurfaced.

Su Ming held out his right hand and swept it by his eyes, closing them for the last time, his actions very warm and gentle, as if afraid of disrupting Shan Hen's spirit.

With a light sigh Su Ming prepared to stand up, but his gaze fell onto the small leg bone in Shan Hen's hand.

“Is it because of this.....” Su Ming thought as he picked up the

bone, unable to figure anything out from it as he eventually put it away.

Standing up, he looked at the familiar surroundings, it was already late into the night but the round moon still hung on high in the skies, the moonlight brightly illuminating the snowy lands and reflecting back into the skies, making them seem less dark than expected.

As he started to leave, a warm feeling suddenly came from his chest, after feeling about, he recovered a piece of bone given to him by the WuShan Tribe patriarch before leaving.

“If this thing turns red, it represents that the tribe has already reached safety?...” A smile which had not appeared on Su Ming face for a long time slowly grew as the bone heated up and shone red.

“The tribe, is safe now.....” Su Ming let out a sigh of relief, but at this moment from the Black Haze peak of the Wu mountains in the distance came a heaven shaking roar.

Su Ming raised his head and looked at the Wu mountains in the distance, the Black Haze peak seemingly bursting apart along with the loud noise, large amounts of shattered rock flying into the surroundings. Along with the debris flying in the sky, Su Ming saw in the background Bi Tu and Grandpa engaged in combat.

And Grandpa was constantly falling back, his figure looking grievously injured.

Behind Grandpa was the same monstrous red mist in the shape of a NightWing, which a single person stood atop.

This battle had been dragging on for a long time, the Hei Shan Man-Elder thought that after having reached the awakened realm, he would have been able to quickly end the fight. Never did he expect that up till now, he would still be locked in combat with Mo Sang.

Most importantly he could clearly tell that this Mo Sang had not reached the awakened realm, however he had just too many techniques most of which he had never seen in his life, what's more the might of his Man-Techniques could rival the strength of an awakened cultivator.

If he had not mastered his heretical Man-Technique and had been constantly draining strength from the earth itself, this fight would have been much much harder. Currently Mo Sang was sent rolling into the distance while Bi Tu continued to charge onwards atop the NightWing, afraid to send the NightWing out by itself anymore ever since the previous incident of losing control which left a shadow in his heart.

Currently he still could not understand why his Man-Blood gotten more and more vigorous as if slowly going out of his control on the verge of bursting out at anytime. This feeling was out of his control, it was as if his body itself wanted to move and pay its respect towards a certain direction.

If not for his using his awakened realm's cultivation to suppress that pressure, this battle would have been practically impossible to fight.

Su Ming stood in the tribe as he watched the scene unfold, his body shooting forwards towards the Wu Mountain, as he was unable to fly, he could not participate in the aerial battle, however, he could still stand atop the Wu Mountains on its peak, where he was closest to the heavens.

Only there would he be able to help Grandpa, Su Ming continued to silently advance, his eyes flashing with a strange glint, the numerous strands of moonlight floating behind him.

“Since the tribe has already reached safety, I can go without any regrets..... given my cultivation it would be impossible to enter this battle between the Man-Elders, and I probably will end up making Grandpa worry even more.” Su Ming expression remained calm, although he was anxious.

“If not for having experienced controlling the NightWing previously I would not dare continue onwards, but now it would appear that perhaps..... I can really be of assistance to Grandpa!” Su Ming turned into a red streak as he dashed into the forest along with his moonlight strands.

“The place nearest the skies is also the place nearest the full moon, which is where I shall kindle my blood flame!” The crimson streak rushed onwards through this dense jungle.

This idea was not something he just thought of, it was actually vaguely conceived when he first saw the red misty NightWing appear behind Bi Tu.

After being able to control the NightWing the notion no longer remained vague, it had become a clear plan.

“Within the five peaks of the Wu Mountains reside a large amount of NightWings, the last time I kindled my blood flame nearby I think I could vaguely feel the NightWings grow anxious?... If I am not wrong, under this full moon and atop the mountain, if I try to kindle my blood flame I should be able to create an even greater reaction from the NightWings, and hopefully also affect..... that strange NightWing made from Bi Tu’s Man-Technique!” In these few chaotic days, Su Ming had finally learnt to not be as rash, but to calmly think.

He did not choose to go up the Black Haze Peak, but rather the black dragon peak, the red streak travelling a huge distance in a flash, very quickly traversing the whole of the jungle, following a familiar path he approached the Black Dragon peak.

Su Ming could no longer remember how many times he climbed up this mountain peak and so he was extremely familiar with each nook and cranny of the mountain. In a few leaps he had scaled the mountain without stopping, constantly moving closer to the mountain peak.

Su Ming used all his speed to scale the mountain, and because he scaled it from the back side, Bi Tu and Mo Sang who were locked in combat in the air did not notice his movements at all.

As the two of them were locked in an intense fight, they could not afford to lose concentration and fully observe their surroundings, but for some reason Bi Tu felt his heart race, as his Man Blood quickly grew more and more out of control, as if his blood was boiling sending his mind into disarray, forcing him to quickly retreat as he had to spend more effort suppressing it, his expression changing even more greatly as fear surfaced.

“Just what is going on!” Bi Tu was alarmed but he did not have much time to think as Grandpa Mo Sang quickly took the opportunity to approach and attack.

He was already a spent force and extremely exhausted, but as the fight had come to this point, he no longer thought of trying to escape nor was he even able to escape, as the Feng Zheng Tribe’s Jing Nan still had not arrived, Mo Sang’s heart was just unable to be at ease.

Currently Su Ming was still moving towards the Black Dragon peak, along the way, he could vaguely feel once more that in the depths, the NightWings were moving again,

“I believe that I must be right!” Su Ming’s eyes flashed as he continued his climb, soon he reached the Black Dragon Peak’s peak, the winds howling through his hair, his broken robes flapping in the wind as he remained standing there. Looking towards the sky, the bloody mist roaring by the Black Haze Peak.

Even mightier pressure came from the clash of Man-Techniques

between Grandpa and Bi Tu, which even caused the surroundings to warp.

After taking a deep breath, Su Ming sat down cross legged with his head pointing towards the moon in the sky, the round moon shone brightly into Su Ming's eyes, his body slowly heating up.

“Grandpa, Su Ming is here to accompany you!” The image of the blood moon becoming clearer in Su Ming's eyes, as his blood started to boil, the warmth traversing his entire body, as he raised his right arm, biting a tear into his finger before pressing it onto his left eye.

Kindle the blood, for the fourth time!

The instant the blood on his finger touched his left eye, the ground beneath Su Ming instantly started to rumble. In fact, all five peaks of the Black Mountain Range started to tremble.

At the same time, within the five mountain peaks, all the NightWings started to cry out, wanting to rush out of their red tree trunk, madly clawing at the tree, their eyes all crimson with excitement as they chirped. They had to rush out, they had to greet their lord!

Also occurring at the same time, the Bi Tu who was fighting Mo Sang in the red mist suddenly felt his entire body tremble, forcing him to quickly retreat, his expression filled with fear, all his Man-Blood suddenly becoming very hard to control, constantly going against his will, his heart became gripped with an intense impulse

to kneel down towards the Black Dragon Peak and pay his respects.

“Why is this happening!” Bi Tu’s hair was a mess blood spilling out his lips as he forcefully prevented himself from doing that impulsive act, at the same time he finally saw the weak and skinny person sitting on the Black Dragon Peak.

Chapter 104, 105, 106 – Stepping Into The Fight!

Bi Tu's expression revealed his strong killing intent. From a single glance, he understood that what made him cowered in fear was that figure on Black Dragon peak, and it was fast approaching him.

Immediately, Grandpa noticed Bi Tu's distraught and turned to look at Su Ming on Black Dragon peak. His eyes narrowed as he took a powerful step forward to hinder Bi Tu.

His tired body was engaged in battle once again.

As Bi Tu roared in fury, the dense mist behind his body suddenly condensed to form a pair of wings that could seemingly conceal the heavens, taking on an appearance akin to a Nightwing.

The Nightwing gazed at Su Ming, and its face revealed an intense struggle, as if there were two consciousness within its body. One is from Bi Tu, and the other is the spirit of the dead Fire-Mán, who wanted to bow to the figure that ignited the blood fire!

Su Ming watched the moon that hung in the sky, which appeared as a slate of red in his eyes. His body trembled as the index finger of his right hand ignited and struggled in motion.

“ The Fire-Mán Tribe of ancient times... I, Su Ming, inherited the technique of the Fire-Mán, and today I ignite the blood fire on this

Black Mountain. Descend, Fire-Mán, if you can hear me, assist me! As he muttered, Su Ming's face revealed his resolution. With a firm swipe of his index finger, an acute pain penetrated his left eye, from which massive flames erupted. Su Ming had ignited his left eye!

At the instant his left eye was ignited, the five peaks of Black Mountain quaked once again, several times more strongly than before. A massive amount of rubble loosened and rolled off. It was as though within Black Mountain, there was a giant entity trying to get on its feet!

Bi Tu who was in battle with Grandpa Mo Sang suddenly yelled horrendously. Blood leaked from his seven orifices as his entire body was swept backwards. His eyes were fully blood red, and a fuzzy silhouette of a NightWing fledged in his pupils.

The present him looked utterly pathetic, disheveled, drenched in blood. Grandpa Mo Sang's eyes glinted as he relentlessly gave chase. At the same time, the gigantic figure of the Nightwing in midair began to screech and tremble, as if there were two opposing forces clashing all out in its body now.

“Kill him, Nightwing formed of my Mán-blood, kill him!” Bi Tu bellowed and his right hand beat across his chest. Immediately, the Nightwing Mán-tattoo between his brows shone harshly, causing the Nightwing to cease struggling and assume the same killing intent as Bi Tu. Wings beating, it flew towards Su Ming on Black Dragon peak.

In his retreat, Bi Tu extended his arms, and wisps of white qi

suddenly emerged from the ground and flew towards him, healing the injuries in his body. Taking a mighty step, he engaged himself with the approaching Mo Sang. Mo Sang, pale-faced, bit his lips to resist as the rumble of battle resumed.

Far off in mid air, the huge Nightwing moved at great speed, descending upon Black Dragon peak with murderous intent as if giant storm. Its howls turned into severe gales that threatened to uproot Black Dragon peak. The instant before it arrived, the cross-legged Su Ming suddenly stood. Staring at the giant Nightwing, his eyes revealed the silhouette of the blood moon.

“Back down!” Su Ming’s voice was calm. Shifting his right finger from his left eye to his right, he gazed coldly at the Nightwing that was the size of a mountain.

Compared to the colossal Nightwing, Su Ming’s thin frame seemed utterly insignificant. But following his unfeeling voice, the giant Nightwing began to tremble uncontrollably to stop just thirty metres or so before Su Ming. The killing intent in its eyes melted into conflict and pain.

Grandpa Mo Sang’s face revealed his disbelief at this scene. Furthermore, Bi Tu’s body began to shake violently, as if he felt what the Nightwing was feeling – an indescribable might erupting from the thin figure at Black Dragon peak.

As he trembled, Bi Tu shook off the hindering Mo Sang with a fist. Biting the tip of his tongue, he spat out a mouthful of blood and at the same, locked his right hand in between his brows. With a roar, he wrenched off the flesh imbued with the Nightwing

tattoo from him. Enshrouded by spat blood, the flesh began to burn, releasing a voluminous red vapour.

At the same time the NightWing about ten Zhang away from Su Ming suddenly burst into a sea of flames, conflict disappearing from its eyes as it rushed towards Su Ming, covering the distance in an instant, seeming like it was going to devour Su Ming whole.

Su Ming's expression remained calm, the moment the NightWing was about to arrive his right index finger swept past his right eye, instantly everything transformed, the clouds started to rumble, a thunderous roar burst forth from the Black Dragon Peak beneath his feet.

Kindling the blood for the fourth time, but this time Su Ming did not experience an increase in his number of blood veins, however the Black Dragon Peak beneath his feet rumbling reached the skies as the moon up high no longer appeared red only to Su Ming, but to everyone else as well.

It became a Blood Moon Night!

The moment the Blood Moon appeared, in the nearby lands, in the vast jungles, the hiding Hei Shan Tribesmen were all thrown into shock and horror the moment they the blood moon.

“The Blood Moon, why did the Blood Moon appear again!”

“Didn't the Blood Moon just appear recently, ho-how can it be

appearing again!”

Not only the Hei Shan Tribesmen hiding nearby, even those back at their tribe were hiding and cowering in fear.

Outside the Feng Zhen Tribe, alongside the migrating Wu Shan Tribesmen were about ten Feng Zhen Tribe Mán-Cultivators led by Ye Wang. He had received the Tribe Patriarch’s orders to help the Wu Shan Tribe, and accompany them to safety. These people’s expressions all too changed as they noticed the Blood Moon hanging up in the skies.

Then there was also the Wu Long Tribe who saw the Blood Moon!

They were thrown into shock!

Up in the skies above the black mountains, the moment Bi Tu saw the Blood Moon he was deeply shocked, yet joy also surfaced in his eyes. He, was just not afraid of the Blood Moon. Quickly, he shot towards Mo Sang, forcing Mo Sang to retreat back further, blood spilling out of his mouth and floating towards the ground as scattered droplets as he was hit by an unknown Mán-Technique from Bi Tu, sending him tumbling away. Just as Bi Tu was about to continue his pursuit.

At this very instant, an angry roar came from the peak of the Black Dragon Peak like roaring thunder.

“Bi Tu!!”

The Black Dragon Mountains shaking transformed into a loud roar as a large amount of rocks were knocked off, by the foot of the mountain, large amounts of snow and dust were knocked away forming a barren ring centered around the mountain.

The sounds came from the numerous cracks within the mountains as the sounds of wings flapping and roars intensified, eventually numerous blood red eyes appeared within as the NightWings flew out one-by-one, filling the space as far as the eye can see.

Shortly after, the Black Haze Peak and the other three peaks all burst into a rumble as the NightWings from within broke out from within the red tree!

This was completely unlike the times before it which was only a single appearance every several year.

The entire sky was filled with NightWing's, at least in the tens of thousands, all flying around and surrounding Su Ming within, making a noise which even makes the heavens and earth tremble.

Their eyes filled with emotion and excitement, as they flew around, their voices seemed to merged into a reverent chant as they surrounded Su Ming, seemingly regarding him as their lord!

Bi Tu was shaken as he looked at this sight, his expression

instantly changing as a never before seen shock filled his face. Staring at the numerous NightWings in the sky he practically even forget to breathe as his mind turned black.

He could also clearly feel coming from Su Ming's body the aura of a powerful genuine Fire-Mán-Art that was heavens apart from the one he got with the help of some foreigner.

“This..... this.....” his words remained stuck in his throat as he could not finish his words, the faint image of the BloodMoon in his eyes was just so much more inferior to the one reflected in Su Ming's eyes.

The gigantic NightWing which approached Su Ming instantly lost its killing intent which was instantly replaced by fervor and excitement as it similarly circled around the Black Dragon peak beneath Su Ming's feet.

Su Ming's eyes flashed but surprise did not appear on his face, the noise filled his ears and the streaks of flying NightWings filled his eyes, when he raised a palm, there would even be a NightWing which landed on it, squatting there with fervor and excitement in its eyes.

The current Su Ming was filled with a mysterious sensation, feeling as if he could control these NightWings and even use them for battle!

He could feel these NightWing's excitement, he could feel their exhilaration, he could feel their long awaited thirst for glory.

Su Ming clenched his fists as he headed forward, immediately the NightWings parted to form a clear path allow Su Ming to head directly to the edge of the mountain peak, without stopping he continued to take a step off the cliff.

The moment blank space replaced the ground beneath his feet, it would be taken over by a NightWing, allow him to step on its body, supporting him, allowing him to walk in the air.

Su Ming did not stop as he raised his head up high, his eyes filled with determination and persistence, he wanted to help grandpa, he wanted to help grandpa fight that damnable Bi Tu!

Bi Tu was someone Su Ming hated to the core, it was because of his fight that forced his tribesmen to unwillingly leave their homes and migrate amidst fighting for their lives. All these things originated from Bi Tu!

Carrying this hatred and his persistence, Su Ming stood in the skies before rushing at Bi Tu as a crimson streak with countless strands of moonlight flying behind him.

He could not fly, but with each step he took a NightWing would appear beneath his feet, practically allowing Su Ming feel as if he was walking on flat lands and thus moving with all his speed.

Surrounding him as he advanced was not only the numerous NightWings there was also Bi Tu's gigantic NightWing waiting on him, frantically howling forwards.

From the distance it would look like someone drew a line in the skies, but what formed this line were numerous NightWings making Su Ming who could just so simply step forward a terrifying sight.

The countless NightWings followed behind Su Ming's lead, forming a straight line which shot forth like an arrow.

Su Ming's eyes were filled with killing intent and his speed greatly surpassed Bi Tu's imaginations, even Grandpa did not expect it. Practically in an instant after he started stepping on the NightWings he had arrived in front of the tumbling Grandpa and stood in front to guard his exhausted Grandpa.

Although Grandpa still did not know why these NightWings appeared for Su Ming and why they so fervently obeyed him, he could still see a smile on Su Ming's face which no matter how tired he was, how close to death he was, even if blood was flowing down his lips, he still felt joy at, after all, Su Ming had finally grown up!

He could finally help Grandpa. In Grandpa's eyes that weak figure had seemingly transformed into a strong mountain.

"Bi Tu!" Su Ming knew that his cultivation was still too low and he was definitely not insane enough to fight directly with Bi Tu, but with these large numbers of NightWings around him, he had an idea, which was to let these NightWings fight for him.

This was the same thought that surfaced quite a while back!

Practically at the same time as when he shouted out Bi Tu's name, Su Ming who was standing guard in front of Grandpa condensed all two hundred and forty three blood veins on his body into one and threw his spear in his right hand towards Bi Tu.

The spear whistled terrifyingly in the air as all of Su Ming's blood qi was condensed into the spear causing it to streak across the sky like a crimson thunderbolt towards Bi Tu.

At the same time, Su Ming's intention was passed on to all the NightWings who while screeching rushed frantically forwards. The overwhelming numbers of NightWings poured forwards in a scene hard to describe in writing.

In this scene, the NightWings flew towards Bi Tu alongside the spear, even the gigantic NightWing originally under Bi Tu's control rushed forwards similarly madly.

With the spear as its arrowhead, the innumerable number of NightWings formed an arrow in the skies, in an instant approaching the shocked Bi Tu.

Having obtained his awakened realm powers from the NightWings, when they came back to take it back there was no way for him to escape his fate.

Bi Tu's face was pale as he hastily retreated, the urge to prostrate himself before Su Ming and the NightWings grew more and more intense from within him, while in agony he fiercely stabbed his

own chest with his own finger, causing a black qi to be released and surround his body which finally stopped that urge. However, this too came with a price, as he further staggered and his expression turned even more pale, yet his eyes revealed a strange madness as he roared towards the approaching spear and hoard of NightWings.

Alongside the roar, a black light flew out of his mouth and stopped in front of him, transforming into a black cauldron about the size of a whole person.

On the sides of the cauldron were numerous pained faces of anguish, loneliness, anger and some were even tear-streaked. The entire cauldron reeked with a cold qi, which seemed to instantly solidify the space around it.

“Take note of that cauldron, he had already used it once on me, it is able to release a very strange power which if not for my seven life sacrificing needles, I would not be able to withstand. But now he should also not be fully able to release its power, furthermore after he uses it he will be weakened!” Grandpa’s expression changed as he hurriedly spoke.

“All of you, die for me!” Bi Tu ferociously spoke as he spat blood onto the large cauldron, which instantly blazed into a flash as Bi Tu instantly visibly withered, his flesh and blood and his very life force drawn into the anguished faces on the large cauldron.

In a flash, the cauldron transformed to about ten Zhang wide, the cold qi becoming many times thicker, the numerous faces on it seeming to come alive with the light as they floated out the

cauldron.

After these faces appeared, painful cries started to fill the skies at the same time Su Ming's spear and those NightWings neared.

The two masses at this instant collided like a pair of dark clouds, powerful rumbles and cries instantly shooting out into the surroundings.

Amidst the chaotic cries, the faces popped like balloons as the many NightWings charged directly into them, but even so, although the NightWings had sturdy bodies, after colliding into these faces, they too dissolved into a crimson mist and disappeared.

However, these faces after being shattered did not appear pained any longer, rather they seem satisfied, as if they appeared not to fight, but to seek death, to seek a resolution to their suffering.

Of these faces, some of them should have belong to the HeiShan Tribe, while there should have also been those from the WuLong and WuShan Tribe who had gone missing or died while even more of them came from who knows where as Bi Tu absorbed them into his Heretical-Mán-Tool, sacrificing them for this thing.

Cries continued to resound as the two forces seemed to exterminate everything in their way, the Scaled Blood Spear which contained Su Ming's full-powered attack continued to directly pierce through face after face, before embedding itself in the large cauldron.

The moment it dug itself into the cauldron, the spear started to tremble as it shattered into numerous fragments which once more landed on the cauldron.

The cauldron shook, originally Su Ming's attack should not have been able to harm the cauldron at all, but with the price of the Scaled Blood Spear's destruction, it had exploded with all its power, causing cracks to appear on the cauldron's surface.

At the same time, the numerous bloodwings constantly rammed against the cauldron in a frenzy, causing these tiny cracks to grow larger and larger.

Although this took a long time to explain, it in reality happened in just a moment, following the loud bang, the large cauldron directly split into two halves as it fell towards the ground.

The moment the Cauldron broke apart, more blood shot out from Bi Tu's mouth as he staggered back even further. However on his face a vile smile appeared.

“Cauldron Slaughter!”

Su Ming too due to the destruction of the Scaled Blood Spear had large amounts of blood spill out his mouth. The Scaled Blood Spear was his first ever Mán-Tool and had also went through his battles at the Feng Zhen Tribe and the forests, it had followed him in his tribe's migration and now it was destroyed, which hurt him more than with just the simple rebound.

But his sorrow had been forcefully ignored by Su Ming for now as danger approached, while the split cauldron fell to the ground, a large amount of black qi erupted from within, forming a gigantic face which only grew larger as the cauldron fell towards the ground.

The face was over ten Zhang wide as it opened its large mouth which could easily swallow numerous Su Mings whole.

Grandpa's expression suddenly changed as he quickly stepped forward, preparing to push Su Ming away from the approaching face. But Su Ming too took a step forward remaining in front of Grandpa.

He spread his arms wide, immediately the NightWing's eyes turned redder as they rushed towards Su Ming, pressing themselves onto him forming layers of protection, even the gigantic nightwing did the same.

In the blink of an eye as the large face approached, Su Ming's body was completely enveloped by countless nightwings in the shape of an even larger NightWing.

What seemed like a single NightWing was actually formed by an innumerable number of them.

"Fire!" A shocking voice roared from within this gigantic NightWing's body, this voice belonged to Su Ming and at the same time belonged to the innumerable NightWings. Following this

voice's appearance was a majestic boundless qi which did not belong to Su Ming, rather it came from these countless NightWings!

Su Ming's body had become this NightWing's heart, his mind had become this NightWing's will, he could control the movements of this gigantic NightWing. As the word fire rang, moonlight condensed around this NightWing, forming a silvery sea of flames centered around this NightWing, spreading in the vast skies.

As the silvery sea of flames spread, the giant face coming from below revealed a pained expression, amid its painful cried it was burnt to ashes over ten Zhang away from the giant NightWing where Su Ming was.

Practically at the same time the face was burnt into ashes, the gigantic NightWing and the ring of flames around it flew towards Bi Tu in the distance.

Bi Tu's face was ghastly white, his eyes wide open, as he was still unable to believe what was happening before his eyes. Still, he was an awakened cultivator with many years of battle experience, immediately he retreated as he quickly regarded Su Ming as a more important target than Mo Sang.

"Green Seeking Art!" Bi Tu raised his right arm and pointed towards the sky as a tear appeared between in brows. Similar to when Nan Song utilised the technique, however this tear continued to spread all the way to his belly button as if his entire person was torn apart.

A green qi burst forth from the tear and surrounded Bi Tu quickly forming numerous streaks of green chains!

Chapter 107 – Arrival Of The Heretic-Mán

This mist circulated around Bi Tu's body, round after round it transformed into ripples dispersing a powerful qi into the surroundings.

“The green seeking art is the Hei Shan Tribe's most powerful Mán-Technique, and also as renowned as the Wu Shan Tribe's Triple Vanquishing Strike back in the day what's more, it is more reliable. Now that it is being used by an awakened realm cultivator it's might is even greater!” Grandpa Mo Sang hurriedly spoke with a pale expression.

Grandpa clearly knew that that technique was equivalent to burning his own life, and even when he was battling with Bi Tu, he was unable to force Bi Tu to use it. Grandpa knew that it was also partly as Bi Tu believed that as long as he did not die, the lives of his tribesmen is of no concern, as as long as he was still alive, he could quickly rebuild the Hei Shan Tribe.

Practically as he opened his mouth, the countless green chains surrounded Bi Tu who pointed his right arm angrily towards Su Ming, pointing towards Su Ming hidden within the body of the giant NightWing.

The numerous green chains hummed as they flew towards the gigantic NightWing.

As it advanced, the green chain continues to enlarge, forming a gigantic line towards the approaching NightWing.

With its immense speed as it practically blended with nature, it instantly arrived by the huge NightWing, coiling around it and restraining the NightWing's body.

“Die for me!” Bi Tu fiercely shouted as he raised his arms, controlling the green chains in an attack.

Instantly the green chains around the NightWing started tightening, with Su Ming's insufficient cultivation he was unable to break the Mán-Technique from an Awakened cultivator. All he could do was to will the NightWings under his control to resist.

As the two clashed, the green chain started to fracture at some parts while the NightWings too started to shatter into a red mist.

Under the NightWing's constant struggle the green chains continued to tighten, each time more and more segments of the chain shattered yet even more NightWings will pay with their lives.

Veins appeared on Bi Tu's face as he pressed his hands together, currently they were still about three inches apart, but this last three inches were the hardest to press together. His hands trembled as fresh blood spilt out his mouth, this blood then transformed into two scaly arms which helped press his palms together.

With this added force, the three inch gap further shortened into a one inch gap.

At the same time bloody veins appeared on the green chains as the pressure they exude increased, shrieks could be heard as many more NightWings quickly shattered into a red mist.

Su Ming who was within the NightWing had blood pouring out his seven orifices, as he felt a sharp pain in his consciousness as the NightWing's painful cries were transmitted to him.

“Still not dead!!” Bi Tu's hair was disheveled as he prepared to go all out, but Grandpa in the distance did not hesitate as he flew forwards with his worn out body, instantly rushing Bi Tu with a gigantic Black Python full of injuries.

Grandpa was already seriously injured, and the seven bone needles in his body only lent him power in exchange for his own lifespan. It was already hard for him to continue fighting and if Su Ming had not arrived, he would have already self-detonated to try to at least heavily injure the Hei Shan Mán-Elder.

But he knew that the Hei Shan Mán-Elder had foreseen this and had been purposely staying a safe distance away to avoid accidentally throwing his life away.

But now he had a chance to heavily injure Bi Tu and leave Su Ming a chance, the price was just his own life but even so Grandpa had no regrets.

As he rushed forwards Su Ming could feel a sense of sadness from Grandpa's body, his eyes turned red as worry welled from within.

His anxiety transformed into the NightWing's own anxiety, at the same time as when Grandpa rushed forwards, the NightWings scattered revealing Su Ming within. As they dispersed, the green chains rushed towards Su Ming.

But at this moment, the numerous NightWings spat out blood one after another and then immediately detonating themselves forming a large amount of fresh blood which once more condensed around Su Ming before the green chains circled around Su Ming.

But this time they it did not take the shape of a NightWing, rather it transformed into a several Zhang tall giant with a blur face with no recognizable features except for a blazing totem in its forehead.

As for the green chains, along with the titan's appearance, they too elongated and entrapped this body within.

The moment this titan appeared, the skies trembled, the five mountain peaks shook, even the earth itself moved, from within the jungle atop a dry withered tree an entirely red monkey tightly clutched onto the branches, lifting its head it gazed at the skies, fear filling its expression as it continued to cry out yet afraid of going forwards.

In the skies, along with the titan's appearance, the full moon light seemed to intensified, its crimson glow growing ever so stronger, covering the entire land with a blood red moon glow, enveloping the titan's body like a silvery sea of flames making the

giant seem like a huge fiery beast.

At this moment, the titan opened its eyes, the blood moon clearly reflected from within as it took large strides towards Bi Tu. Due to its size, it even managed to reach Bi Tu before Grandpa and strike out with its fist, the silvery sea of flames lashing out along with its attack towards Bi Tu.

Bi Tu did not retreat, rather he howled with a fierce expression.

“Exploding Green Chain art!”

As he spoke these words, the titan where Su Ming was within suddenly shook as the green chains within all exploded, transforming into a green gas which spilt out from the titan only to then reform into chains.

The explosion of the green chains cause the entire titan’s body to tremble as a large amount of red gas spilt out, but its fist continued to shoot forth as it continued to attack without any care of its physical injuries.

Bi Tu’s expression changed as he hurriedly retreated with both hands in front of him as he used an unknown Mán-Technique. His hand seemingly transforming into a wooden barrier protecting him.

With a bang, Su Ming’s fist landed on Bi Tu’s barrier formed by two hands. The instant the bang resounded out, Bi Tu’s body

shook and fresh blood spilt out his lips, his arms instantly bursting apart into a bloody mess as he collapsed backwards.

Su Ming's eyes flashed, as he is experiencing difficulty maintaining the body after the Green Chain's damage, but still he continued to advance with large strides in pursuit of Bi Tu, whose orifices were all bleeding, yet he still let out a shout.

Shortly after, the green threads which once more formed around the titan's body instantly coagulated back into chains and shot towards Bi Tu even faster than Su Ming. Under Su Ming and Grandpa's gazes, Bi Tu started recovering at a shocking speed.

Instantly his arms grew out once more, his face a healthy pink as he seemed to have fully recovered to his peak condition!

“The Green Seeking Art is equivalent to spending one's entire life force, and can also be used for life saving treatment, but it can only be used once in a long period of time. Also in this time he will not be able to use the Green Seeking Art again!” Grandpa spoke as his eyes flashed.

Just as Grandpa spoke, Bi Tu's eyes glowed brightly once more, although he had fully recovered his expression was still dim as his pent up rage had reached its maximum.

He as an awakened cultivator was forced to used his lifespan to recover his health was just unacceptable!

He did not even bother looking at Mo Sang, he just angrily stared at the titan which was Su Ming.

“To be able to force this father to this extent, you can die happy! This fight is over! Today you and your grandpa will die without doubt!

Mo Sang, in our previous fight, this father only slightly exhibited my Heretical-Mán-Technique. Now I will let the two of you see the true power of the Heretical-Mán-Technique used by an awakened cultivator!” Bi Tu was very worried about Su Ming, and so unless he had no other choice he was unwilling to fully execute this technique as not only was the backlash very strong, he could only use it when he was in near perfect physical condition, or else he would possibly die from the backlash itself.

Su Ming raised his feet as he prepared to approach, only to see Bi Tu raise his arms and bow towards the north as he fanatically shouted.

“I beseech thy Heretical-Mán in this plane, to appear in accordance to the pact!”

The moment he spoke those words, the blood moon in the skies seemed to dim as even the stars in the skies seem to dim. An indescribable qi seemed to descend from the skies.

It was entirely silent but Su Ming’s heart started to race, his body seemed to have solidified in the presence of the strange qi.

Grandpa Mo Sang's face paled as blood spilt out his mouth as he was no longer able to withstand the pressure from the mysterious qi.

“Who is it that disturbs my slumber.....”

“Who is it that calls upon my Mán-Soul.....”

A voice suddenly rumbled within Su Ming and Grandpa's minds, an old and gloomy voice which is able to strike fear into anyone's hearts.

Chapter 108 – Grandpa's Secret

The heavens and earth froze in place, even the midair gales halted as the area fell into silence.

Bi Tu's body shook as he remained kneeling there towards the northern skies.

“It is I, your servant Bi Tu who beseeches for your presence, I have prepared sufficient vitality and these two people as sacrifices for your arrival.”

Practically at the same time Bi Tu spoke, a vague qi coalesced into a faint outline in front of him.

It was a person without any discernible facial features as he appeared instantly, indistinct and translucent.

Grandpa's body shook as his breathing became haggard.

Su Ming who was inside the Titan's body felt the same thing as his body seemed frozen in place, he could clearly feel a power far greater than Bi Tu coming from the translucent man.

He still had his last Blood scattering pill, this Blood Scattering Pill was a double sided blade, if the pill were to come into contact with his own wounds, it would be the same as committing suicide, as such each time he uses it he has to do so with utmost care.

This was his ace in the hole, yet he did not know if it worked on an awakened realm cultivator, but he still wanted to try, only it was just too hard to approach one, the last time he had the chance to his heavily injured grandpa was also beside. Currently his opponent no longer had any wounds left and if he was countered grandpa and himself would be the one suffering from it instead.

The translucent figure standing in front of the kneeling Bi Tu raised his right hand and tapped Bi Tu's forehead and Bi Tu's body immediately trembled as his expression was filled with pain, yet even so he still silently knelt there. A hole appeared in his forehead as a large amount of fresh blood poured out the hole and then absorbed by the translucent figure.

Quickly the translucent figure no longer appeared as translucent, rather he started to turn slightly red, and within you could see strands of blood circulating, slowly circulating within half a finger on his right arm.

Bi Tu's body visibly withered as if in a few more moments he would have transformed into a bag of bones.

“Not enough.....” Only a part of that finger turned bloody red, the rest of his figure remained translucent as the voice of this figure transferred itself into these three people's minds

Bi Tu had already known that the amount of blood he had was insufficient, as such he quickly clawed towards the earth, causing the grounds to tremble as the Wu Mountains seemed to instantly dimmed the snow on it instantly turned black as the trees in the jungle quickly withered into ash, a white qi was being released

from the whole jungle and flew towards Bi Tu.

In the jungle at the base of the mountain, a darkness spread as all the creatures caught within instantly died and transformed into a white qi that filled the air.

A certain small monkey on the tree quickly scampered away as it tried to avoid the darkness.

This white qi continued to rise and enter Bi Tu's body, his withered figure suddenly revitalising itself as at the same time even more blood flowed out from the hole in the forehead and entered the translucent figure.

This terrifying sight was witnessed by Su Ming and Grandpa yet they had no way of stopping it or even moving at all.

"Still not enough....." spoke the translucent figure as a single finger turned completely red

"This is all that I have..... I beseech the Mán-God of the North to descend....." Bi Tu's body trembled as he was no longer able to move, the wounds that were recently recovered started to appear once more and tear themselves open.

"This time's offering is insufficient..... only a single finger can appear." The figure slowly spoke as he pointed his blood red finger towards the skies.

Instantly the clouds in the skies stirred as large amounts of black clouds rolled forth filling half the horizon, a frightening amount of thunder rumbled as some black thunder bolts could be occasionally seen from within.

These black thunderbolts emanated a evil and vile aura of death as it approached.

As it approached, Su Ming who could originally not move his body suddenly noticed that black shard hidden near his chest started releasing warm strands into his body causing cracking sounds appeared within as he regained his ability to move.

He did not have time to think much, as at the same time the thunderclouds arrived, he quickly rushed forwards as he tried to make use of the time Bi Tu is unable to move and had a large number of open wounds on his body. Hurriedly pulling out his Blood Scattering Pill, he closed the distance between Bi Tu and himself, his left hand shooting out the titan's body towards Bi Tu.

After this Blood Scattering Pill was thrown out, the black thunderbolt arrived, without any opportunity left to dodge, he clenched his right fist and threw a punch towards the thunderbolt!

This scene looked like an enraged titan fighting in frustration against the thunderbolts thrown by the heavens itself.

The translucent figure with a single red figure seemed to softly cry out as he looked at Su Ming, however his body could not remain much longer and slowly faded away.

As he faded away, Grandpa regained his freedom of movement as anxiety filled his eyes, he could see the titan Su Ming was in and the black thunderbolt about to collide midair.

At the same time, the Blood Scattering Pill quickly neared Bi Tu.

Bi Tu was unsure of what that thing was as he coldly waved his hands with a smile, a gust of wind instantly appearing to blow it away. However the moment it came into contact with the pill, the blood qi hidden within activated itself and smashed the pill into a red powder and blew itself towards Bi Tu. Although it was partially scattered, a large amount still found itself onto his body, and the moment it came into contact with his blood, the blood seemed to start to boil.

“Petty tricks!” Bi Tu’s expression transformed as his blood qi circulated, with an unknown technique he manage to extinguish the blazing blood, but even so his face visibly paled.

The moment the evil and vile thunderbolt appeared, the skies seemed to be filled with the light of death as it approached Su Ming and collided with his fist.

There was no loud explosion as the two silently collided, in Bi Tu and Grandpa’s eyes, they saw the titan’s arm which collided with the fist instantly disintegrate into a red mist. At the same time, the titan’s body trembled as it started to break apart starting from its shoulder, and in just a moment eighty percent of the titan had turned back into the red mist.

The thunderbolt directly pierced through this titan.

“Su Ming!!” Grandpa’s eyes were both bloodshot, initially wanting to rush forwards only to see just a small portion of the titan remaining, the red mist surrounding it slowly condensing once more. Grandpa could also see through the mist that Su Ming had managed to shift his position within the titan as it threw its punch.

But even so, Su Ming’s entire body was covered in fresh blood as he appeared to be nearing his end.

The thunderbolt which destroyed most of the titan actually stopped in midair after losing a lot of its luster, before slowly changing directions, not towards grandpa but rather back towards the titan which had just slowly started to reform.

Bi Tu who was in the distance was bleeding from all seven orifices, his breathing a mess. Calling the Heretical-Mán-God required the sacrifice of his vitality and even the controlling of this black thunderbolt required the continued exhaustion of his lifespan, the expulsion of the substance burning his blood too required him to burn more energy.

The power of the attack was directly correlated to his cultivation, as he was the one directing the thunderbolt, the strength of the thunderbolt was his entire strength, only it was slightly transformed by the Heretic-Mán-god.

“Why are you not dead yet, just die already!” spoke Bi Tu as green veins bulged on his face, his skinny and veiny body appearing terrifying.

The black thunderbolt continued to dim as it turned towards Su Ming.

Grandpa Mo Sang turned around and looked at the Black Python formed by his Mán-Tattoo, it had accompanied him by his side for almost his entire life, as he gazed at it, it too gazed at Grandpa.

Grandpa did not hesitate anymore as he shut his eyes, the clothes on his upper body burst open, revealing his aged body. On his body was a large number of Mán-Tattoos in the shape of the Black Python, but at this moment the tattoos all started to fade away.

As the Black Python disappeared from his body, an extremely lifelike red tooth mark started to appear on Grandpa's chest, covering his entire upper body, the tip of the tooth reaching Grandpa's forehead.

The moment that tooth appeared, Bi Tu who was controlling the thunderbolt to attack Su Ming was suddenly greatly shocked as disbelief filled his face.

Tonight, just too many shocking things had happened, first the Blood Moon appeared, then the NightWings appeared followed by the appearance of an authentic Fire-Mán-Technique and now he could see Grandpa Mo Sang's Mán-Tattoos transform into teeth which greatly shocked him.

“This is impossible!! How can you actually have two Mán-Tattoos!! That is just impossible, we the Mán can only have one type of Mán-Tattoo per life! How..... can you have two!!” Bi Tu’s expression was filled with shock, this sight actually even made him forget to continue controlling the thunderbolt.

He just could not believe what was happening in his eyes, he knew that if this matter were to be spread, it would shock the continent, since the ancient times, he had never even heard of anyone with two Mán-Tattoos, it was just impossible, even the ancient Mán-Gods could only have one!

As Grandpa Mo Sang opened his eyes, his expression remained calm, after his second Mán-Tattoo appeared, he raised his right arm and pressed it against his chest before making a throwing action outwards. Instantly in his hands a human height tooth appeared!

The tooth emanated a white glow, as Grandpa held it in his hands. Taking a step backwards, onto the head of the Black Python which did not disappear.

“This is the last ace in the hand I have.....” Grandpa’s face was filled with sorrow as he held the gigantic tooth and pierced it into the head of his Black Python, the Black Python’s expression was pained but it did not struggle even as it pierced deeply into its skull.

The moment the tooth completely pierced into it, the Black

Python's eyes dimmed as if it had died. But as it died and withered, a thick black qi was being released from the hole in its head.

As the Black Python disappeared, from within the large amount of black qi replaced it, even the tooth disappeared with the python. In front of Grandpa, the thick black qi constantly stirred, transforming into the hideous single horned animal head.

This beast head was like a demon with a black nose ring, as it rushed forward towards the terrified Bi Tu with a terrifying pressure at least equivalent to an awakened cultivator.

Chapter 109 – Xing!

Never in his wildest dreams did Bi Tu imagine that he would see someone with two Mán-Tattoos which even the ancient Mán did not have, which at the same time depended the mystery behind Mo Sang.

Especially since Mo Sang's second Mán-Tattoo so shockingly killed the Black Python which was his first Mán-Tattoo letting out the terrifying one-horned beast head. After sucking in a deep breath, he quickly redirected the black thunderbolt which was originally heading towards Su Ming.

The thunderbolt abruptly changed directions towards the black qi in the shape of the beast's head.

Grandpa stood unmoving midair with his eyes shut, the black qi released by the beast head making the atmosphere grim, this was his final and deepest secret.

This beast head while roaring shot towards Bi Tu as the thunderbolt summoned to protect Bi Tu too shot towards the beast head.

The two collided in mid air.

The roaring of the beast head became broken up as large amounts of the black qi was dissipated by the black thunderbolt which shot directly through it.

Even so, the beast head continued to roar as it approached, the thunderbolt actually seeming to slowly be repelled by the head.

Bi Tu's expression paled and shock filled his bloodshot eyes, as the beast head continued to near, pushing back the thunderbolt which was no more than a hundred Zhang away now.

Bi Tu pointed a finger at his forehead and another on his chest as he tried to sacrifice his life and blood once more with his already withered body, his originally black face instantly turning white as his skin turned dry.

“Approaching the Awakened Realm is still not truly reaching the awakened realm!” Bi Tu let out a low growl as the thunderbolt grew several times larger as it burst out with renewed vigor, shooting into the beast head.

Grandpa in the distance coughed out blood, scars appearing on his face at the same places where the beast head was injured.

The beast head let out an exaggerated roar as it ignored the thunderbolt piercing it as if it felt no pain as it continued to dissipate as it continued to approach Bi Tu, eventually reaching thirty zhang of him.

The black thunderbolt currently burrowed itself halfway into the beast's forehead with numerous other burn scars left by the thunderbolt.

However, the thunderbolt similarly dimmed as it seemed to be running out of energy.

Black blood spilt out Bi Tu's mouth as he shifted his finger to his right eye, his eye instantly losing its vitality and completely white.

As his eye turned white, the black thunderbolt once more strengthened as it pierced more than halfway into the beast's head which was only ten zhang from him.

In the distance, Su Ming's eyes were closed as the numerous NightWings around him melted into blood. Gradually it transformed into a bloody figure.

As it formed, a mysterious pressure gradually spread from it.

At this moment, the anxious Bi Tu shifted his right finger to his right leg which instantly burst apart. He had first chosen to sacrifice his right eye then the right leg as the beast head was no more than five zhang from him now. The thunderbolt flashed and with a bang it broke through the back of the beast head.

After the thunderbolt pierced the beast head, its eyes instantly lost its glow yet did not stop moving towards Bi Tu. Five zhang, four zhang, three zhang..... in an instant a horrifying cry was all that remained as Bi Tu disappeared within.

All that could be seen was the head which attacked Bi Tu

disappear into a black smoke.

Grandpa's face was pale as the he opened his eyes with anticipation which quickly transformed into despair as he coughed out blood while turning to look at the beast head. His body staggering as he struggled to sit on one of the peaks of the Black Mountains.

An excited laughter came from within the beast head as the black qi slowly dissipated, apparently Bi Tu was still no dead! When even he was certain he was dead, when the beast head was half a zhang away, a black light shot forth from Bi Tu's body which blocked the attack.

“Who can kill me!! Mo Sang you may be strong, you may have two Mán-Tattoos but you still cannot kill me, Bi Tu!” Bi Tu's heart was racing as he realised that if not for the secret power left behind in his body by the mysterious black robed man, then he would have had no way to stop the previous attack by the beast head.

Although he looked exhausted, shriveled and he had indeed lost an eye and a leg, he was still all smiled.

“Let me first kill this thing in front of you before I settle with you old man!” Bi Tu panted as he pointed at the dim floating thunderbolt which then slowly turned as it seemed to have to lock onto a new target.

Just as the black thunderbolt locked onto Su Ming, his eyes shot open as the NightWing blood around him transformed into a

dilapidated figure.

This bloody figure was not very big, only four or five zhang tall, and Su Ming's body was embedded on its chest. With only a small sacrifice, the NightWings channeled all their energies through his body to once more fight against Bi Tu.

This bloody figure emanated with an archaic light yet had a missing head as it seemingly did not have enough power to fully materialise.

Although it did not have a head, it still let out a terrifying aura, in addition its similarly crimson ancient armour made it look like a terrifying battle spirit.

Not only did it have a terrifying aura, it also let out a terrifying shout which seemed to encompass all its resentment.

In its hands was a large ancient axe which was shrouded with a faint aura of numerous wailing ghosts.

This was one of the nine Mán-Totems within the memories of the countless NightWings, they were the images that the ancient Fire-Mán Mán-Elders worshiped.

The Mán-War-Deity!!

Its missing head decapitated by the Mán-God in the past, what currently formed was just a remnant image in the memories of the

blood of the Fire-Mán.

Its name was [Xing](#)!

(TLN: 刑 Literally meaning punishment/retribution, maybe the name punisher would sound nicer?)

Bi Tu's mouth was agape as today's battle had led him to witness just too many different shocking things over and over again.

As Su Ming's eyes flashed, the headless figure took large stride forwards, with each step the skies seemed to tremble beneath it.

However Su Ming knew that these illusory tremors did not really contain the mighty power of the ancient deity, as it had long since passed away, this remnant image formed by the memories of the NightWings was truly much weaker.

And more importantly, Su Ming knew that this remnant was very very quickly dissipating, perhaps it only had just a few breaths of time left.

And the price of the dispersal of the deity was the death of all the NightWings used to form it, at at that point in time, He would no longer be able to suppress his injuries any longer nor would he have to right to face Bi Tu in combat.

Su Ming's eyes flashed as the ancient deity moved with earth shaking steps towards Bi Tu, the gigantic axe in its hands swinging down at him.

But at this moment, the black thunderbolt shot towards the remnant of the deity.

Bi Tu shuddered as the danger he felt approaching him greatly surpassed the beast head formed by the second Mán-Tattoo released by Mo Sang. This fear seemed to originate from his very soul, and so he did not hesitate as he knew that if he were to even falter for the slightest moment, only death awaited him.

As such he quickly pointed his finger towards his left leg as a large number of his blood veins bulged and transform into a NightWing Totem. These sacrificed blood veins would never be condensed in the future but at this juncture of life and death, he had sacrificed his awakened realm cultivation, for what reason is there to worry about his cultivation falling if he were to first fall here.

Instantly as the Mán-Tattoo dispersed, the black thunderbolt flared with intensity as it approached the remnant of the deity.

Chapter 110 – A Single Banner!!

The thunderbolt was fast and it instantly arrived by the deity remnant, quickly shooting towards its chest. The two collided with a loud rumble, but the remnant did not even slow down as it ignored the thunderbolt as it flashed about its body.

Although it seemed this way, this remnant was after all formed by the NightWing's blood, and the thunderbolt condensed of Bi Tu's awakened cultivation was still able to cause it to more quickly vaporise, shortening the time this remnant can remain, and Su Ming could clearly feel that once the axe lands, it too will reach its end.

But this single axe which only had a tiny fraction of its original power would still be enough to thoroughly annihilate a mere awakened cultivator.

As it swung the axe, it let out countless screams, as if the many spirits who fell under the axe materialised on the ax as it fiercely swung down.

“No!” Bi Tu's eyes were filled with desperation as he felt an immense pressure from the axe, without any means of resisting, he could only slightly raise his hands as he faced his death.

From within his body, that black flash which helped him avoid death once, appeared again and transformed into a ball-like barrier of light.

This was his last defense, but as the axe struck down with the cries of spirits, the black light instantly shattered like it never existed in the first place, not even able to buy a second of time for him as it continued to approach the hopeless Bi Tu.

Seeing Bi Tu's imminent death, Su Ming's hatred for him had diffused out his entire being. But at this instant, just as the axe was about to land, the space in front of Bi Tu suddenly distorted as a black figure walked out.

Raising its right hand, it shone as a purple shield appeared to block the axe's strike.

A terrifying bang resounded as the black figure's shield shattered, but he hurriedly retreated dragging along Bi Tu who had been seized by despair. In a single movement he rushed back a hundred zhang before stopping, his face hidden behind his hood did not seem injured at all.

Su Ming bitterly smiled, the moment the axe struck, the NightWing's blood which formed the deity was blown away, covering the skies with a crimson dust before fading away. He could feel a powerful force strike him as his body fell backwards onto the Wu Long Mountain Peak, blood spurting out his mouth as his body convulsed, his internal injuries all rupturing, even the backlash from raising his cultivation from eating herbs struck at this time as his injuries covered his entire body.

His vision blurred as death approached, Su Ming bit his tongue with all his effort as he tried to stay awake, forcing himself to sit up and look at the black robed man by Bi Tu in the distance.

“Master!” Bi Tu spoke with fear on his face, he knew that this black robe man’s appearance signaled his death.

“I really underestimated these tribes in the backwater realms, first was the two awakened cultivators who can combine their blood qi to release the power of the late awakened realm.

And now, to think that a little brat managed to cultivate the real Fire-Mán Technique and compel the NightWings to for the image! That previous strike..... If you were not so weak, it would have been something even I cannot block.” The black robed man spoke with a hoarse voice, his body trembling inside as he maintained a wary expression, if not for having use of Bi Tu, he would not have appeared to rescue him. And although no one could see, blood was flowing from his lips under the black robe.

“Bone Sacrifice realm..... did Jing Nan fall in your hands?” On another mountain peak, grandpa who no longer had fighting strength slowly spoke.

“They were deployed from the great Miao Mán-Tribes and under their protection, naturally I would have to silence them to avoid future troubles.”

The black robed man looked at grandpa and smilingly spoke, his laughter following his hoarse voice as he withdrew a black token from his robes, on the token was the engraving of a spine, with a single toss he threw it towards grandpa.

Grandpa's expression upon seeing the tablet suddenly turned ugly.

“The reason I came was not only to look for the remains of the Fire-Mán, but also to look for you! Mo, you truly did not disappoint me, if you had died to Bi Tu then how could you have been part of us. However, today you will still have to pay the price for your mistake back then.” The black robed man spoke as he recalled the token, paying no more heed to Mo Sang as he walked towards Su Ming.

“Never did I expect that I would really find a successor of the Fire-Mán in a place like this.....”

Su Ming lightly sighed, yet his expression remained calm, even if this black robed man was not here, he knew that the injuries on his body were already too bad to cure, all that awaited him either way was death.

He did not even bother looking at the black robed man as he continued gazing towards grandpa, his eyes filled with affection, he had tried his best.

“Everything is over..... I am sorry I could not take good care of him.” Grandpa silently contemplated, never did he expect that all this would have happened just because he joined that terrifying organisation back in the day. Tears fell down his face as he shut his eyes.

But just as Grandpa's eyes closed, his body suddenly shook, on his

body a yellow light shone glaringly, an overbearing qi which did not belong to this earth shot out from his body.

The moment this qi appeared, the black robed man walking towards Su Ming paused as he turned his head around, his face hidden behind his robe was filled with shock as he saw the piercing yellow light shoot out from Mo Sang's body.

From within the light, Mo Sang's spirit seemed to condense, along with a muffled roar a small yellow flag shot out from Mo Sang's spirit and gently floated seven inches from him.

Mo Sang's body trembled as his eyes shot open, his body frozen in place as he stared at the small yellow flag.

"You..... how are you appearing!" This small flag's appearance was hard for grandpa to accept, he had believed that this thing would never appear again, in the past this item was absorbed into his blood and over the years, he could never feel its presence.

Grandpa's expression was filled with shock as he turned towards Su Ming, suddenly realising the reason behind it.

After struggling onto his feet, he grabbed the small flag which instantly transformed three Zhang high, it was no longer a small flag but rather a giant banner!

Its colour too instantly changed from yellow to black, but as it unfurled, from within the black cloth, small sparkles appeared,

like a starry sky.

This starscape was unfamiliar, as if belonging to some faraway lands, perhaps those people would be able to find familiarity from it.

The black robed man was shocked as a sense of danger filled his entire being, quickly turning towards Mo Sang hoping to stop him.

But he could not stop Mo Sang who was holding the gigantic banner on the mountain peak. His right hand shot out, extending the banner sideways before swinging it to the leftwards, kicking up a gale as the cloth was spread out. The moment the black robed man arrived, the banner in Mo Sang's hand had already encircled him once.

The banner danced as it gently stroked past Mo Sang's face, once more transforming larger and larger, in the blink of an eye, the stars from starry cloth shot out into the skies in their own dance.

It continued to grow larger and larger, almost instantly transforming into a real starscape as it kicked up a storm and flew into the skies, seemingly replacing the sky with itself.

The night sky suddenly transformed, the skies in the cloth instantly transforming the clear night sky.

This sky changing art seemingly made the night sky disappear as the cloth replaced the stars in the sky, the stunned Su Ming gazed

at the unfamiliar starcape in front of him.

Bi Tu too dazedly stood there, his body shook as he gazed at the unfamiliar starscape, the sky completely foreign to him.

All the skies in the sky were foreign.

The starry sky that they have grown up watching had a sense of familiarity, no matter how far they were, the patterns they formed had etched itself into their hearts.

If a day comes that the skies suddenly transformed, they could all instantly tell, that sense of unfamiliarity would cause their hearts to panic.

The black robed man's body shook as he gazed at the starry skies, even as one at the Bone Sacrifice realm, he could feel a terrible fear especially because he knew some things.....”

“The starscape of the outer realm! This is the outer realm's starscape!”

The moment the stars appeared Grandpa coughed out blood and took a few steps back, but he still loudly shouted towards Su Ming who was staring at the skies.

“Su Ming, remember this starscape!” After speaking these words, Grandpa lost all his strength as he collapsed onto the ground.

Su Ming's body shook as he gazed at the foreign starscape.

The stars in the skies shone brightly and even seemed to slowly move, under everyone's gazes the stars seemed to join together, forming the outline of a person.

The figure was large and seemed to encompass the entire sky, and as the stars shine grew, the figure slowly got clearer.

It was the outline of a middle aged man!

As Su Ming gazed at the figure formed by starlight, his body suddenly trembled as disbelief filled his face.

The starlight formed a gigantic figure, whose face was surprisingly similar to Su Ming's!

Chapter 110b – Wind Sweeping Across The First Scars (Final)

This figure's eyes were closed as it was formed from the starlights. The black robed man in the air let out a low growl as he quickly retreated towards Bi Tu, grabbing him as he quickly tried to escape.

He could feel a terrifying pressure from the stranger formed from the stars, his feeling made all his hairs stand and was something he had not felt in many years.

The current him did not dare go and capture Su Ming, all that remained in his mind was to quickly get out of here!

But just as he was about to bring Bi Tu away, the figure made from star light suddenly opened his eyes, with its eyes was an incomparable majesty and indifference. Just this glance made Bi Tu's mind tremble, just a single glance had already greatly eclipsed the Mán-God of the North he previously invoked!

“Who is he!”

The black robed man was scared out of his wits, in a flash a large amount of black qi appearing beneath his feet which surround him and Bi Tu before they disappeared from this place.

As they were about to disappear, the man in the sky with similar features to Su Ming raised his right hand. Instead of forming a fist,

he simply pressed his palm towards the earth.

The moment the palm appeared, a powerful gale was wound up, bellowing towards the place where the black robed man disappeared with Bi Tu. Space there rippled as the black robed man and Bi Tu were pulled back into this space. As they appeared, Bi Tu's arms were completely crushed into flesh and blood.

The black robed man in front instant coughed out blood as fear filled his face hidden in his robe.

“What [level of cultivation](#) is this! This is just too far apart from the Bone-Sacrifice realm..... don't tell me this person from the outer realm has a cultivation comparable with the Man-Soul realm.”

(TLN: Cultivation levels → 修身之境: 凝血、开尘、祭骨、蛰魂 = Body Refinement realm: Blood Condensation, Awakened, Bone Sacrifice, Mán-soul)

The palm from the skies seemed slow but was actually moving extremely fast as it flew towards where the black robed man stood with Bi Tu. The palm rumbled as it flew forwards, the black robed man let out a roar as he grabbed Bi TU beside him, throwing him straight towards the palm.

Bi Tu had no ability to resist at all before his body collided against the palm, the power left behind by the black robed man instantly detonated, his body ripping apart, an immensely powerful force rushing towards the heavens, however.....

The palm did not stop at all, as if the previous impact was so weak that it was completely negligible, flying past Bi Tu's detonated corpse, it shot towards the black robed man.

The black robed man's eyes were red as he had no other way left to dodge, with his hands raised, from the [thirteenth disk of his spine](#) came a great strength as he prepared to face the palm head on.

(TLN: The bone sacrifice realm involves sacrificing bones from the spinal cord iirc, so that's why his power comes from there.)

A bang once more resounded, followed by the black robed man's mournful cries, his sleeves instantly destroyed, even the robe on his body was instantly torn to shreds revealing his terrified face.

He was an old man with black tattoos covering his body forming an eye, additionally from his back, where the thirteenth spinal disk was, an ancient qi spread.

“I can tell that this is just a tiny trace of his will in the tool..... just this small fragment of his will is already this powerful..... he must be one of the exceptional elites in the outer world!!”

The old man coughed out blood as his arms trembled and turned bloody, he knew that death was certain today. However, he still tumbled backwards, struggling to raise his right arm to grab at the void, pulling a piece of beast hide into his grasp.

The beast hide had silver fur and appeared very precious. Hurriedly he set this piece of hide on his body. At the same time he

hooked his fingers, forming a bloody hand sign similar to the eye tattoo on his body.

“Beast transformation!” The old man roared, his body flashed with a silver light as his body transformed. The silvery animal fur instantly covered his entire body like a silver coloured wild beast!

It appeared like a one eyed minotaur, its entire body covered in silver fur, its two horns flashing with lightning, from the thirteenth spinal disk the entire power of the bone sacrifice realm was released. With a bestial roar, it dashed towards the palm strike.

When the palm made contact with the silvery minotaur, the beast's body trembled, its horns instantly shattered, its silvery fur separated from its body, like it's fading away. A piece of skin separated from this minotaur, and instantly the minotaur disappeared leaving the old man in its place. His complexion was pale as hopelessness filled his eyes, as blood spurted out his mouth the palm landed onto his body.

His arms shattered, his legs similarly was torn apart, leaving behind but a torso. But from this torso's back, from the thirteenth spinal disk, a shattering sound could be heard as the bone broke into pieces, making the old man cry out in pain and despair. He knew that now even if he somehow survives, he would no longer have the mighty power of a bone sacrifice cultivator.

“Just a fragment of will yet so powerful.....” He bitterly smiled as he shut his eyes, but as his eyes closed, the heavens and earth seemed to turn unstable from the battles, as the palm continued its

descent the surrounding space shuddered and then shattered.

Spatial fragmentation!

This sky transformed into an invisible formless mess, before quickly restoring itself.

In the instant space fractured, a hole appeared to devour all things, sucking everything in the surroundings into it.

Currently, on this Wu Mountain, the instant space tore, a void hole appeared.

As the dark whirlpool appeared, the black robed man was the first to be pulled within, allowing him to avoid the palm strike of despair.

At the same time, from the surrounding mountains a large amount of debris and dead vegetation flew into the void.

Su Ming was no longer able to move his body, under the whirlpool's suction force his body was pulled towards the hole along with the vegetation near him. As he was being pulled into the void, he could see the unmoving Grandpa lying on another mountain peak was similarly being pulled in.

This was the final scene Su Ming saw before everything faded to black as he lost consciousness.....

This hole existed for merely a few moment before it restored itself without a trace, the skies regained its previous state, the starscape of the outer realm too started to fade away along with the giant figure. A black flag slowly fell from the skies as it transformed into ash blown away by the wind.

The earth rumbled as the ground tore, the remaining bits of black snow too scattering.

The outline of a gigantic palm appeared on the land as one of the five mountain peaks rumbled and transformed into dust.

Everything gradually calmed down.

From within one of the unaffected jungles, a small red monkey anxiously ran closer. It climbed up onto the Wu Long peak Su Ming was on, letting out hurried calls as it gazed at the skies.

This screaming lasting for a long time, as the monkey bitterly gazed towards the skies reminiscing its memories of Su Ming. Recalling the days Su Ming wondered with it what lied on the other side of the mountains.

Eventually the monkey climbed down the mountain, after this day no one saw the red figure in this jungle any longer.

This place was no longer plagued by the blood moon nights nor the NightWings.

The five peaks of the Wu Mountains were left with one less peak after the battle, transforming into the four peaks of the Wu Mountains, but even so the the Black Ash Peak had lost its summit.

It is now over.....

Where the Feng Zhen Tribe was, a war-torn land remained, when Jing Nan and Wen Yen the two awakened cultivator's of the Feng Zhen Tribe returned, they chose to enter closed-doors cultivation, choosing not to speak of the matter at the Feng Zhen Mountains.

All the matters in the tribe were handed over to Shi Hai and the rest, even putting aside matters regarding Ye Wang and company's cultivation, their injuries had been too severe, if not for their opponent not aiming to outright kill them, they would not have been able to come back.

The Wu Shan Tribe had become one of the Feng Zhen Tribe's subsidiaries located outside the chlorite city, the seventh and the weakest tribe there. Then only Mán-cultivators left was the patriarch, Bei Ling, and the crippled Marksman.

Grandpa never came back, Lei Chen never returned, Su Ming too never appeared.....

After the tragedy, the Wu Shan Tribe sent out some people back towards the Wu Mountains to retrieve the corpses of their fellow tribesmen, Nan Song and Shan Hen. At the same time informing the nearby tribes of a day of mourning for their tribesmen which

so happened to coincide with the day Su Ming and Bai Ling had a date.

They never found out about Shan Hen's betrayal as they buried him along with the rest.

The day of the funeral was exceptionally cold as snow fell alongside rain.

Outside the Wu Shan Tribe in the freezing cold rain and snow stood a single girl dressed in white. Standing there with a pair of bone earrings, her face was covered in rain and snow and perhaps maybe tears.

End of Volume 1

Chapter 111 – Waking Up In A Foreign Land

From the skies, the rain loudly fell, the sounds of the rainfall against the tree made a loud sha sha noise. On the surface of leaves, many raindrops accumulated and slid off the leaves.

In this rain covered forest, the lands had turned muddy as the rain fell, covering the skies in a faint darkness, only the occasional thunderbolt illuminated these lands. The rumbling thunder in the skies reverberating across the night.

In the depths of the forest, hidden in the darkness was a small mountain range, this group of mountains were not very tall, incomparable in height to the Wu Mountains, yet there are many of them.

As the thunder flashed ripping apart the skies, with the instant illumination it brought with it you can see that on one of the mountains laid a single person.

Furthermore this person had been here for a good number of days, in this obscure place where people never visit, it is not know how he had appeared there. In his ragged hide clothes, he seemed extremely haggard.

Laying there motionless, this young man looked barely twenty years old, yet although his features seemed delicate, a scar was cut across his face.

His eyes were shut as a large number of wounds covered his body.

Under the rainfall his wounds had already turned white, yet no blood flowed out.

This rain continued to fall even after several days elapsed before finally weakening, revealing the clear skies once more, as the dark clouds receded, the sunlight returned.

As it was summer now, after the rain stopped a thick mist filled the lands, thoroughly baking all the creatures in its heat.

The youth lying by the mountain side remained unmoving akin to a corpse.

Many more days passed, now several vultures started to circle the sky, dancing in the sunlight as they stared hesitatingly at the young man lying by the mountain side.

Finally one of them grew impatient and dived towards this young man, after making a few rounds near him it immediately dived towards the youth's chest, using its sharp beak it pecked at this prey it had been eyeing for days.

Beakful after beakful, this vulture ate, as it ate, it slowly let down its guard as it finally decided that this was truly a dead man.

Shortly after, the vultures in the sky flew down one by one, silently landing on this young man's body. But the moment they landed, this youth's eyes suddenly shot open, his right hand suddenly grabbing hold of the first vulture which descended. As

the other vultures wanted to escape, they realised that their bodies had become stuck onto this young man's body, preventing them from flying off.

While clutching a vulture, he brought it towards his lips before taking a fierce bite into the vulture and drank its blood. Swallowing its blood and into his body, allowing his body which was numb from hunger to finally once more feel pain.

Yet at the same time, this pain brought a certain warmth back to his body.

Very quickly, the struggling vulture lost all its blood as it moved for the last time, afterwards this youth took a deep breath and reached towards another of the struggling vultures on his body, once more sucking it dry. After the seven or so vultures have met their end, this young man's complexion finally regained some colour.

Lying there facing the skies, the blue blue skies under the blazing sun, his gaze was a blue, he was Su Ming.

In the many previous days of rainfall, he had already awakened. However the moment he did, he seemed to still be able to hear the faint voice keeping him company calling out to him "big brother".

But when he had fully awakened, he suddenly felt the intense pain throughout his body, completely powerless, unable to even raise his arm.

He could only lie there as the rain fell onto his body, the raindrops falling against his wounds, enduring the pain until everything turned numb. However the numbness did not come from his body, rather from his mind.

These few days while he laid in the pains, his mind was a confused mess, all he could remember was being midair near the Wu Mountains, because of a single palm from the person in the stars a giant whirlpool appeared, the moment he was sucked inside all he could see was Grandpa's closed eyes as life eluded him.

He did not know what the whirlpool was, neither did he understand why it appeared, let alone where he was now but as he gazed at the skies, the blazing sun and the unfamiliar surroundings, he had a vague hunch that he was no longer on the Wu Mountains.

He was unwilling to let himself believe that grandpa was dead, but he deeply understood that grandpa's injuries were much more serious than his, his last look of grandpa's unmoving body made Su Ming unwilling to think about it any further. His heart was filled with pain, the pain of losing one's precious kin.

"Grandpa cannot possibly die like this" Su Ming's eyes slowly closed, his sorrowful expression was gradually suppressed by him. Since he was a child, he grew up under grandpa's care, never had he left to travel far by himself. But today his surroundings were all foreign to him, leaving him with a sense of solitude yet at the same time filling him with determination.

When his eyes opened once more, his sorrow was nowhere to be

seen, it had been hidden deeply in his heart, leaving a cold and calm gaze for others to see.

He struggled to sit up, under the intense sunlight he sat cross legged, slowly circulating his congested blood, as it flowed it transformed into an intense pain that circulated throughout his body yet he still silently grit his teeth.

He understood that after forcefully breaking through then consecutively go through battles each time heavily injuring himself, there were many hidden injuries in his body.

“The two hundred and forty three blood vein cultivation at the seventh level is still here, but after the injury all that i can use is.....” Su Ming panted as he painfully raised his right arm. His expression unchanging as he got used to the pain.

“Only about one hundred blood veins, which is about the power of the fifth level of blood condensation. Only, as time passes these problems would worsen as I grow weaker and eventually die.” Su Ming continued to silently circulate his blood veins, eventually the skies darkened and the moon surfaced. While gazing at the moon, strands of moonlight circulated around his body, entering and nourishing it.

A night quickly passed, and the morning sun once more illuminated the lands, dispersing the cold of the night. Su Ming once more opened his eyes as he spat out a mouthful of turbid qi.

His complexion was much better than the previous day, but his

weakness was still apparent, frowning he inspected his body with a sigh.

“If not for my mastery of the nuanced realm and the moonlight’s support, after last night I would not even have this much power left, even now I can only release ninety-eight blood veins of power. I need to quickly procure enough medicine to help resolve this issue.” Su Ming let out another sigh as he inspected his belongings, although he was inside the whirlpool for god knows how long, his few possessions were still around.

A damaged pouch, a small bone belonging to Shan Hen before he died as well as a bone token used to signify the tribe’s safety given to him by the patriarch.

Other than these things was a bone Ocarina (Xun), a broken fragment of the Wu Shan Totem, a damaged but not broken vial containing two drops of Mán-Blood.

Looking at these items, Su Ming picked up the Wu Shan Tribe totem fragment, this piece which left a scar on his face as it shattered into pieces.

After staring at these things, Su Ming closed his eyes for a long time, eventually deciding that his only choice was to keep everything in the damaged pouch regardless of whether they would disappear from within.

After packing up, Su Ming stood up, his right hand rubbing his eyebrows as he thought about things. Currently he was alone and

could only rely on himself, he had to be careful and not make any mistakes.

“In this foreign land and with my present condition, unless I can recover my cultivation, I doubt I should leave this forest, at least here I might be able to find some of the herbs I need.” With a sigh, Su Ming’s gaze flashed as he slowly walked down the hill with his weakened body. Spending a few days cautiously looking around this area.

“Grandpa..... is not here.” After a few days, by a small lake below a cliff, Su Ming sat with his hand clutching his chest, unable to hide the pain reflected on his expression.

Only after a long while did Su Ming once more regain his calm, the sorrow once more buried deep inside him. By the small lake he washed his body and gazed at the reflection looking back at him, no longer was it a tender youthful sixteen year old’s face, instead it was one marked with the vestiges of time.

“Just how many years have I been in that whirlpool..... “ while touching the scar left on his face by the Mán-Totem, Su Ming silently pondered. After cleaning up, he once more put on his robes and tied his hair before sitting by the lake, silently gazing towards the sky.

“The token that the black robed man took out, why did it make grandpa react like that, from that man’s words it would seem that..... we are one of those people.....”

“Although Bi Tu died, but the black robed man said there was another reason behind this war.....”

“The flag that flew out of grandpa’s body and transformed into a starscape, that black robed man said something about the outer realm.....”

“Grandpa wanted to remember the image of the starscape, could it have something to do with my birth” Su Ming silently pondered as a complex expression appeared on his face. What left the greatest impression on him was the figure in the skies, the person made of starlight, the middle aged man who looked like him, just who was he.

A answer gradually formed in his heart, yet he could not be sure if it truly was the correct one.

“He..... could he be my father.....”

As these events occurred, Su Ming started to feel that in his body was a great mystery obscuring him from the truth.

“There is also the matter of me not knowing just how far I am away from the Wu Mountains right now.”

“I still remember the agreement with Bai Ling, but I don’t think I have the chance to make it there anymore.” Su Ming shut his eyes once more.

“Xiao Hong, are you still doing well?” As evening approached and the skies gradually darkened, Su Ming finally left this small area, heading back towards the forest, his solitary figure bleakly hobbling forwards.

Chapter 112 – Fire Born From Thunder

In this foreign place, the summer heat was suffocating even through the night, when combined with the torrential rain every few days, this rain forest was truly unsuited for walking through.

Su Ming was truly not used to these conditions, back at the Wu Mountains where he lived, there rarely was such heavy rain storms even if there were, they rarely occurred so frequently such that there were more rainy days than not.

Su Ming's injuries only got worse and worse, the feeling of weakness growing by the day, even his grasp of the nuanced realm and the moonlight's support. As the time passed, the amount of power he could release now was only about eighty blood veins of strength.

In the depths of this rain forest there were many small hilly regions, of which one formed a naturally occurring shelter where Su Ming sat cross-legged.

There was no water but the hill surfaces were moist and chilly to the touch, on the ground was some ashy remnants of a bonfire as Su Ming had been living here the past few days.

This natural crevice shaped like a gourd was not too big nor was it too small, it was sufficient to shelter Su Ming from the rain and in actuality, these crevices were not at all uncommon in this hilly region, Su Ming did not have to spend much time before finding this relatively more hidden cave.

“Despite the continuous rain, the vegetation here is still rather lush, there are even some strange herbs growing here, even the Thousand Leaved grass is fairly abundant back in the forest.” Su Ming eyes flashed as he looked at the small bunch herbs on the ground not far from him.

These were the herbs he found while braving the rain carefully searching in the forest.

While staring at the herbs, Su Ming got up from his cross-legged position, the moist feeling on his body made him feel really uncomfortable.

“It’s a pity that among all the herbs here I could not find any Sieved Cloud grass to refine the Mountain Spirit Pill. As for the Enlightenment Pill and the Southerner’s Pill I am still just lacking some Lambent Twigs.”

Su Ming frowned, in the past month he was unable to refine any pills and was something that had been on his mind since he awakened.

The rain outside was still falling, and the sounds of thunder could frequently be heard. Su Ming had grown accustomed to these noises. While in deep thought he walked to the entrance of the cave, his eyes catching sight of the lightning streaking across the skies before the sound of thunder struck against the earth.

The thunderbolt flashed and illuminated the lands, but in an instant darkness returned, as the rain continued to fall many

raindrops landed on Su Ming.

Su Ming took a deep breath here where the heat was more bearable, compared to being inside the cave although it was wet here, it was also more cooling.

In this dark land, everything was foreign to him, even the rain felt unfamiliar, but Su Ming no longer revealed his loneliness, his gaze was simply calm as he silently gazed upon the lands.

“Without the Lambent Twig, how am I going to refine some pills. Don’t tell me I have to leave the rainforest in this state to search for ingredients.....” thought Su Ming as his brows got even more wrinkled.

After a long time Su Ming let out a light sigh, but at this very moment a streak of lightning flashed through the skies, and perhaps because it was too close to the rainforest it suddenly changed directions. Su Ming was startled as the thunderbolt in his sight suddenly turned down sharply, landing somewhere in the forest with a bang, a black smoke rising along with some flames which were instantly extinguished.

It was as if he was suddenly struck with inspiration.

“The Lambent Twig is not suited to grow in such conditions, I remember now, this herb was very common back on the Wu Mountains, when it is harvested it would always release some sparks which burn when they land on one’s body. This plant should contain the power of fire, and in a damp place where it

keeps on raining like this, it should be impossible for the herb to grow.”

While he was back at the Wu Mountains, Su Ming never bothered thinking about this, but today he was alone in this foreign place, he could only rely on himself. Su Ming’s eyes flashed as he stared at the tree struck by lightning in the rain forest.

With a save of his body he retreated several steps back into the cave, lifting one of the herbs and carefully inspected it.

“This is the Ferric Stalk, this is.....” Su Ming’s fingers lightly flicked and a light ding sounded out, akin to him tapping on metals.

“This herb should have metal attributed energy inside which is what contributes its hardness, it is something normal people would have difficulty picking.”

“There is also this Vigor Grass, this thing grew very densely and I never used to pay attention to it.....” Su Ming picked up another herb and pinched a leaf off it, instantly the herb secreted a sap from the wound, in the time it takes for an incense to burn, the wound had sealed itself. Su Ming knew that if he planted this herb back into the ground, it would quickly grow sprouts again as it was filled with a mysterious vitality.

“The refinement of the Awakening Pill requires these five herbs, I have never thought too much about it, but clearly these five all represent five different attributes. The energy within metal core,

the power of vitality, and the Lament Twigs's fire, but the other two are also common herb which contain the power of water..... no the part required for this herb is not the leaves or branches but rather its roots." Su Ming stared at a clay like root in the pile of herbs.

"This should be the attribute of earth!"

"The five different attributes can be refined into the mysterious Awakening pill, what is lacking now is..... perhaps if the principle of refining this pill is like this, I just might..... be able to find a replacement!" Su Ming's eyes flashed, he finally had a clue to answering the problem that had been bugging him.

He immediately turned around and moved in a blur out of the hole, dashing out within the storm as the rain continuously fell onto his body quickly soaking him and his hair but Su Ming continued to move quickly towards where he saw the thunderbolt strike previously.

The rain made the ground a muddy mess covered with decayed leaves and a damp stench. Su Ming quickly shot through the rainforest as the sound of rain continued to surround him. After a short while, he jumped onto a slippery nearby branch as he looked at roasted charred grey tree significantly taller than the others nearby.

Although black smoke was still being released occasionally amidst the downpour, Su Ming could still feel a terrifying pressure from the tree.

After looking for a moment, he leapt from the branch and approached the black dried up tree trunk, lightly touching it. A warmth instantly shot into his arm, despite it being in direct contact with the rain, Su Ming could feel its dryness.

“The power of thunder is associated with fire, the instant it landed on this tree, this water in this tree instantly turned into vapor, and dry from the fire in the thunder.

Since there is nothing else I can use here, I guess this tree will have to suffice for the power of fire.” Su Ming’s eighty blood veins shone as he struck the tree continuously, knocking off the outer bark and exposing its inner core.

Using his right hand like a knife, he cut into the three Zhang portion of the three and started to fill his damaged pouch with it.

But due to the limited space within the pouch, he could only store so much within, the remainder of which he lugged all the way back to the cave.

“Actually, I suppose the fire in my blood would work as well, but compared to this charred wood refined by the the heavenly lightning flames should work even better to replace the Lambent Twig.

Su Ming panted as he placed the pieces of the tree core down and also those from inside his pouch. Seeing these ingredients he let out a deep breath and started to organise his internal blood qi.

After about two incense sticks of time his eyes shot open, he raised his right hand and with a thought a fire suddenly appeared from his hand.

The fire blazed and baked the surrounding area, illuminating the room. Su Ming's expression was very serious as he carefully circulated the his nuanced art to control the fire in his hands. After it stabilized, he quickly grabbed some herbs required for the Enlightenment Pill with his left hand and placed them into the flames in his right.

As he was in a foreign place, he did not have the opportunity to find a place like back in the Black Ash Peak, as such he had to use his own blood qi to create flames. Ever since the battle with Bi Tu, he realised some different things about his own body, for example, he no longer needed to used his blood to summon flames.

Which was the reason he could think of this method of using his hand as a pill furnace to refine pills.

The Awakening Pill was something that Su Ming refined many times and he was completely familiar with each step of the process, only this time he was refining directly from his hand, as such he could only start to get used to controlling it after some time.

The core of the thunderstruck tree was the last part to be added, seeing the five ingredients melt and fuse together, Su Ming's breathing stabilized as he calmly started refining the pills.

Chapter 113 – Live Encounter

The downpour hadn't stopped when the next morning arrived, the landscape outside still shrouded in a foggy mist. Within his shelter, Su Ming looked spent, but his eyes still shone with alertness.

On his right hand, a ball of black fluid pulsed as it seemingly attempted to coalesce. But after several attempts, it still could not amalgamate.

Su Ming remained unaffected as he continued to manipulate the flame in his hand. A moment later, the flame suddenly swelled into a ball of fire, entirely encompassing the black-coloured fluid within.

Following this, Su Ming's face turned drained of blood. It was just too much for him to utilize the fire from his blood qi now that his body was in such a weakened state. Breathing coarsely, the flame slowly dissipated from his right hand. Eventually, three black pills could be seen in his palm.

Catching wafts of the herbal aroma, Su Ming's mind became alert at once. Placing the three pellets before him, he scrutinized them carefully. Although they were not green, their scent was familiar to Su Ming. Without hesitation, Su Ming took and placed one in his mouth. The pill was still warm, but this could not harm Su Ming.

It dissolved instantly in his mouth. Closing his eyes, Su Ming

contemplated in silence.

“There are some differences, but this is certainly still an enlightenment pill.” Su Ming muttered as he kept the remaining pills. The fatigue within him had dissipated quite a bit. Looking at the pile of herbs, he made a decision.

“Since the enlightenment pill can be made from a lightning-struck tree’s core, the same method should be usable for the southerner’s pill. But just what effect would it have... I am seventy percent confident that it would not increase blood qi like the mountain spirit pill. After all, the opening of the second door gave the recipe for three types of pills. Not counting the spirit gathering pill, the southerner’s pill is unlikely to replicate the mountain spirit pill’s effect of restoring blood qi.” Su Ming touched the center of his brows. He is placing his hopes on this southerner’s pill. If his analysis was wrong, he will be forced to leave this place in his weakened state to search for other methods of recovery outside.

Eventually Su Ming chose not to refine the southerner’s pill immediately, but rather he took a long rest to ensure an optimal state during refinement. It was only after an entire day’s rest and when the night fell that he began refining the southerner’s pill that is of utmost importance to him.

Time inched forward but quickly, half a month had passed. Su Ming had already spent nearly two months in this unfamiliar land. As he refined the southerner’s pill for the last half a month, his body steadily grew weaker.

It was inevitable that he failed during his initial attempts at refining the pill. But with perseverance, he had finally succeeded in producing two southerner's pills at the end of this fortnight.

His face was pale, yet Su Ming's gaze was calm. He looked at the purple pellets that were slightly bigger than an enlightenment pill which gave off no aroma and looked ordinary.

Hesitating for a moment, Su Ming then took one of the pill and placed it in his mouth. Having been through so much, he was no longer an undiscerning child. Since he began refinement, besides unintended blood pills, his other products were of no harm. More significantly, he never spared even a pill to experiment with.

Inside his mouth, the pill did not dissolve immediately, but disintegrated into pieces instead. A bitterness seeped down his throat and diffused into his body. A moment later, Su Ming retrieved an enlightenment pill and swallowed it too.

Having done this, Su Ming shut his eyes and meditated, feeling the effect of the southerner's pill as his circulated his blood.

Time inched forward and an hour later, Su Ming's body suddenly shuddered. Two hundred and thirty four blood veins surfaced on his body, but only slightly more than eighty shone red, the rest were dim.

The shaking of his body became even more intense and Su Ming's expression was one of pain. An instant later, his eye suddenly opened and he spat a mouthful of black blood. Landing on the

ground, the black blood gave off a putrid, rotting stench.

Su Ming's face flushed the instant the black blood was expelled. Out of the dimmed blood veins across his body, nearly ten got rejuvenated and gradually emanated a red glow.

After a long while, Su Ming's breathing eased, and he looked at the remaining southerner's pill in his hand.

"This southerner's pill has healing properties! If only I had made them before the tribal conflict..." Closing his eyes, Su Ming gave a soft sigh.

On this mountain range in the depths of the rainforest, Su Ming settled down. He rarely ventured out, and when he did, it was only to collect herbs or lambent twigs when his supply depleted.

Fortunately, the rainforest was so vast that lightning-struck trees were not a rarity. A single one of it could provide him with large supplies of refinement materials.

Time waits for no one and in the blink of an eye, a year had passed.

During this period, six months went without the rain, nor snow that Su Ming was familiar with. It was as though this land had no winter.

The extent of his injuries were very severe. After a year on

conspicuous amounts of southerner's pills, he had only recovered about a hundred and ninety blood veins, still quite some distance away his peak condition.

Over this year, on several occasions when he went herb-gathering, he spotted traces of man-made tracks. He even once saw a group of over ten that was hunting a giant python in the rain forest.

These man-cultivators were of the fifth to sixth layer of blood condensation. One of the young man had even reached the the seventh. From the bearing of those around him, he seemed to possess some influence.

Their clothes were not made from beast hide, but rough cloth. Most wielded a spear for a weapon, a few had bows. Moreover, a black-coloured, belled-wristguard was tied to all of their wrist, but it never gave off a sound.

While everyone else had only one bell on each wrist guard, that young man had two. However, Su Ming noticed that among them that, an adolescent of the fifth layer of blood condensation whom seemed pale and ill, was guarded by those around him. On his wrist, he saw four bells.

This was a tribe completely distinct from that of Wu Shan and Feng Zhen, and Su Ming chose not to close the distance between them as he kept watch. Even so, the young man of the seventh layer of blood condensation still managed to sense something amiss. He did not make a sound, and while pretending that everything was normal, slowly moved towards Su Ming's location.

To Su Ming however, his actions were still amateurish. Turning his body around, Su Ming left, knowing that the group cannot at all catch up to his speed.

Su Ming did not pay attention to those people, but continued his search for herbs. When dusk approached, he bumped into the group once more on his return trip.

While guarding the adolescent with four bells, the group was pitching a simple makeshift tent to spend the night in the rain forest.

Resting against a tree with his spear in hand, the young man's eyes glinted as he kept watch of the surroundings.

Some distance away, Su Ming laid low among the branches of tree, looking at the group. His eyes flashed, even though he has yet to restore his full cultivation base, he could still fight. He desired to know where he was, as well as what tribes there were in the vicinity.

However, it was obvious that the group was distrustful of outsiders. If he approached them like this, the other party might just attack without listening to him at all.

Lowering his gaze, Su Ming retreated backwards without a trace, disappearing into the rainforest. Time trickled by. Two hours later, the group had lit a campfire to dissipate the dampness of the night. Suddenly, the young man's expression changed, and his grip

on his spear tightened.

At the same time, a few others have also sensed that something was amiss. Following immediately, the roar of a beast rumbled from the dark of the rainforest. A tiger-like creature suddenly pounced forth, charging towards the group. Its back was full of razor-sharp spines nearly a foot long.

“A black-thorned beast!” Some in the group yelled out in shock as the situation began to get messy.

“This creature is drawn to fire, quickly douse the flames!” The young man of the seventh layer of blood condensation called out at once. Spear in hand, he dashed towards the beast. The beast was strong, the equivalent of the seventh layer of blood condensation, and was a match for the young man.

The instant he left the group to engage the black-spined beast, his tribesmen extinguished the campfire. The surroundings became pitch-black at once. In the span of time it took for their vision to adjust to the darkness, a silhouette darted in their direction at lightning speed, towards the adolescent under their protection.

So fast was his speed such that by the time the others could react, he was already beside the adolescent. Without giving him a chance to retaliate, the silhouette pressed his palm on the adolescent’s neck, knocking him out before wrapping him under his arm. With another flash he was gone.

The rest of the group was stunned, and their faces fell. Even the

young man's expression became severe at once. He wanted to give chase but was unable to repel the black-spined beast. With this slight delay, the silhouette, together with the adolescent, had disappeared into the distance.

Su Ming hurried forth within the rainforest, the adolescent wrapped in one arm. He did not have a vengeance against the group, and so will not kill without reason. Even the beast that he lured was one that they could repel without the risk of death.

His target was just this adolescent. His status was certainly special, and so would know much. Su Ming to find out where this place was, and he had to do this.

“Answer my questions, and you are free to go.” Su Ming's figure blinked within the rainforest as he hasten towards the distance. After making a detour, he arrived at a desolated corner of the rainforest. Placing the adolescent down, he crouched and watched him, and seemed to gain some understanding.

On the first occasion he set his eyes on the adolescent, he could see that something was off. Their contact earlier confirmed his guess. After some pondering, Su Ming retrieved a southerner's pill and enlightenment pill and placed them on the adolescent's mouth.

Slowly, he took some steps backwards. Taking out a piece of beast hide obtained from a year of hunting from a tattered sack, he placed it over himself, covering his torso and face, before sitting on a tree not far away.

Picking up a small fragment of wood, he flicked it lightly, aimed at the adolescent's forehead, with just sufficient force to wake him.

Coming to his senses, the adolescent opened his eyes. His initial confusion quickly faded into calmness. Even though his face was sickly pale, it did not reveal fear. Instead, he looked at the cloak-covered Su Ming who sat close by.

“Who are you!”

Chapter 114 – The Southern Lands!

The calm displayed by the adolescent did not seem feigned. He truly was not afraid. His expression would not be unusual for an experienced man, but for someone as young as him, it truly was rare.

He stared at Su Ming without any apparent traces of fluster or nervousness, and almost imperceptibly he was at the same time scanning Su Ming's profile, as if trying to figure out Su Ming's background from little details.

Su Ming sat where he was, his body wrapped under the beast-hide cloak. He was impressed by the actions of this teen who has just regained consciousness. Unfortunately, it was not possible for him to piece out anything from Su Ming.

“The injury on your body, it's been there for many years.” Su Ming spoke in a voice with a tinge of hoarseness, ignoring the adolescent's question.

The teen's expression did not falter. Looking at Su Ming, he remained in silence. Knowing that he will be at a disadvantage once he spoke, he might as well observe the motives of the one holding him hostage.

“It should be intentionally inflicted on you soon after you were born by a powerful individual.

His heart lurched inside him, but the teen's expression remains

unchanged.

“Try and feel if there are any changes to the injuries in your body.” Su Ming said flatly without a trace emotion in his words, before shutting his eyes.

The teen was taken aback, glancing at Su Ming warily, he hesitated for a moment, before closing his eyes to circulate the blood qi in his body as he had not tried to do so when he came to his senses earlier. Immediately, his eyes shot open. In that instant, he had clearly felt that the injury within him was somewhat better.

Although shocked, he forced himself to maintain his composure. He knew that his injury was a result of a Mán-Curse placed on him when he was five years old. The other party had intentionally keep him afflicted and not dying directly from it in order to stall his father's cultivation by forcing him to deplete a large amount of his cultivation to sustain his vitality.

Such a technique was extremely evil, and over the years he had consumed great amounts of herbs, but even so it could only help prolong his life, completely insufficient to undo the injury. Even the Mán-Patriarch and elders were at their wits' end. They had once mentioned that the only method to treat this injury was to remove its source by finding and killing the individual who planted this technique.

However currently, the injury in him showed signs of improvements and was something he have never could have expected. His breathing hastened and he quickly lowered his head to conceal the gleam in his eyes, as he pretended to check his body

again.

He had beseeched the heavens numerous times, wishing to recover, to no longer burden his father. But as the years passed and he looked at his father's aging face, if not for his worry, he would have already left this world.

This time his tribe headed into the rainforest he had tagged along not to heal his injuries, rather he wanted to prove that he too was a member of the tribe as he helped harvest herbs for the tribe.

But having to be guarded by his tribesmen along the entire trip made him inwardly sigh.

With his head lowered, his heart trembled. Raising his head, he could no longer conceal his feelings as he stared at Su Ming with a renewed hope and desire.

“You.....:” the youth took a deep breath as he shakily spoke.

“Your injuries are severe and I am also unable to cure it, however to allow it turn for the better is still within my capabilities.” Su Ming opened his eyes and observed the youth from within the cover of the robe as he lightly spoke.

As Su Ming's gaze swept towards the youth, he felt as if Su Ming could completely see through him. He was a very cautious person and his excitement was deliberately revealed by himself, as he heard Su Ming's words he felt relieved. If Su Ming were extremely

certain of himself, then he would have never believed Su Ming.

He understood his injuries very well.

“What do you want from me?” After silently pondering for awhile, the youth’s expression returned to calm. Deeply concealing his nervousness he softly asked.

“What is this place?” Su Ming did not waste his effort beating around the bush and directly asked. If he wanted to ask for information about the place, the other party would naturally be able to figure out some facts about himself anyway.

“This is the Vast Han” The youth softly replied but his heart stirred and he continued to speak “The Vast Han forest is very large, this is only a small section of it. If you were to head deeper there are more fertile hills which spread for an unknown distance. What I know is that, a month’s walk away in the direction I came from is the Han Mountain City which is a city built in the mountains. And because it is in the only way of the route to the Frigid Sky Chieftom, it is usually very bustling.

“Frigid Sky Chieftom.....” Su Ming frowned as he let out a sigh, the furthest he had went since he was a child was the Feng Zhen Tribe, as for the other tribes further out, it was something he had never heard of.

“The Frigid Sky Chieftom is one of the two great tribes of the Southern lands, Han Mountain City is located on the southern side of the Southern lands.” The youth took a glance at Su Ming as he

spoke, he was very suspicious of this person before him, and as he probed he could feel that Su Ming was not a person from this lands, which greatly lowered his guard towards Su Ming.

What he had been most worried of was whether Su Ming was from one of the enemy tribes and after the previous exchange calmed him down plenty.

“Which tribe is the Han Mountain City affiliated with?” Intentionally he had spoke a little more to let out more clues about himself.

These words clearly made the youth feel more at ease as a smile appeared on his face

“The Han Mountain City does not belong to a single tribe, rather it is controlled by three small tribes, namely the Pu Qiang Tribe, the Yan Ge Tribe and the An Fang Tribe.

(TLN: Respectively 普羌部, 颜戈部, 安方部, they aren't really nice to have translated to english as they are more like names without an English equivalent. But feel free to correct me if I am wrong or you have better suggestions)

I am from the Pu Qiang Tribe, with senior's ability to treat this juniors injuries, would senior be interested in joining my Pu Qiang Tribe as a guest. My Pu Qiang Tribe is very respectful towards our guests, if senior agrees, then you would be able to obtain a much better understanding of this place, and if the conditions permit senior might be able to obtain the qualifications to join the Frigid

Sky Sect.”

“Joining a sect is too much difficult.” Su Ming calmly spoke, this youth’s actions could be seen through with just a glance. Compared to himself this person was no better than a La Su.

This youth rubbed his nose and jested: “What senior is saying is true but although joining the Frigid Sky sect is difficult but it is not impossible, ten years ago in the Han Mountain City someone managed to pass the test and join the Frigid Sky Sect.”

Su Ming lightly contemplated before standing up, he could tell that other than matters about his identity his words should have been mostly true, after all these information was no secret and he had no reason to lie. After listening to him, Su Ming started to have a basic understanding of this place, a place completely different from his home.

Adding onto this, the night sky seemed to be a blend between foreign and familiar.

Su Ming who stood up did not look towards the youth, he did not even inquire the name of that youth, even if he did not mention that he was from the Pu Qiang Tribe he would not have asked. Either way, Su Ming did not truly believe that he was from the Pu Qiang Tribe in the first place.

In comparison, although this youth was smart he was still tender like a chick which had never weathered the storms, and from him Su Ming could see the reflection of his past self.

Until Su Ming left in the direction of the forest, the youth was in a state of shock, he had already prepared words for many situations to ensure his safety, but all these preparation was no use for the Su Ming who had already walked into the distance.

“To think he really is someone just asking about the region..... what a strange person, but he does not seem too malicious.....” This youth touched his mouth as he remembered that Su Ming seemed to force something into it just before he woke up.

Given that his injuries had somewhat lightened, and the fact that Su Ming had simply left after asking his questions, this youth had finally decided that the person who was before him truly had no ill intent towards him.

“If he truly wanted to harm me, there was no need for him to help treat my injuries. If he had tortured me instead, I probably would have also spoken even some more private matters regarding my tribe.....

But he didn't, rather he first helped treat my injuries..... and even the black thorned beast that attacked seemed to be lured over by him was only about the seventh level of blood condensation which brother Ah Meng could handle by himself without and casualties to the rest.”

The youth's mind turned as he saw Su Ming's figure slowly fade into the distance, hurriedly he ran after him.

“Senior please wait!”

His words resounded through the forest but Su Ming did not stop, instead Su Ming had disappeared from this youth's sight with a flash.

This youth chased a short distance before his face filled with regret as he could not find any traces.

“Ai, why does this person walk so fast, I was too cautious and missed the chance to treat my injuries” The youth was filled with more and more regret as he thought about things.

Currently, he could hear some rumbling in the distance and thus decided to wait where he was, he could feel that his tribesmen were approaching, and indeed, after not too long the youth with the seventh level of blood condensation burst out the jungle with all his other tribesmen behind him.

Seeing that the youth was safe, these people let out a sigh of relief, the youth called Ah Meng softly inquired as he approached, but the youth only shook his head without replying, completely not mentioning his exchange with Su Ming. In his mind were some thoughts that slowly formed.

In the rainforest, Su Ming silently advanced without the black cloak, his expression was filled with confusion as he headed towards the mountainous range in front of him.

“Southern Lands.”

“Han Mountain City.”

“Frigid Sky Chieftdom..... Frigid Sky Sect!” Su Ming did not know what the Frigid Sky Sect was but from the youth’s words and expressions, he could vaguely guess.

“This Frigid Sky Sect should be different from a tribe.....”

“I wonder just how far away this southern lands is away from..... my home.....” Su Ming lightly sighed, from the black robed man’s words the Wu Shan was within the Western Union’s lands, and the Feng Zhen Tribe was just the offshoot of the Miao-Mán Tribe.

Chapter 115 – No Trespassing

Two months had passed since his first encountered the Mán-tribes of this land, but Su Ming chose to stay where he was, spending his days refining southerner's pills as his injuries gradually progressed towards a full recovery.

Presently, he was meditating within his cave in silence after having consumed a southerner's pill. Of the two hundred and forty three blood veins on his body, only ten were still dim, the rest shimmering with vitality.

Over the span of a year, the vast amounts of southerner's pills have at last alleviated his severe injuries from before. Often, he would recall the tribe, and thought of Grandpa, Xiao Hong, Bai Ling.

As well as Lei Chen.

Su Ming had no idea how the tribe is doing currently. He wondered if Xiao Hong was still happily playing about at Wu Mountains, and whether Bai Ling was still waiting for him when he missed their date back then.

Every time he recalled these things, Su Ming's heart was seized by a wrenching pain. All alone by himself in this foreign land, whenever he gazed upon the moon in the skies he is reminded of his home, his denial of Grandpa's passing, and all that he was close to.

But he did not have the faintest clue pointing him home. All he knew was that he was in the western region where the Miao Tribe offshoot the FengZhen Tribe originated from.

“I need a map that leads to the Eastern Domain!”

“I have to get stronger, only then can I have the strength to search for my home. Only when I become strong can I make that black-robed man and his group pay the price!!”

In this period of more than a year, Su Ming constantly replayed the battle against the HeiShan tribe in his mind. He realized that there were many details he had missed out back then, all of which pointed towards the black-robed individual.

Su Ming opened his eyes as he awoke from his meditative state. Staring at the darkness surrounding him, he was assaulted by a sense of loneliness that even after a year, he felt was hard to get used to.

Some time later, Su Ming emerged from the cave in silence. Outside the crevice, he watched the moon in the night sky. It was all quiet as he sat at one corner, breathing in the air that was still damp. Taking out the bone ocarina he carried on him, he stroked it gently.

After an unknown amount of time, with no one other than Su Ming in the surroundings, a faint whistling sound reverberated between the land and the skies with a lingering sorrow.

Su Ming did not know how to play this instrument, the bone ocarina itself too was damaged, no longer able to make the sounds it previously could. This sound was not played out, rather it existed within Su Ming's heart, holding the ocarina in his hands with his eyes closed, this melody could be heard in his heart.

In this land, what accompanied him was just this tune which appeared to play by his ears, and from it he could draw a sense of familiarity in this foreign environment.

Whenever he was feeling lonely, he would always recall the good days in the past.

Whenever he was lonely, he would always recall the happiness he previously had.....

As the moonlight grew to its peak, Su Ming's eyes would close as he sat there, his body enveloped in the moonlight which would form figures flying around him.

Those figures were figures of the NightWings, the NightWings who were transformed from the Fire-Mán with the immense powers of the Mán-Gods, granting them eternal life at the cost of having neither a human nor animal form. As time passed, the powers binding them too waned as their eternal life too had faded.

However, the fight with Bi Tu and the black-robed man was not enough to vanquish them, what they had lost was merely their physical bodies, their spirits still remained flying around and in Su Ming, revealing themselves only under the moonlight, unseen to

all but those who cultivate the ways of the Fire-Mán.

This was something Su Ming had not verified, rather the answer came from the souls of the NightWings themselves.

This was Su Ming's greatest support, which was also why he did not mind letting the youth two months ago know of his existence.

He did not want to unnecessarily kill someone, but if someone were to find trouble with Su Ming, he would have to be ready to face death.

As the moon faded in the skies, and the glow of the morning sun appeared in the horizon, weak shouts could be heard coming from the forest beneath the hill.

“Senior..... senior.....”

“Senior, I was wrong..... senior.....”

Su Ming's expression was calm, he could hear this voice speaking out every other day. This forest was vast and filled with mountains, to find a single person was not yet considered searching for a needle in a haystack, but it truly wasn't too far off either.

This voice belonged to that youth that he met two months ago, Su Ming had expected something, the youth's words neither revealed much nor hid anything.

If he revealed too much, it would have caught the attention of his tribe and some strong people might come, but even so in this forest, to find a person was no easy matter. Especially when Su Ming was actively avoiding them.

But most importantly, they were here to seek a favour, so if they only sought to satisfy themselves they might incite Su Ming's displeasure instead.

This youth did not disappoint Su Ming as in the past two months, he had come alone many times shouting for Su Ming.

Su Ming heard the shouting, but he did not choose to pay attention to it, returning to his cave he continued refining Southerner's Pills, and treating his injuries.

After several days, the voice slowly faded away.

After half a month, when there were only nine dim blood veins left on Su Ming's body, he once more heard the weak voice coming from the rainforest.

“Senior..... Senior.....”

This voice continued for the next two days, as Su Ming's opened eyes revealed him deep in thought.

“I will not make the same mistake again.....” Su Ming was thinking of something as he walked out of his cave. After putting on a hide robe, his body flashed as he dashed into the forest.

In the rainforest, Fang Mu’s face was filled with regret, but with even more caution and vigilance. In his hand was a chilling bone blade which he used for self-defence.

As leaving the tribe and coming here alone was a very dangerous thing, if he were to run into enemies, with the blade at least he could put up a fight.

As he bounded through the forest, he constantly shouted the same words he had been shouting the previous days.

“Senior..... senior.....”

After some time he grasped for air as he leaned against a large tree with a helpless expression.

“Don’t tell me that mysterious person had already left, otherwise after these three months there is no way he did not hear me..... sigh, if he has not left that means he is unwilling to meet me.” Fang Mu let out a sigh as he bitterly looked around him, gritting his teeth as he decided to walk on.

“Senior..... are you even still here!” As he saw the sun about to descend and the moon’s figure slowly materialising in the skies, Fang Mu dishearteningly shouted loudly once more.

“I am.”

As Fang Mu’s voice left him, these cold words sounded from behind him, they were spoken so suddenly that Fang Mu leapt forwards in shock, turning around with his blade raised. Surprise filling his face when he saw the figure standing on one of the branches.

“Senior, I have been bitterly seeking you for the past three months.” Spoke Fang Mu as he hurriedly put away his blade, excitedly looking at Su Ming’s figure before taking a few steps forward and bowing towards him.

“I plead for senior’s assistance, this junior Fang Mu had previously concealed that he was actually from the An Dong Tribe, and my father is the Patriarch of the An Dong Tribe, if senior is willing to extend a hand and help treat this junior’s injuries, this junior’s father will definitely compensate you.

This blade is junior’s compensation for withholding the truth from you previously, please senior accept it.” The youth Fang Mu looked very sincere as he extended the blade in both hands towards Su Ming after taking a bow.

This blade had a black luster, and emanated a grim aura, it was definitely no simple object, it should be similar to his Scaled Blood Spear – a imitation Mán-Tool, and was something precious for a small tribe.

As the youth was able to present such a knife, Su Ming could with a glance, guess that the three tribes in control of the Han Mountain City were definitely not small-sized tribes and at least a medium-sized one.

With a flash Su Ming appeared in front of Su Ming, after taking a glance at Fang Mu, he took over the black bone blade. Without circulating any blood qi, he used the formless NightWing soul to test it out, instantly the blade flared with a black glow and its coldness instantly disappear, instead it quickly turned red as it seemed to blaze.

The surrounding trees started to dry out amid the blaze.

This heat made Fang Mu hurriedly retreat as shock filled his face, his heartbeat beating rapidly. He could not see through Su Ming's cultivation at all, but he knew that even the seniors from the tribe were unable to make the knife react with such intensity. Only someone like his father was able to use the knife to a similar degree, even then it was not a blazing heat but rather a frigid cold.

“Don't tell me..... don't tell me he is actually an awakened cultivator!” Fang Mu's lips were dry as he inwardly felt relieved that he did not tell others about this matter and he had come alone, otherwise angering such a person would have disastrous consequences.

Su Ming's expression was hidden from Fang Mu, making it even more mysterious, at this moment Su Ming right hand was raised and secretly delivered two pills into his mouth out of Fang Mu's sight. Circulating his blood qi, a warm feeling flowed into his body

from his mouth.

“I give you fifty breaths of time to remember these ingredients, the next time you come bring a thousand stalks of them to trade for your treatment! Also, I don’t like being spied upon, but I will give you this one chance!” Su Ming’s words were calm but hoarse, holding the bone knife in his right hand, a large piece of tree bark suddenly appeared with the image of a herb on it, the image of the herb was the one herb Su Ming lacked to produce more Mountain Spirit Pills, the Sieved Cloud Leaf.

Afterwards he no longer paid attention to Fang Mu, rather he stepped towards the sky, beneath his feet were the invisible NightWing Souls, allowing him to seemingly take to the air.

The NightWing souls beneath his feet were invisible to others and to Fang Mu, it appeared as if Su Ming was walking in the skies, making him gasp as his eyes expanded in shock.

“Could he really be an awakened cultivator.....” Only after a long while did he recover from his shock, as he recalled the words spoken by Su Ming as he left, Fang Mu quickly looked at the surroundings around him and saw a large figure slowly walking out.

“Dad!” Fang Mu rubbed his eyes in shock.

The man was in a blue robe, his expression serious as he walked to Fang Mu’s side, looking towards the direction Su Ming left in with a frown.

“Did your injuries truly turn for the better?” He softly spoke.

Fang Mu’s heart was apprehensive, as he hurriedly checked his physical status, realising it had gotten better he quickly nodded.

“Dad, while you were following me, did that senior really notice you, is he really awakened?”

“Does not seem like it..... his blood qi is.....” The man frowned as he did not finish his words, suddenly the drawing of the Sieved Cloud Leaf slowly crumbled into oblivion and was blown away. This is one of the mysterious skill that Su Ming had managed to obtain after reaching nuanced control of the power of his blood qi.

“Exactly fifty breaths..... this is the nuanced realm of awakening!!” The man’s pupils suddenly constricted.

“It’s over, it’s all over, I haven’t had the chance to memorise the appearance of the herb!” Fang Mu who was standing by the side spoke with anxiety.

“That was Sieved Cloud Leaf, I will prepare it for you. You better to properly respect that person and not offend him with your words, treat him like you would an elder of the tribe, he might be a blessing for you.” The man let out a sigh although he was still doubtful, he was still seventy to eighty percent certain as he solemnly spoke.

Chapter 116 – Spirit Seizing Pill

Some distance away from Fang Mu's position, Su Ming walked in haste within the rain forest. Although his calm expression gave off no hint of emotions, caution brimmed inside him. Any sign of movement will not escape his detection.

In actuality, he did not realise that Fang Mu's father had followed them. His words and action earlier were done out of caution. He had a similar encounter back in WuShan with Si Kong. Back then, Su Ming did not weigh the consequence of harming Si Kong. A tribesmen of the latter's status would not left unguarded by someone powerful. It was only when Grandpa pointed out that he realised his negligence. Back in WuShan, under Grandpa's watch, he would not in danger.

However, in this foreign place without Grandpa's protection, Su Ming had to rely on himself and make no mistakes. Even though he did not sense that someone was tracking Fang Mu, his intelligence allowed him to deduce this situation that seemed full of questions.

An adolescent of the fifth layer of blood condensation whom had a permanent injury. How was it possible he made numerous trips to this vicinity of the rain forest in the span of a few months? Not to mention he was safe on every occasion. Even if the teen had intended to do so, his kin would have realized, thus it was not difficult to conceive that they might be tracking him in the dark.

Also, the adolescent's injury had turned for the better, and was previously abducted by him. Even if he had kept mum about it, the

tribesmen whom ventured into the forest with him on that occasion would have reported the incident.

It was not difficult for Su Ming to figure this out from various traces of clues. Someone had definitely been following Fang Mu, with the goal of finding himself. It was because of this that Su Ming did not hurry to leave, only doing so after a few months.

The blade presented by the teen was not ordinary, which made Su Ming even more sure that the An Dong tribe was by no means a small one, it had to at least be a middle tribe, and given the teen's superior status, it was all the more impossible that he had been travelling alone.

Having deduced that he was being observed by someone hidden in the vicinity, Su Ming did not act rashly after receiving the blade. By igniting the scorching flames of the NightWing's soul, he gave off the impression of an Awakened cultivator.

Coupled with him using the NightWing's souls to step into the skies and using his nuanced technique to leave the tree bark for fifty breaths of time. This was enough to make any observers feel cautious.

Su Ming knew that even when he left this message, he had to at least help that youth once more out of his own initiative such that when coupled with his mysterious cultivation level, he could ensure his own safety to some degree.

Su Ming's expression was calm as he did not immediately retreat

to his cave, instead he circled the area several times all the way till the skies darkened and the moon hung high. Only after he was certain no one was tailing him did he return to his cave.

Sitting cross-legged in his cave, Su Ming lightly waved his palm, sending several invisible NightWing souls towards the cave entrance, in the past year, this had been his method of preventing unexpected intrusions.

“If all goes well, the day I leave this place should be arriving soon.” Sitting there, Su Ming fell into deep thought, carefully planning his next course of actions, his blood qi slowly circulating as his body let out a glow.

This kind of long term cultivation where one has to boringly healing his injuries is not something anyone can easily endure, yet Su Ming slowly got used to this new lifestyle all alone in his cave, silently healing his injuries without uttering a single word.

Constantly refining the Southerner's Pill and then using it to treat his wounds allowed the hidden internal injuries within him to slowly recover.

After one more month, in that forest the voice shouting for senior was back once again, this time Su Ming once more waited several days before heading out at night.

After slightly treating Fang Mu, he took the Sieved Cloud Grass with him and at the same time requested for another herb.

Fang Mu's expression was very respectful and tried his best to satisfy all of Su Ming's demands, he even told Su Ming about many matters of the surrounding tribes giving Su Ming a better understanding of the area and the special techniques of the nearby Mán-Tribes.

After this exchange between them, this became the norm for them.

Although there were many different herbs in this rain forest, using them to refine pills led to all sorts of complications, but with Fang Mu helping him deal with his deficiencies, Su Ming's speed with refining pills gradually improved.

Even the lambent twigs were obtained by Fang Mu's father from the nearby Han Mountain City and offered to Su Ming. Occasionally, they also brought various necessities for Su Ming like a set of extraordinary clothes.

These few sets of clothes were something Fang Mu's father thought about after taking into account of Su Ming using animal hide to cover his face, and thus were incorporated into these clothes.

There was a total of three sets, completely incomparable to the ordinary coarse linen.

“Senior Mo, these clothes were obtained with great difficulty from the Han Mountain City, this is something that only our Mán-Elder and Patriarch wears.” Fang Mu's hospitality was also

recognised by Su Ming and improved his impression of him, but even so Su Ming remained cautious. He still choose to appear only some time after being sought out, and he never ever told Fang Mu about his hiding spot.

Under such a situation time had slowly passed, and soon half a year passed. Su Ming had already spent two years in this rain forest, his injuries too have fully recovered in the past month, his two hundred and forty three blood veins filled with the power of the seventh level of blood condensation.

Even the Mountain Spirit Pill was refined by him numerous times after he obtained the required herbs, allowing his cultivation to slowly raise after he had fully recovered.

After obtaining enough pills, Su Ming meditated inside the cave pondering as he held two separate pills in his hand, the Mountain Spirit Pill and the Southerner's Pill.

In his hands were actually quite a few of them, more than ten of each in fact. As he looked at those pills Su Ming finally let out a determined sigh.

“I should probably go take a look at what i can find after i open the second door!” Su Ming put away those pills as he touched the black fragment hanging from his neck.

This mysterious black fragment gave Su Ming several pill recipes previously, allowing his cultivation to rise and to treat his injuries, and now he had enough pills to open the second door. Decisively,

Su Ming shut his eyes and as he tried to enter into the mysterious space, within the relatively safe cave, Su Ming's body was surrounded by a black glow which enveloped Su Ming before disappearing with a violent flash as even Su Ming's body disappeared along with it.

In the misty world of darkness, Su Ming quickly acclimatised as he ran forwards towards the familiar mountain and the passage beneath it.

Gazing at the mountain Su Ming silently walked into the passage, the same unchanging drawings surrounded him as he pushed open the first door, and before too long he had arrived in front of the second door.

Following the same process as opening the first door, Su Ming retrieved the Mountain Spirit Pills and Southerner's Pills from his bosom and placed them into the holes of the door one by one.

After the holes were filled with medical pills, Su Ming took a few steps back as he focused on the door.

The holes on the door slowly glowed with a dazzling radiance, along with the light's radiance a band reverberated from the front before transforming into a dull vibration as the second door slowly slid apart forming a crack which continually grew as the door opened with a boom, exposing the passage behind it.

Su Ming calmly waited without rushing forth until the doors had fully opened, silently looking at the surrounding walls flashing

red.

After half a beat Su Ming's feet finally moved as he slowly walked into the passage, instead of rushing through, he slowly observed the engravings on the walls which as before reflected various scenes of refining pills. As with the first passage, Su Ming sensed that if he could gain understanding of these images, it would greatly benefit his pill refinement skills.

He walked without fear onwards as he slowly engraved the images on the wall into his mind, after a long time he reached the end of these drawings as well as a small chamber.

The third door laid within this small chamber.

On the door was only a single pill's image, as well as the required herbs which Su Ming had mostly previously encountered, his eyes flashed as he looked at the small hole below the diagram.

From the two previous doors, Su Ming could tell that the number of pills required to open the door, reflected the difficulty of refining them.

The more pills required generally meant the easier it was to refine them,

As Su Ming looked down, his brows furrowed as beneath the diagram were just two small hole.

“This pill..... I am afraid that other than the Divinity Pill, this is the hardest pill to refine so far.” Su Ming’s walked forward with his brows furrowed and placed his right hand on the door, the familiar pain in his head once more making an appearance as the door slowly glowed, while the steps to refining this pill slowly surfaced in his mind.

After a long time, Su Ming’s hand trembled as he was knocked backwards, taking several steps before he could stabilize himself, his eyes filled with shock as he lifted his head.

“Spirit Seizing Pill!” Su Ming gasped as information filled his mind, other than the refining method and name, for the first time there was a description of its effect.

“Seize and consume spectral spirits into the pill, inflicts harms when broken, nurtures the soul when absorbed.” Su Ming’s eyes flashed as he carefully memorised the herbs required to refine this pill, his face filled with complicated emotions as he shut his eyes.

“To refine this pill, the herbs I need are very.....

Not only can I not use an ordinary furnace, I have to use a dead body as the furnace along with these herbs to refine.....

I also cannot use a normal flame, rather i need to use the corpse’s qi to incite havelly thunder which after refining it can also be used to avoid the heavenly phenomenon from the pills existence.” Su Ming thought for a while longer before deeply gazing at the third stone door and then heading back outside.

“Although this is a hard pill to refine and its success rate is low..... but once it is successfully refined, its power is.....” In Su Ming’s mind the explanation of the pill’s effect surfaced once more.

“Seizing the spectral spirits, this should be referring to the thing formed by one’s Mán-Tattoo, for example the Hei Shan Patriarch’s Blood Bear, or Shan Hen’s blade..... it is something that no one under the awakened realm should be able to deal with..... even in the awakened realm. It is not something that can be easily stopped, how could this pill.....” Su Ming’s eyes flashed as he slowly walked out.

Inside the cave in the rainforest, along with a gentle glow Su Ming’s body slowly appeared, seating there in the dark with the black shard in his hands he fell into deep thought.

“A total of nineteen ingredients are required, most of which I am familiar with. In the diagram Grandpa previously gave me, only one is missing..... but that is not the main problem, the main problem is that of the nineteen, three are not so common as they have to be planted by powerful wild beasts along with their bones.

From the information transmitted to me, these so called wild beasts have power rivaling an awakened cultivator.....”

Chapter 117 – Walking Out

“It should be about time I took a trip to this Han Mountain City.” This clear morning Su Ming awoke from his rest, his heart still burdened with last night’s indecision also he had already made his choice.

After checking the pills he had on him, Su Ming look one last look at this cave he was in. This was were he had been living in the past two years, yet he was probably never going to come back, this place which had become so homely to him and a great place to cultivate.

“Of the information I obtained from Fang Mu, about ninety percent should be the truth so I still had to personally verify some things, things such as the Pu Qiang Tribe. Also..... this Han Mountain City is the only way to the Frigid Sky Chiefdom, whats more they might even have a map to the western region.” Su Ming’s eyes flashed as he walked out the cave, standing by its entrance basking in the winds of the monsoon season he first experience two years prior.

Feeling for the damaged pouch in his robes, he was relieved that it had not deteriorated any further and the space within had not fragmented any more.

Other than containing the large amount of pills he had refined, there were also various animal hide and parts which he hunted in the past two years. From Fang Mu, he had learnt that the tribes in this southern region were slightly different from those of his western alliance, although they too had demand for herbs, but

they demanded the parts of wild beasts even more.

For example, the first time he encountered Fang Mu, they were hunting a python for its poisonous bile and bones which they used to make medicine.

Fully prepared, Su Ming's body disappeared in a flash as he headed straight into the rainforest.

When nightfall approached, at the edge of the rainforest, for the first time Su Ming walked out in a sky blue robe, his black hair dancing in the rain as he faced stood in front of a vast grassland.

With his head lowered, Su Ming retracted his gaze as he walked into the plains with not another shadow in sight. In reality, this rainforest was a place where few people visited and when they came it would be to hunt for resources to make medicine.

The moon hung high as the moonlight fell upon the land, Su Ming silently advanced like a streaking rainbow, only this rainbow stuck close to the ground as it flashed onward.

Fang Mu mentioned that it would take about ten days of travelling, and Su Ming had long since found out the direction to the Han Mountain City from Fang Mu as well as details of the place.

“It was a chaotic city controlled by three different tribes, and due to its central location had many powerful individuals..... these

three tribes also exuberantly invited many of those people as guests to their tribe, buying them over with gifts.” Su Ming’s eyes flashed as his pace continued to increase.

In the southern lands, mountains dominated the lands as a tens of thousands of hills covered the vast lands, saying the mountains dominated the lands here was truly no exaggeration.

Each and every tribe was built around a mountain completely unlike the tribes in the western alliance.

Due to the sheer quantity of tribes in the southern regions, there were numerous different Mán-Techniques, and the number of powerful Mán-Cultivators was truly not few. Adding on the existence of the Frigid Sky Chieftdom, as well as the Frigid Sky Sect established by the elites of the region, this laid a sturdy foundation for cultivation.

The Frigid Sky Sect was a sect which controlled the Frigid Sky Chieftdom, and was not a Tribe but a genuine sect! A sect for Mán-Cultivators. As long as the Mán-cultivator was from the southern region, regardless of which tribe they were from, as long as they passed the Frigid Sky Sect’s tests, they could enter the sect.

This Frigid Sky Sect was very famous in this southern region, there were many rumours of it being formed six thousand years ago when the Mán-Elder of the Frigid Sky Tribe with the help of people of the outer realm, as time passed the medium sized Frigid Sky Tribe eventually grew into one of the two large tribes of the south and then into the Frigid Sky Chieftdom of today.

The Frigid Sky which contains ten thousand Mán-Cultivators!

They were the first in the south to shatter the restrictions of tribes, the first group which released Mán-Techniques to the rest so that those who were qualified could become elites and supplement the region.

It can be said that the Frigid Sky Chieftdom becoming the leader of the region could be attributed to its close relationship with the Frigid Sky Sect. There were also rumours that the mysterious cultivation techniques and Mán-Tribe all came from the outer lands.

Rumours also said that in the outer lands, there were no tribes, only sects.

Following the Frigid Sky Sect's success, in the following thousands of years it set off a wave of sects in the southern region, where a large number of tribes congregated by the border of the eastern region to create the Eastern Oceans Sect resulting in friction between the two.

Similarly other than the small sized tribes, several relatively powerful medium sized tribes set up several other tribal sects.

Only these kind of sects were really still lead by the original Mán-Elder, and were unable to fully open up to others thus only releasing a portion of the Mán-Techniques in hopes of attracting some stronger Mán-Cultivators to bolster their strengths, these

groups were formed by mutual benefit and remained guarded against each other.

These matters were told to Su Ming in the past half year from Fang Mu. Even though he was from the western alliance, he spent his life in the vicinity of the Wu Mountains and so his understanding of the western alliance as a whole is actually inferior to his current understanding of the southern region,

The Han Mountain City was established in this kind of a condition and definitely existed for over two thousand years, yet the Pu Qiang, Yan Chi and An Dong tribes have only been around for four hundred or so years.

Su Ming once heard from Fang Mu, that in his tribe's records, Han Mountain City was controlled by a single powerful medium sized tribe which after its decline was completely eradicated by the current three tribes who then took over control of Han Mountain City.

The reason for their take over was as the ones who controlled the city, would have the qualifications to contact the Frigid Sky Sect also those who controlled the city would be the overlords of the region, enjoying privileges which even Fang Mu did not know about.

Only, those three tribes strength did not differ much and they were thus unable to once more fight for a final victor. Thus to avoid further strife the Han Mountain City deliberately divided control of the tribe among the three of them.

But they did not control the city as tribes, rather as three separate sects.

The information Fang Mu told Su Ming floated in his mind, a few days later he stood on a mountain, a single foot resting on the mountain peak as he watched the evening glow cover the evening lands as a tall mountain stood in the distance.

The mountain was devoid of vegetation, rather there was a majestic city of stone standing atop it, the Feng Zheng Tribe's stone city greatly waning in comparison to this, this the largest city Su Ming had ever seen.

Standing on his mountain peak, he gazed at the city for a long time before taking a deep breath as his eyes shone. He faintly thought of how it must feel for grandpa to leave the Wu Mountains and travel the world, only after seeing more things, only after seeing the world can one truly be considered grown up.

Otherwise what matured would only be the body and not the mind.

Without immediately heading onwards, Su Ming stood amid the whistling storm before sitting down as his long hair fluttered in the wind. Where he was he could feel the numerous NightWing souls turn restless. Sitting cross legged he shut his eyes before quickly opening them up again, in this instant the blood moon appeared in his eyes.

The NightWings were formless and invisible to others, but to Su Ming the scene before him underwent a huge transformation!

He could see that on the mountain city were three different groups of qi floating about.

The colours of these mists were red, black and white!

Similarly, outside the Han Mountain City were three mountains surrounding it. On the peaks of these three mountains were these three colours of mist respectively, a terrifying sight to behold.

On the far left of the mountain city was a red mist, and within the red mist was the face of a girl, emanating a chilly feeling which when gazed at made one's heart tremble.

To the right of the city is a mountain, beyond which is shrouded by white fog. a celestial sight to behold subsequently – at times it radiates a murderous intent. Within this white mist was the figure of a large white scorpion, and on its tail was what seemed to be a single black bell.

On the last mountain peak towards the back of the city, a black qi surrounded it shrouding it in a deathly aura, within the grim mist sat a single black skeleton.

“Black mist should be affiliated with the [Pu Qiang](#) Tribe, the red mist should be related to the [Yan Chi](#) Tribe and the last white mist should belong to the [An Dong](#) Tribe!” Su Ming murmured as the

blood moon faded from his eyes.

(Pu Qiang) 普羌 is roughly something like Dusk Nomads as Pu(普) would be best interpreted here as dusk while Qiang is a nomadic tribe in China,

(Yan Chi) 颜池 is something like Dignified Lake (not too sure about this one),

(An Dong) 安东 is literally Safe East, or possibly can be interpreted as eastern sanctuary or something like that

Although the mountains are said to surround the Han Mountain City, they were actually several days walk away for normal civilians.

There were also three iron chains linking the mountains to the peak of the Han Mountain City, below the meeting point of these chains was a deep abyss, unless you were at the [awakened realm](#), falling in would be certain death.

(TLN: Awakened realm → Can fly out)

These three chains were extremely high up and shook along with the wind.

In the distance, these chains which connect with the three different tribes seemed to extend even further, only it was obscured by mist and could not be seen.

“These three tribe’s enveloping the Han Mountain City with their auras, is obviously them trying to exert their dominance and deter each other while at the same time attracting the elites to

them.” Su Ming’s eyes flashed as he stared at the mountain with black mist emanating from it behind the Han Mountain City, there was where the Pu Qiang Tribe was located.

Chapter 118 – Han Mountain City

“What Fang Mu said was true... This Yong Ming from Pu Qiang Tribe cultivates using deathly qi just like Wu Sen, but he is far stronger.” Muttering to himself, it was a long while before Su Ming retracted his gaze from the peak. Shifting his attention to Han Mountain City in the distance, he picked up himself and took the next step, resuming his journey down the mountain road towards Han Mountain City that was basked in the evening glow.

“If I succeed in refining the spirit seizing pill, I guess that would make me a heretic-Man as well...” Against the setting sun, Su Ming’s silhouette stretched into an extended figure. The shadow reflected his loneliness, but it also exuded his resolution and perseverance.

The soft glow of dusk with its last vestiges of warmth bathed the land of this mountain range. Facing the setting sun, Su Ming proceeded on his way to the foreign Han Mountain City. From a distance, the city already presented a breathtaking view. Now that he was getting closer, the vastness of the fortress seemed even more formidable. The city was the mountain and exuded the latter’s forbidding might, exerting an oppressing pressure on all those who approached. This pressure can be clearly felt at the foot of the mountain, and together with the three clusters of mist circulating above the city, they delivered a daunting impression. In this manner, even accomplished individuals had to watch their actions during their time in the city.

Watching the Han Mountain City, Su Ming drew a deep breath. He wore a calm expression, and step by step, ascended the mountain path. Below the Han Mountain City were eight spacious

platforms.

To enter the city, the only way was through the mountains passes.

Although there were eight gates, only four were opened to outsiders. Out of the remaining four, three were controlled by each of the three tribes that governed the city, whereas the remaining one was known as the guest's passage that was only accessible to the patrons of the three tribes.

The stringent security of the premise was a demonstration of the might of the three ruling tribes, and also served as a factor of appeal for powerful guests.

Since it was his first visit, Su Ming followed on the path leading to the ordinary platform with no haste. This particular road was unguarded, until Su Ming crossed the halfway mark of the mountain and saw one of the eight gates of Han Mountain City.

The gates of the city were formed two ten over Zhang statues of Man-Cultivators in a fighting pose facing each other, unmoving but exuding with killing intent.

This gate was formed from the arms and bodies of the statues locked in combat. And at this moment on top of the interlocking arms was a youth lying there with one of his legs freely hanging and swinging from the gate.

From his waist hung a medallion which had a blue base with a touch of red, his eyes were shut and a gourd laid by his hands emanating with the smell of alcohol as the wind blew past it.

While looking at the door, Su Ming's eyes momentarily flashed, after all this was the grandest city he had ever set his eyes on. After deeply etching the image of this gate into his memories, his feet moved once more but as he walked past the gate into Han Mountain City, a lazy voice drifted over to him.

“Do you know the rules?”

The words were spoken precisely by that youth, his eyes were now open as he took a sip from the green gourd by his side, his eyes sweeping across Su Ming, seeing his clothes suddenly made him more sober.

Su Ming's expression remained calm as the young man spoke, with a flick of his right arm, a white stone coin flew out towards the youth who caught it easily.

Su Ming had previously learnt from Fang Mu that anyone could enter Han Mountain City as long as they paid the required stone coins in accordance to the duration of their stay, the longer they wanted to stay the more they had to pay.

After receiving the coin, the youth threw out a grey medallion and took another sip of wine before returning to his nap.

After receiving the medallion, Su Ming hung it by his waist. The medallions themselves are divided into three portions with three colours, black, red and white which represented the three tribes and could only be used by them. The powerful patrons of the tribes would be given a medallion with a blue base and a colour corresponding to the tribe the patrons was from.

As for the normal guests of the city, their Medallions are grey and had a mild luster, when the medallion lost its shine, they could no longer stay in the city unless they paid more money. Or else if they were spotted by the city's guards, they would be severely punished.

Once you enter the city, the medallion also had to be displayed at a prominent spot such as the waist.

Su Ming remained silent even after receiving the medallion, and continued walking into Han Mountain City, approaching the waves of noise in the city, a completely different atmosphere from the gate which made Su Ming slightly surprised.

Han Mountain City was filled with pedestrians, in this ring around the mountain were many different stores, giving it a bustling atmosphere. The houses here were also made from stone, completely incomparable to the Feng Shan Tribe's city.

Walking within Han Mountain City, Su Ming looked around, the scenery here left him with a foreign aftertaste, as his silence felt out of place in this bustling noisy place.

Rows and rows of houses, rows and rows of shops, even buildings

which were over ten zhang tall. Among the people in the crowd, Su Ming barely saw anyone wearing animal hide, at the bare minimum they were dressed in colourful coarse linen, there were also quite a few like him dressed in expensive robes.

“This feels about ten times as large as the chlorite city.” Su Ming silently walked along the Han Mountain City roads, his gaze sweeping past the pedestrians passing him.

“The number of ordinary people here is quite little, almost everyone is a Man-Cultivator..... and they are not weak.” Su Ming walked and constantly surveillance the people around him, quickly night time approached but the city’s bustling did not wane.

From his experience back in the Feng Zheng Tribe as well as from Fang Mu’s words, although this was Su Ming’s first time here, he did not lose his way as he found his way to one of the buildings that are dedicated to providing accommodation to outsiders.

At this time, the inside of the place was very lively, yet Su Ming remained indifferent as his eyes swept passed the tables and chairs. Silently picking a vacant seat, a person smilingly approached.

After exchanging some words, Su Ming understood how things here worked and reserved a room for himself as well as ordered some dishes to eat and wine to drink, before silently gazing out the windows seemingly in deep thought.

But his ears were attentively listening to the speech of the people around him, most of their words were of no use to him but there

were also many people talking of things related to the city itself.

“In the coming months, it’s gonna get even more lively around here. Didn’t you know, the Dusk Nomads, Dignified Lake and Eastern Sanctuary are recruiting more patrons.”

“You are still new here so you might not know this, but the three tribes are always secretly facing off against each other, from time to time they would recruit more patrons trying to strengthen themselves like the Frigid Sky Chieftom.”

“But this is also a chance for us, I heard that the Dignified Lake Tribe has selected ten of their girls to be married off to the patrons, and you must know these girls would greatly help with our cultivation, this time the Dignified Lake Tribe is investing very heavily.”

“Too bad we are not awakened cultivators, otherwise the benefits are even greater, that year I heard that the Eastern Sanctuary even gave out a Man-Totem as a gift.”

Time slowly trickled on as Su Ming sat there, drinking the wine made him frown as it was really spicy making him feel uncomfortable. But slowly he got used to that wondrous feeling.

He knew that everything here was foreign to him, as such after entering the city he kept observing and listening to the surroundings. From his four hours here, the skies have already darkened yet the city remained lit, even in this attic was brightly lit by the numerous candles spread around.

As he sipped his wine, he listened to the people around him converse, slowly enhancing his own understanding of Han Mountain City.

“Fang Mu had repeatedly hinted for me to join the Eastern Sanctuary, as a patron for the Eastern Sanctuary, as there would be great gifts and lucrative offers. There must be some reason for them making such offers to the guests.” Su Ming sipped a mouthful of wine as he continued to listen, as night fell, the crowd dwindled and as Su Ming wanted to head back to his room, his expression suddenly changed as he remained seated and once more sipped some wine.

He saw a thirty or so year old man enter the door, unlike the people around him he was dressed in animal hide, as such Su Ming decided to stay on.

This was the first time today as well as the first time in the city that he had saw someone dressed so familiarly. His face was somewhat pale as he frowning walked in, sitting relatively near Su Ming as he ordered some wine and silently drank.

His expression was filled with suspicion, hesitation and shock.

“This person should be someone at the tenth level of blood condensation and could very well be at the peak of blood condensation, just a step away from the awakened realm.” Su Ming thought silently, although the person did not release his blood qi, but the pressure he exuded could be felt clearly by Su Ming.

An hour quickly passed as the man drank his wine mouthful after mouthful without uttering a single word. The internal struggle in his eyes growing more and more intense as he constantly looked towards the entrance, seemingly waiting for someone's arrival.

But as time passed, when the only guests remaining were him and Su Ming and even the waiter was asleep sprawled on the table, this man's expression turned disappointed as he casually took a glance at Su Ming before silently drinking his wine, his hesitant expression slowly turning more resolute and fierce.

Su Ming did not want to be observed and so he got up and moved towards the backyard. After spending several hours here, he understood that out back was where guests retire for the night. As he walked, a gust of wind blew from the door and the candle lights flickered.

At this time, a young looking white robed lady slowly walked in, on her face was a snow white veil covering her features, revealing just her eyes which like the stars exuded a mysterious charm.

Chapter 119 – It's Him!

The man drinking his wine saw this lady and stood up in surprise, as he seemed to want to speak. The lady calmly walked in and seated herself across the man, her eyes sweeping across the leaving Su Ming without paying him much heed.

“Is it okay?” The man worriedly spoke without taking a seat, his voice extremely soft.

“You are not qualified enough, but I managed to fight for 1 day’s worth of time for you to prov yourself.”

Su Ming continued to leave, his ears picking up on these few words which did not seem much of a secret. However Su Ming did not want to be part of this matter and although he could vaguely guess what was going on between them, it truly did not have anything to do with him.

After spending another night in silence and dawn arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes from his meditation and he straightened his robes before leaving the room. Early in the morning in Han Mountain City, there was a thin layer of mist which left Su Ming with quite a strange feeling.

After yesterday’s observation, he had understood the affairs of the city much more. As he walked along the streets he raised his head and looked towards the mountain, the city had four levels and he currently was on the fourth as well as the largest level.

Heading to the third level required some cultivation, if one's cultivation was insufficient, it would be impossible to head up, as for the first two levels, only people with some status could enter.

“Above the first layer on the peak was the city's Star Seizing Tower where only awakened realm powerhouses and patrons of the three tribes could enter.” Su Ming gazed at the mountain peaks for a long time before retracting his gaze and headed to the various herb stores in the fourth level of the city.

Su Ming did not go buy the herbs required for the Southerner's Pill. This first time coming to Han Mountain City was to try and find a map towards the Western Union, as well as herbs required for the spirit seizing pill. He spend the whole morning visiting the all the herb stores in the city, although the prices here were much higher than in the Feng Zhen Tribe, he thankfully had quite some money from Fang Mu's patronage.

“I am still lacking five of the herbs for the Spirit Seizing Pill.....” At noon, Su Ming walked towards the third level while in deep thought, similarly there was a large door at the entrance, lights flashing at the tens of people at the entrance making the scene seem extremely lively.

Su Ming saw several local Mán-Cultivators successfully walk past the door as well as many whose cultivation was insufficient and rebounded out from the door. Although their expressions were unhappy and desperate, they no longer tried to pass, rather they turned to the crowd and seemed to buy something before passing through the door.

After observing the situation, Su Ming picked up the pace and approached the gate. As he arrived, the surrounding people excitedly looked towards Su Ming whose expression remained calm as he stepped into the light. But all of a sudden he felt a powerful force press down on him forcing him back, preventing him from entering.

“The restriction is at the eighth level of blood condensation.....” Su Ming frowned as he retreated while determining the requirement to enter the third level.

“Another one without capabilities yet still coming to try, hey you just come over.” The surrounding people shouted towards Su Ming.

Su Ming coldly gazed over, the person who shouted was only a person at the fifth level of blood condensation, seeing Su Ming coldly glanced over, he stared back revealing a white medallion hanging from his waist.

“Hey, since you are stubborn, this passage medallion which costs one thousand coins will only be sold to you at one thousand three hundred coins!” The youth coldly shouted as he took out a palm sized stone from his robes.

Su Ming retracted his gaze as he ignored the youth, rather he looked back at the flashing gate and walked towards it once more.

This action not only arouse the laughter of the youth but also the attention of the surrounding people selling the passage medallion

as they all laughed.

“It has been several days since seeing someone like this, Fang Ling, it is not so easy to sell at a thousand and three hundred coins!”

“This person actually caught Fang Lin’s notice, how lucky, if it were me, without two thousand coins he can forget about entering, who told him to have such a lacking cultivation.”

These ten plus people were clearly very familiar with each other as they seemed to laugh out of tacit agreement, none of them would undercut each other as they worked together to raise prices.

Their laughter caught the attention of the other surrounding people, especially those who too could not pass the gates whose expression were sympathetic.

Su Ming approached the gate but did not step into the door, rather he extended his right hand towards the light and once more tried to fell the resisting force.

“Two thousand coins, if you take out two thousand coins this old one will sell you the passage medallion, just for your information, you are not the only one looking for this, if you don’t want it, according to our rules the next time you come, even if I am not here, you would have to pay even more coins...” The Eastern Sanctuary youth shouted, and before he finished he abruptly shouted.

The surrounding people were also shocked as they no longer laughed out loud as shock filled their faces.

Su Ming was clearly standing there without moving, his right hand pressed onto the light barrier, but the barrier was violently flashing as an invisible force seemed to be pressing down on the layer as it curved inwards as if unable to bear the pressure.

This scene made the people of the three tribes who were selling the entry medallion suck in a breath, the youth's expression was even more pale as from the many years of selling here he had seen all sorts of people, and he had seen the light barrier warp like this dozens of times, and each time it happened was due to an awakened cultivator.

When an awakened cultivator walked past the gate, the barrier light will warp before ultimately tearing.

In their silence, the barrier of light before Su Ming suddenly tore and Su Ming retracted his right hand before calmly stepping into the crack which eventually restored itself.

It was silent outside the gate, the middle aged man pretended to be calm as the surrounding people of the three tribes remained stunned for a long time before sympathetically gazing at the man.

“Provoking an awakened cultivator?.....Fang Mo you are on your own.”

“I didn’t expect that he was actually an awakened cultivator, how old did he look?”

“I have never seen this person before, this senior must have just recently come to Han Mountain City.”

The middle aged youth was feeling slightly flustered, although he looked calm, his worry prevented him from continuing his business today. Hurriedly, he took his leave as his heart was filled with regret, he normally would not make a mistake like this, he clearly saw Su Ming being rebounded by the barrier the first time and managed to guess Su Ming’s cultivation which gave him the guts to speak up like this. Never did he expect to mess up like this.

“This is clearly bullying, obviously that senior could have just passed it in one go, why did you have to make things difficult for me.....” The more he thought about it, the more dissatisfied he became.

Skillfully making his way into the third floor, he turned around and look another look at the barrier of light in the gates as he contemplated on the workings of the barrier. “It would seem that this nuanced control is not something that someone in the blood condensation realm can master..... by using nuanced control on my blood qi, I could easily enter, even the way it opened was different from the previous people.” Su Ming pondered as he walked onward along the passageway before him. Here the number of buildings were much less, and there were even fewer pedestrians walking around, however each one of them was at least at the eighth level of blood condensation, even the buildings themselves gave off a faint aura.

Obviously within those buildings had some elites hiding within them.

Although it was noon, it was nowhere as noisy as the fourth floor, Su Ming walking outside the shops, his eyes momentarily lighting up in surprise before quickly fading back away.

It was a beast part shop where the scent of blood filled the air, inside sat an old man with his eyes shut, on his wrist were several black bells. This shop was not large, but on the right wall were nine black wooden needles pinning a spider the size of a grind wheel on the wall. This spider had a entirely purple appearance and was already dead, but, it had nine legs!

The nine legs were red, completely different from the rest of its body.

“This is one of the three ingredients to refine the Divinity Pill!” Su Ming retracted his gaze as he headed towards the store.

But just as Su Ming was about to step in, in the skies above the city, the tri-coloured mist floating in the air suddenly stirred and flared up as thunderous booms resounded.

This sudden development made the old man in the store open his eyes, if fact not only him, everyone in the third level were shocked as they turned and looked up.

As the three mists became more and more vigorous, from the Star Seizing Tower build on the first level above the mountain cavity, the sound of an ancient bell resounded in all directions.

... .. Dong... ..

The bell released formless ripples into the surroundings, not only attracting the attention of the people on the third level, but even the people on the fourth level got excited, the people on the second level too looked towards the source of the noise. “The bell rang thrice, this means that someone is breaking through the Han Mountain Chains!”

“It has been a long time since someone tried to breakthrough the Han Mountain Chains! Failure meant death, but success allows them to make a request from the three main tribes.

“The request is still considered secondary, if they were to succeed, they would immediately be accepted as an honored patron of the tribe whose status greatly surpassed the other patrons. I also heard that this is one of the considering factors when the Frigid Sky Sect selects a disciple!.”

“I wonder which tribe’s chain is this challenger going to tackle?”

The voices of discussion buzzed by Su Ming’s ears, as a figure appeared at the center of the mountain peaks where the chains intersected.

“It’s him!” Su Ming clearly identified the figure as his eyes turned thoughtful.

Chapter 120 – He Feng

The figure stood on the mountain's peak as the passing wind swept across his body, his hair dancing in the breeze. He was clad in beast hide, and a savage aura radiated from him.

He was precisely the man whom Su Ming saw the previous night.

Blood veins surfaced from his body, forming a vast mass of blood qi that seemingly stirred the surrounding, only surpassed by the pressure of an Awakened. He was not yet at the awakened realm, but the number of blood veins on him had exceeded that of typical limit of seven hundred and eighty-one. At one glance, there were more than eight hundred.

His severe expression not only demonstrated his resolution, but also a ruthless determination to win at all cost.

“It's He Feng!”

“It's actually him! There were rumors that he had already attained the eleventh level of blood condensation, but his three attempts to breakthrough into the Awakened realm have failed. Even so, his strength is definitely the strongest besides the five awakened cultivators if we exclude the three ruling tribes of the city..

“He is one of the rare few in this city who came from a small tribe, and for some weird reason, prefers to wear the beast hide from his small tribe. His reputation is probably exaggerated by the

masses. Tackling the Han Mountain Chains is him overestimating himself!”

Besides Cang Lan whom managed to reach the sixth chain of An Dong Tribe ten years ago and was accepted into the Frigid Sky Sect, rarely does anyone succeed.

Su Ming looked at the man on the mountain top, his expression calm. However, his eyes subtly glinted. It was his first time hearing of the Han Mountain Chains, thus he carved this into his memory.

“In the recent couple hundreds of years, a total of sixty-five individuals challenged the Han Mountain Chains. This He Feng is the sixty-sixth. Out of the sixty-five though, only five had succeeded. An ancient voice sounded from the third level of the crowd. It belonged to the elderly man whom Su Ming encountered in the shop.

Walking forth without haste, the elder man watched He Feng who was in midair.

“Failure will result in death, although even that is not absolute.” The elderly man muttered slowly, his expression calm.

Presently, not only did Han Mountain City sank into a furore of excitement. The reverberating bell rings had also aroused the attention of the three peaks that were connected to the city. It was obvious that He Feng’s challenge was taken seriously by the three ruling tribes.

Practically everyone was guessing which tribe's chain would He Feng pick to tackle.

On the mountain peak, where the three chains intersected one another, He Feng's eyes glinted astutely. He first set his sights upon the chain connected to Pu Qiang Tribe, but his expression quickly turned cold. That would not be his choice. Watching the mountain where Yan Chi Tribe was situated, the peak was shrouded in a heavy red mist. The face of a woman seemed to fleet in and out in the mist.

Drawing a deep breathe, the savage-looking man raised his feet. Looking at Yan Chi Tribe's chains, he approached it.

His every move was watched with anticipation by the entire city, which had already sunk into a furore. Under countless gazes, He Feng had reached the chain that connected to Yan Chi Tribe, just about to take his first step.

A surge of pressure large enough to envelope all blood condensation cultivators in the city erupted suddenly from the second level. A purple-robed figure hurriedly came forth, stepping on air, seemingly in the direction of He Feng.

“He Feng!!” The purple figure immediately gave a low growl.

His voice was akin to thunder and resounded all around, threatening to deafen everyone. He Feng who was atop the mountain gave a shudder. Turning around fiercely, his expression was a complicated mix of hatred and panic.

“An Awakened cultivator... ..” Su Ming’s sight was fixated on the purple figure. Taking a deep breath, the present him no longer felt the awe and fear of the first time saw an Awakened cultivator.

“Lord XuanLun.”

“That is Lord XuanLun, one of the five awakened cultivators not part of the three tribes.”

Excited bursts of voices sounded out, obviously the majority of the people here did not expect that when someone was attempting to breakthrough the chains such a change would appear.

The purple robed figure stepped into the skies, but at this moment HeFeng’s figure stepped towards the chain leading towards the Dignified Lake Tribe, a cold harrumph sounding out from within the red mist.

The harrumph sounded distant but landed clearly within the ears of the purple robed figure causing his body to shake but not stop, he continued onwards towards the peak, his right hand transforming into a claw shape as he struck out.

He Feng’s face was pale but he did not dodge, rather he stared directly at the approaching purple robed figure, the momentary panic instantly transforming into a dense hatred.

As the purple robed man’s claw approached and collided with He

Feng, all of a sudden a red mist erupted from He Feng and transformed into a fog screen.

With a bang, the purple robed man's right hand collided with the red mist, his body shook as he was tossed several tens of zhang away revealing his appearance. This purple robed person was a middle aged man, with a gloomy expression filled with killing intent.

“[YanLuan](#), what is the meaning of this!”

(TLN: Just to clarify this Yan (颜) in the name is the same as the one in the name of the tribe Dignified Lake (颜池) and Luan (鸾) is the same as the mystical Luan bird)

“[I](#) don't care about your personal grudge with He Feng, but as he has chosen to walk the chains of my Dignified Lake, you are not to harm him. This was what was decided back then by the three tribes, I am sure even the Dusk Nomad Tribe is unwilling to disagree.” A cold maiden's voice slowly transmitted out from the Dignified Lake Tribe's Peak in the distance.

(TLN: the I used here is (本座) which is the dignified way of saying I that kings use, but I feel that literally translating it as “This seat/throne” sounds funny in english so i'll just leave a note here instead)

The entire Han Mountain City fell into silence, Su Ming too stood there as he witnessed this scene, his mind flashing with last night's scene where this He Feng person anxiously waited for the white dressed maiden with a veil.

“That was not just one voice, perhaps it’s two..... the woman last night mentioned that he had to make use of one day’s worth of time to prove his worth. It would appear that this He Feng’s choice to try and breakthrough the chains is precisely to do this. But just what worth is he trying to prove..... If he wanted to join the Dignified Lake Tribe, there should be no need to do this, after all failure here would almost certainly mean death.” Su Ming looked at He Feng and the purple robed man near the peak, without much guesswork required, he could tell from their conversation that the hatred between the two of them is not shallow.

“This XuanLun should know quite a bit about this, but clearly he is worried about something which is why he had no choice but to choose to strike now, disregarding the three tribe’s regulations.” Su Ming deeply thought, but as this matter truly had nothing to do with him, he would stop bothering about it after a little thought.

The purple robed XuanLun’s expression was gloomy but although he was clearly wary of the woman, he did not really want to give up. As Su Ming had guessed, he truly had no choice but to strike now, otherwise once the person dies, the thing he is trying to obtain would be lost as well

In his opinion, this person is definitely not going to succeed.

At this moment, from another mountain peak, within the Dusk Nomad’s peak shrouded in a black mist, from within the meditating skeleton, a grim voice reverberated across the skies.

“XuanLun, Han Mountain City prohibits personal fights!”

“Very well, but this man has killed my followers, his corpse, your Dusk Nomad Tribe is going to help me hind it!” The purple robed man coldly sneered after a moment of silence. With a flick of his sleeves, his body landed on the mountain peak and sat cross-legged, his smile towards He Feng growing colder and colder.

“You are the valued guest of my Dusk Nomad Tribe, this matter shall be done.” The gloomy voice once more came from within the mountain peak shrouded in black mist.

As Su Ming witnessed this, his gaze landed on the man called He Feng. Under his watchful gaze, he saw this He Feng walk towards the chain.

As he moved, the surrounding people instantly forgot about everything else as they turned to watch. After all, this was something that did not happen often in Han Mountain City, in the past hundreds of years there were only sixty or so attempts.

Even the purple robed XuanLun too coldly looked over, his eyes filled with hatred as he stared at HeFeng’s figure, seeing him slowly walk towards the chain, the chain slowly shaking and trembling.

Just as He Feng stepped onto the chain, the surrounding ground trembled. From the bottomless depths of the Dignified Lake Tribe’s mountain peak shrouded in red mist, eight ten over zhang thick pillars shot out from the depths and supported the chain, breaking it into nine fragments.

Time slowly passed and although Su Ming could not see what was going on with the chains, he could tell that He Feng's expression was serious, each step seemingly made with all his strength, his body trembling as his veins were bulging all over his face, his mouth open as he rapidly took breaths.

Very soon two hours had passed, in this two hours the entire Han Mountain City was silent, practically everyone was watching He Feng's figure who had already crossed thirty percent of the first segment.

The cross-legged purple robed man sat with a frown with who knows what was in his mind.

Eventually, two hours then four hours..... then the entire afternoon passed, the skies have darkened and the sunset's glow transformed He Feng's figure into but a shadow who has managed to cross the majority of the first section.

But at this moment, He Sheng did who knows what as his body suddenly burst forth with a powerful vigor as his strength soared to the peak, the power of an awakened cultivator faintly appearing from his body.

“As expected of someone who attempted to breakthrough the awakened realm multiple times, although he was never successful his body must have at least a shred of awakened qi. And to think he..... actually dared to attempt awakening once more there!”

“He dared to tackle this Han Mountain Chain so he must have some sort of preparation, to choose this time to tackle awakening, although he would fail, the momentary burst of power would allow him to take quite a few more steps.”

“But I am really confused, even if he could burst forth with some power as he attempted awakening and breakthrough the first chain, this chain has nine segments, how is he going to tackle the others later?”

The surrounding was suddenly filled with soft discussions, Su Ming’s eyes flashed as he seemed to comprehend something, his eyes remained calm, but a faint understanding was reflected in his eyes.

“He is not planning on tackling the entire Han Mountain Chains, only this one section, to prove that he was qualified..... but just what on earth is he trying to prove himself for?”

Chapter 121: Han Fei Zi

On the top of the mountain, Xuan Lun's eyes flickered as if he had just realized something. His pupils shrank.

With the sudden increase to the power of his Qi, He Feng suddenly became faster and dashed across the chain. He covered a dozen feet with every single step he took. Very soon, he neared the end of the first section of the chain. Judging by his speed, before long, he would reach the stone pillar at the end of it.

‘He’s not trying to cross the Chains of Han Mountain!’

Xuan Lun's expression changed, and a thought appeared in his head, one that made him feel as if things were going to go south.

‘No, that’s not it! He’s using this to prove something, could it be..?’

Xuan Lun widened his eyes. The idea lurking in his head became clearer. As he saw that He Feng was almost to the first stone pillar, a venomous look surfaced in his eyes.

He suddenly lifted his right hand and touched the center of his brows. After a tugging motion, three wisps of black mist were dragged out, turning into three faint, shivering outlines of people before him.

The three figures were two old people and one girl. Their faces

were filled with pain. They seemed to be screaming, but there was no sound coming from them. Yet when Xuan Lun pointed towards them with a finger, their restraints were broken, and the three figures immediately let out mournful cries. Their voices echoed in the surroundings.

"Feng Er..."

"Big brother..."

The sudden appearance of the voices made those watching momentarily stunned. At the same time, He Feng, who had already given his all and was just a small distance away from the end of the first section of the chain, shuddered. He swiftly turned his head back and tears fell from his eyes as he looked at the three figures standing before Xuan Lun.

When he saw He Feng stopping, Xuan Lun let out a sigh of relief in his heart. He then let out a cold harrumph and squeezed the girl with his right hand with deliberate slowness, making sure that she let out shrill, pained cries, as if her whole body was being torn apart and swallowed bit by bit.

Her screams echoed in the air, making all those watching feel their hearts tremble.

When Su Ming saw this, he frowned and sighed. He had already guessed that this He Feng was a man with a sad past.

He Feng trembled as he glared at Xuan Lun, standing in the distance. The others could not see his expression, only seeing that he fell silent for a while before quickly turning around and continuing moving forward. However, his body shook more viciously with each step he took.

Another shrill and pained scream traveled forth. It called out to He Feng with a voice that could tear open people's hearts.

"Feng Er... save me..."

Once Xuan Lun crushed the girl's black form, he started slowly squashing one of the two old people. When the cries turned weak, and the purple clothed man saw He Feng trembling so fiercely he seemed like he could not continue onward and was about to fall, he turned to crush the final black form.

As the pained cries that could tear people's hearts reverberated in the air, Su Ming saw He Feng cough out a mouthful of blood on the chains. He did not manage to land his foot properly and slipped, falling into the canyon that spanned hundreds and thousands of feet below him.

When Su Ming saw this scene, he was reminded of his own tribe. He remembered the devastating things that had happened during their migration, and remembered Bi Tu's viciousness.

'If a wild beast is not strong enough, then it would only end up as food for others. If a person is not strong enough, then he can only be manipulated by more powerful people. Even if they resist, they

can't do much... This is the survival of the fittest.

‘If I want to change it, then I have to... become powerful!’

There was no pity in Su Ming's eyes, only determination and resolution.

He Feng laughed brokenly as his body rapidly fell towards the canyon below him. He closed his eyes. There were still too many things left for him to do. He had not exacted his revenge, but it seemed like he no longer had the chance to do so.

Xuan Lun stood up and moved towards the edge of the top of the mountain with a few brisk steps. A cold smirk appeared on his lips. The moment He Feng died, he would use Puqiang Tribe's power to find his corpse. He knew full well that there was a frightening power within the canyon under the chains. Even he did not dare to go there rashly. Only the people from the three tribes could enter the canyon safely after a special ritual.

Yet at that moment, a soft sigh suddenly traveled forth at an unhurried pace. A white figure walked out from the first layer of Han Mountain City. That gentle and endearing figure belonged to a woman. There was a white cloud underneath her feet that seemed to carry her as she turned into a long white arc and went towards He Feng who fell from the chains.

She reached him in an instant, causing He Feng, who had his eyes closed, to fall on that white cloud.

A glint appeared in Xuan Lun's eyes. He glared at the woman, but did not speak, as if he was wary of her.

In fact, Puqiang Tribe also kept silent when the woman appeared and saved He Feng, as if they expected her to do so.

The woman was dressed in white, and there was a white veil on her face, which hid her countenance from others, but her eyes were gorgeous. It was as if there was some strange enchanting power within that made those who looked into her eyes become enthralled.

A memory was jolted in Su Ming's mind. This woman was the one he had seen the previous night talking to He Feng. However, she seemed a little different compared to yesterday.

"Sir Xuan Lun, I know this person from a long time ago, so I hope you won't mind if I save him."

The woman's voice was pleasant to the ears, but there was also a chilling tone in her voice. It sounded like the wind in winter, bringing a chill to all those who heard it.

"It's fine. If I knew this would happen, I wouldn't have interfered. This is just a misunderstanding. But there is animosity between us, I hope you understand."

Xuan Lun forced out a smile and a gentle look appeared on his face.

"I will not interfere with the matter between you and him."

Once the woman finished speaking, she brought the unconscious He Feng back towards the mountain belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe in the distance.

After they left, Xuan Lun remained silent for a while on the top of the mountain before he too returned to the second layer.

The eight giant stone pillars under the chain connecting the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe to Han Mountain City started to sink, letting out rumbling sounds, before they disappeared into the deep canyon. The chain started swaying in the wind once again.

Everything returned to normal. While watching the woman leave in the dusk, Su ming heard people mumbling to each other around him.

"It's Han Fei Zi."

"She's the prodigy of Lake of Colors Tribe and is also regarded highly by one of the elders in Freezing Sky Clan. She's already considered one of the disciples of Freezing Sky Clan. It's said that she should have joined the school a long time ago, but she asked to defer, preferring to wait for the next time Freezing Sky Clan took in disciples before she joined them."

"I heard about that too, but even so, everyone still calls her Han

Fei Zi. That's a glorious designation. I heard that the elder from Freezing Sky Clan gave her that name."

"Those aren't secrets anymore. Freezing Sky Clan is incredibly strict when it comes to taking in disciples. In fact, since the past, only the three strongest disciples within the school will be given the title of Saint."

"I heard that she already has 900 something blood veins. She's the type that's bound to reach Transcendence. Xuan Lun might be a powerful Warrior in the Transcendence Realm, but he's still respectful towards those of Freezing Sky Clan.

"The white cloud underneath her feet should be the sacred treasure that has been passed down through generations in Lake of Colors Tribe. It's said that that treasure changes its form constantly, and it's called Cloud of Colors..."

The discussions did not last long, and the crowd gradually dispersed. Perhaps it was because too many changes had happened in that day, so most of the people in the third layer did not have the mood to continue trading. Very soon, the number of people in the third layer decreased by a large margin. Some shops even closed early.

Su Ming did not leave, but instead went to the shop that had previously caught his attention. The old man had already sat down in the shop. When he saw Su Ming coming over, he looked at him.

"I saw you wanting to come in during noon, but you were

interrupted by the challenger trying to take on the Chains of Han Mountain," the old man spoke calmly.

Su Ming nodded his head and started looking around the shop.

"Speak if anything catches your fancy, but don't try to deceive me. There is nothing in this shop that I'm not familiar with. You won't be able to get away with trying to rip me off."

The old man cast a glance at Su Ming and frowned.

Su Ming nodded his head again and pointed towards the ninth leg on the nine-legged spider hanging on the wall.

"I want that!"

"The ninth leg of the Nine-Striped Spider. That limb contains all the essence of its body, and it's incredibly rare. I don't sell things for stone coins here, what can you trade with me? If it's a common item, then forget it," the old man said coldly, his eyes on Su Ming.

"With this!"

Su Ming did not bother with idle chatter. He reached into his robes with his right hand and brought out a black bone blade. The blade was completely black in color, but if anyone took a closer look, they would see a red line in it.

This was the bone blade Fang Mu had given to Su Ming.

He placed the blade on the ground and pushed it towards the old man. The old man's expression changed slightly, and he gave it a few attentive looks once he grabbed the blade.

"A counterfeit Berserker Vessel from Tranquil East Tribe."

The old man lifted his head and regarded Su Ming carefully, unable to ascertain where Su Ming came from. He knew that few outsiders could obtain this bone blade. Only those from Tranquil East Tribe could obtain and create this. Anyone who possessed this blade definitely had some sort of connection to Tranquil East Tribe.

"Besides the ninth leg from this spider, I also want this bone!"

Su Ming pointed towards a black bone the size of a fist on the shelf beside the old man with seeming casualness. Strangely enough, there was a layer of frost emitting a chilling presence on the bone. It was clear that this bone belonged to a remarkable beast.

"The shell of Great Brambles... You can only exchange an item with this blade, you can't trade two."

The old man gave a faint smile. He could tell that this person before him wanted the shell more. It also seemed like due to the blade, the old man's expression was no longer as cold as it was

before, but was starting to warm up.

"Please look at the blade carefully," Su Ming looked at the old man and spoke with an even-tempered tone.

The old man was taken aback for a moment. Once he heard the words, he lowered his head and looked at the blade once more with his eyes slightly narrowed. He saw the red line in the blade. He held up the blade and gave it a swing. Immediately, a cold blast spread out, but within that cold air was a ball of heat. The cold and heat blended with each other as if they had fused together.

After a moment, Su Ming walked out of the shop with the ninth leg of the Nine-Striped Spider and the black bone in his hands. The old man had deduced correctly. The bone was what Su Ming had wanted.

More accurately speaking, Su Ming wanted both. One of them was an ingredient for the Welcoming of Deities, and the other was for him to plant the herbs required for Spirit Plunder.

'I didn't expect this shop to contain both items. I may not be able to use them for now, and I even used my only counterfeit Berserker Vessel in exchange for them, but...'

A flash passed through Su Ming's eyes as he remembered the number of black bells on the old man's right wrist.

Chapter 122: Su Ming's Test

‘That person is from Tranquil East Tribe. The tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe definitely knows that I’m treating Fang Mu...’

Su Ming continued moving forward quietly as he mulled this over in his head. He remembered that the elder had once told him to think whenever he encountered any problems. If he did not understand a particular problem, then he could choose to place himself in the other person’s shoes and think in that person’s position to attempt finding a new line of thought.

‘If I was the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, I’d notice the changes in my son’s health and behavior, and I’d follow him.... But he hadn’t showed up yet, which means that the precautions I took by using fine control have worked.

‘Similarly, if I was the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, I would have doubts and be unable to come to a conclusion about this person treating my son. When I’m in this state of uncertainty and hesitance, and see my son’s injuries getting better, even if I wasn’t completely sure, I wouldn’t risk offending a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm whom I suspect by trying to verify his level of cultivation. This will not do any good to me.

‘In this sort of situation, if I see the bone blade that my child gave away as a gift being brought back by my people, what would I think?’

Su Ming massaged the center of his brows. Ever since he came to

the strange and unfamiliar Land of South Morning, he had to depend on himself for everything. It was difficult for a person to survive anywhere when he was alone in a strange place and his power was not enough, unless that person was willing to live off his days being ordinary. Yet if Su Ming did that, he had no idea how long he would take before he could go back to his home.

However, he had too little experiences in life. He could not do better, just think about things from limited areas and angles. He had to make sure he did not easily appear as a hostile entity, but if he had to, he would also make sure that he did so with unwavering determination.

‘Tranquil East Tribe... I’ll use Fang Mu as a start and continue healing him bit by bit. Once my powers reach a certain level, then I’ll find a chance and make myself a place here.

‘I haven’t showed any animosity towards Tranquil East Tribe, and I’m also treating Fang Mu’s injuries. I’ve already shown them my goodwill. Now, with this blade, I can test Tranquil East Tribe’s reaction and know how I should treat them.’

Su Ming did not come up with these thoughts immediately. Once he saw the black bells on the old man’s wrist before He Feng challenged the Chains of Han Mountain, these thoughts began slowly brewing in his head for most of the day as he watched what transpired between He Feng and Xuan Lun.

He still lacked experience, or else he would have thought of these in an instant. However, as of then, he needed time to think of all that. He was still not as cunning as foxes.

For example, the incident where he used Fang Mu as bait. He might have seemed calm the second time he met Fang Mu, his actions seeming experienced, his words bringing about an oppressive effect as he probed for information, his behavior making him look calm and serious, but it was all due to time taken to prepare. He did not make too many mistakes, which allowed him to inspire awe in Fang Mu's father, making him not seem like a young man, only because he had used several months to analyze his situation and make preparations for the meeting.

Only when he was ninety percent certain of his plan did he execute it. This was also why he chose to wait until Fang Mu had gone into the forest many times and called out to him for just as many times before eventually making himself known.

If that had not been the case, he could have appeared before Fang Mu the very first time the boy returned to the rainforest. There wouldn't have been a need to make him for several months.

It was the same now. Su Ming had to use time to cover up for his lack of experience. Even if the incident with He Feng challenging the Chains of Han Mountain had not happened, Su Ming would have chosen to observe the place before leaving. Only when he had thought things through would he have returned.

Right now, he was analyzing what had happened in his head once more. Once he was certain that he had made no mistakes, he left the third layer and returned to his lodgings in the fourth layer of Han Mountain City as the sky became dark.

Su Ming sat down in the room that was several times more lascivious than the one in Wind Stream City and fell into contemplative silence. During the two years since he had come to the strange and unfamiliar Land of South Morning, he had developed a habit of always thinking at some point. The teachings given to him by the elder over the years also gradually surfaced.

‘I still need to maintain contact with Tranquil East Tribe. My relationship with them isn’t strong enough yet. I have to build up this relationship so that the tribe will eventually become one of the paths I can choose. But I can’t just have one path available for me in Han Mountain City. I’ll need to make other choices available for myself, only then will I feel at ease.’

Su Ming sat quietly in his room. Besides searching for a map leading to the Alliance of the Western Region, he also had to quickly set himself on firm ground here so that he could find out whether the elder was here.

Although there was little to no hope of Su Ming finding him, and the elder might have already died, Su Ming still refused to believe it.

‘Half of the map leading to the Alliance of the Western Region will surely be in the Land of South Morning. This sort of map is definitely not an ordinary item, and it’s certainly not something a middle sized tribe would have. This item should be incredibly valuable, and it won’t be revealed so easily to others...’

Su Ming sighed.

‘I’ll still have to make sure I survive first before I can do all these things... and I can’t just be like He Feng. I have to be like Xuan Lun and survive as a powerful Berserker.’

An almost unnoticeable glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes momentarily.

‘There are five powerful Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm within Han Mountain City. Xuan Lun is one of them... He’s also the chief guest of Puqiang Tribe. If that’s the case, then the other four Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm should also be divided among the three tribes.

‘Besides them, there are also a lot of Berserkers in the Blood Solidification Realm here. Most of them aren’t members of the three tribes either. There must be a reason why so many people are willing to stay in Han Mountain City for a long period of time.

‘Fang Mu once said that Freezing Sky Clan would always come to Han Mountain City to take in new disciples for their school in the past.

‘This may sound like a really enticing deal, but I still think there must be something hidden within Han Mountain City that attracts powerful Berserkers like Xuan Lun to stay here.

‘Currently, I have 243 blood veins and am at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. In Han Mountain City, I can only be considered mid-tiered. With fine control, I can fight against

those at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm! But I can only be barely considered to have reached the peak of the middle stage of the Blood Solidification Realm.'

Su Ming remained silent, but the vague shadow of the blood-red moon flashed in his eyes.

'But I have the souls of the Wings of the Moon with me. If I activate all of them under moonlight at the cost of heavily injuring myself like when I was at Dark Mountain...'

Su Ming closed his eyes and covered the shadow of the moon in his eyes.

'This is my finishing move. Unless I'm absolutely forced to and am driven into a life and death situation, I will not use it.

'Also, that Han Fei Zi is a really odd name. From the discussions, since the past, only the strongest three disciples in Freezing Sky Clan are given the status of Saint.'

Su Ming only thought about it for a moment before he chose not to bother with it any longer. He did not want to spend too much effort in things that were unrelated to him.

Once his mind gradually calmed down, he entered into a meditative state and circulated the Qi in his body slowly. Midnight arrived without making itself known. The world was quiet. The entire Han Mountain City fell into deep sleep.

At some point, muffled sounds of thunder traveled from outside, which was followed soon by the sound of rain falling on the ground, making all those who saw it to be unable to tell whether the rain was falling from the sky or bouncing off the ground. It was as if the two had blended together and formed a screen made of rain.

This was the season of rain.

As the rain poured heavily from the sky, it soon enveloped the entire Han Mountain City within. The wind also lifted the rain and lashed against the windows of Su Ming's room, beating the beast skins on the windows until they let out thumping sounds.

There was no candle flame in the room. It was entirely dark, but as thunder rumbled in the sky, lightning would occasionally strike, illuminating the room for brief periods of time.

Su Ming opened his eyes.

He stood up and walked forward before he opened the window quietly. Wind blew against his face and lifted his hair. He looked at the darkness and the rain outside, not moving and not making a sound.

'I wonder what season is now in Dark Mountain..? It's been two years, time sure flies...' Su Ming thought.

‘How is the tribe..? Is the elder still alive..?’

Su Ming felt bitter. He was alone in a strange and foreign place, and he felt lonely. This loneliness made him use silence to protect himself.

He touched the scar on his face and stood for a long time... until his second night in Han Mountain City eventually passed by slowly. When morning arrived, the land was still covered by rain. There were few people walking in the streets. The rain on the ground flowed down along the mountain path, causing the roads to be slippery.

Su Ming did not continue his stay in Han Mountain City; he had already bought a lot of herbs. Though he might still be lacking a few herbs for Spirit Plunder and only bought one beast bone from the required three, there was nothing else that he needed from the third and fourth layer. He might be able to find some at the second layer, however.

Nonetheless, the requirements to enter that layer were not based on the level of cultivation alone. Entrance was only given to powerful guests of one of the three tribes. Su Ming pondered it for a while before giving up and leaving Han Mountain City.

So ended his first journey to Han Mountain. It was a bland and normal trip. He might have brought some of the people’s attention onto himself, but that amount of attention was just like a stone being thrown into a lake—it only caused a few ripples before the water became calm once again.

When he came, the sky was clear. When he left, rain poured down from the sky.

With his back facing Han Mountain City, Su Ming disappeared into the distance. He did not stop but dashed into the rain towards the mountains located deep in the rainforest.

He did not pay extra effort in searching for the map of the Land of South Morning during his stay in Han Mountain City. Yet even so, as he walked through the streets, he paid attention to maps in the shops but saw none.

From the information he obtained from the conversations around him, he gradually pieced together that the maps of the region were all in the hands of the three tribes, and they were incredibly valuable items.

Su Ming's path ahead was shrouded in fog and filled with difficulties.

He had to become a powerful Berserker instead of a normal person, but he did not know where his future lay. He only knew that he had to walk down his path with a level head and increase his power until it reached a certain level. Only then would the veil of uncertainties before him be torn away.

He moved forward quietly at a moderate pace. As he ran, he did not go straight into the rainforest, but spent a few days going around in circles. Once he was certain that no one followed him,

he returned to the familiar cave in the crack located in the deeper parts of the rainforest.

It rained continuously, and the rain washed away his footprints, forming a natural layer of protection for him. When Su Ming returned to the cave in the crack several days later, his body was drenched, and raindrops slid down his hair.

Once he entered the comparatively dry room, Su Ming circulated his Qi and waves of heat emanated from his body, as if his Qi had turned into fire. Very soon, wisps of white mist rose from his body into the air. His soaked clothes gradually dried up, but there were a lot of crinkles, making him look rather pathetic.

Chapter 123: The Gift From The Tribe Leader Of Tranquil East Tribe

As white mist surrounded him, Su Ming surveyed the area of the cave, paying special attention to a few special places. He had placed some thin beast furs over those places before he left. Those furs were very light, so light they could be lifted with just the slightest wind, allowing Su Ming to somewhat guess the strength of the wind with how far the fur was blown away.

He did the same thing at the entrance of the cave. Once he made his observations, he became certain that no one had come into his cave while he was away.

‘Thank goodness this method exists, or else it’d be quite troublesome.’

Su Ming ruffled his hair. As heat spread out from within his body due to his Qi, his hair slowly became dry. He brought out a small torn bag from his bosom and opened it, taking out the herbs and ingredients he had bought in Han Mountain City.

Only when he had checked them and was certain that the numbers did not dwindle did he feel at ease. There was a broken area in the dimension of the bag. That was why even though Su Ming had been using it often for the past two years, he would still feel worried.

‘I should prioritize creating Spirit Plunder. Once I create this pill, it’ll be of great help to me. I can use this as my finishing move

when I can't summon the Wings of the Moon.

‘But the demands to create this pill are simply too high... the herbs are not the problem, I found some at the third layer in Han Mountain City and now only have three left to get.

‘Still, I only have one bone of a beast that has the power equivalent to a Berserker of the Transcendence Realm.’

Su Ming took the black piece of bone from among the ingredients on the ground. The chilling presence from this bone was very strong; it was freezing cold even if he just held it in his hand.

‘Though it's stated that I need the bones of wild beasts with power equivalent to a Berserker of the Transcendence Realm, no time requirement was given. I don't necessarily have to kill the wild beast and get the bone myself. If that's the case, then I should be able to buy them, even though there might not be a lot of these bones lying around.

‘Besides these, I also need to look for a person near death. There might not have been any requirements set for the person's power, but since the ingredients for this pill are already so hard to find, then it's clear that the stronger the person is, the better the quality of the Spirit Plunder produced would be once the herbs are planted... I wonder how strong will Spirit Plunder be if I find a Berserker at the Transcendence Realm who is near death...’

Su Ming's eyes twinkled, but very soon, he sighed. He knew that he was indulging in wild fantasies. Such a thing was impossible.

‘I can’t use regular fire to create this pill either, I need the miasma of corpses to refine the herbs. I can already think of a source to obtain the miasma of corpses. Puqiang Tribe trains using the aura of death, so they must have an incredible amount of miasma of corpses stored in their tribe to assist their training.’

Su Ming mulled over it for a little while longer before he set the matter aside. After all, there were still a lot of materials that he had not gather to create Spirit Plunder. This was a matter that required careful thought over a long period of time.

‘My power has recovered. I should use Mountain Spirit to increase my power now.’

Su Ming took a deep breath. It might still be raining outside, but there was a wave of heat spreading within the cave. The source of the heat came from Su Ming’s right hand as the flames in his hand gradually burned herbs inside.

It was a dull process of creating pills and swallowing them one after another. Once the Mountain Spirits dissolved into his Qi, Su Ming circulated it around his entire body, causing his blood veins to increase steadily.

Once again, Su Ming seldom went out of the cave in the rainforest. He would spend entire days within, as if he had went into isolation. Half a month went by in the blink of an eye.

During this half a month, Su Ming had never left the cave; he had

enough herbs to create Mountain Spirit. After this period of time, the blood veins in his body had increased from 243 to 249.

His training speed was moderate, but at the very least it was steady. Every single time an additional blood vein appeared, Su Ming would pause in his training. He would enter fine control with his mind and made sure his control over that new blood vein was complete before he continued with his training.

That was why even though the number of blood veins did not increase exponentially, his power still increased as days went by.

His periods of silence also increased. If anyone from Dark Mountain Tribe were to see him right now, they would be taken aback, because they would not be able to recognize him at first glance. His appearance was not the only thing that had changed; his presence itself had become vastly different from how he was before.

This was a metamorphosis, a nourishing growth.

There was a thin scar on his face parallel to his eyes, about two fingers away from his eyes. He could have healed that scar, but Su Ming did not want to.

He always touched the scar on his face and silently looked into the darkness of the dark cave.

On the day half a month later, Su Ming swallowed a Mountain

Spirit and sat in the cave, circulating his Qi. As the pill dissolved, and he absorbed it into his Qi, he heard a familiar voice calling out to him from outside.

"Senior... Senior..."

Su Ming did not take action immediately. He waited until several hours had passed by. When the sky darkened, the moon shone in the sky, and the Mountain Spirit he had taken was completely absorbed into his body did he open his eyes languidly. His eyes were placid as he stood up and put on the beast skin shirt that covered his entire body before walking out of the cave at a leisurely pace.

Rain continued falling from the sky, albeit in a lighter manner.

The deeper parts of the rainforest were not too far away from where Fang Mu was calling out to Su Ming. The drizzling rain caused the area around them to be moist.

Su Ming stood on the branch of a big tree and surveyed his surroundings. This was the place he had chosen for them to meet in this time. Being a careful person, besides the first time he had went forth to meet Fang Mu, Su Ming always chose a safe place for Fang Mu to come forth and meet him for their subsequent meetings.

By doing so, he could guarantee himself some level of protection and avoid traps that may or may not exist.

He averted his gaze and swung his right hand before him. Immediately, the formless souls of the Wings of the Moon spread out and surrounded the area, causing the moonlight in the sky to also seem to become brighter.

"Fang Mu, come here!"

Once he was done, Su Ming spoke slowly. His voice was not loud, but it held a penetrating force that allowed his voice to echo in the surroundings.

When his voice traveled out, Su Ming stood where he was in silence, hidden away in the darkness as he remained still.

It did not take long before rustling sounds came closer. A person was quickly running towards Su Ming from the patch of rainforest at his side.

It was Fang Mu. He was already used to Su Ming's mysteriousness and unusual habits. Locating him through the direction of his voice was not difficult for him. When he appeared, he panted harshly and looked at Su Ming. In his eyes, the stranger looked as if he blended together with the darkness; Fang Mu could only see the faint outlines of his countenance.

"Greetings, Senior Mo."

Fang Mu quickly wrapped one fist in the other hand and bowed towards Su Ming. Once he did so, he placed the big bag on his back

down on the ground and opened it, revealing a large amount of Cloud Gauze Grass inside.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the bag and pressed his right hand on the tree beside him. The tree immediately shuddered, and part of the tree bark fell from the trunk. As Su Ming waved his fingers above it, a picture of three herbs appeared on the tree bark.

"I will heal you three times if you can find any one of these three herbs. If you can find all of them and give me something else of equivalent value, I might be able to heal your injuries completely!" Su Ming said languidly.

Fang Mu jolted. His face revealed nothing unusual, but anxiety flooded his heart. That anxiety did not stem from fear, but from excitement. If this was his first time meeting Su Ming and Su Ming had told him these words, he would have definitely not believe him. However, by now, Su Ming's credibility had increased by a large margin in Fang Mu's heart.

Fang Mu fell momentarily silent before he smiled, saying with pretended calm, "Senior, please don't joke with me. I understand this injury of mine. This is due to a Berserker Art. Even my father and the Elder cannot get rid of it completely. They can only suppress its effects. Wanting to heal these injuries completely is far too difficult, unless you can find the person who injured me all those years ago and kill him."

"Come forward."

Su Ming remained quiet for a while before speaking coolly.

Fang Mu's heart trembled once again. He walked forward without any hint of hesitation. The moment he got close to Su Ming, Su Ming immediately lifted his right hand and grabbed Fang Mu's shoulder. A cold sensation seeped into Fang Mu's body from the palm.

There was a chilling presence in that cold. It made Fang Mu shiver, but the moment the chill disappeared, it turned into a wave of heat that swam in his body as if it possessed a will of its own.

Before Fang Mu could feel that presence in detail, Su Ming had already lifted his hand. Fang Mu knew that Su Ming had an odd quirk - he disliked other people getting close to him, so he hastily took a few steps back and looked at Su Ming while anxiety gripped his heart.

"I don't have complete confidence, the likeliness is only about seven out of ten," Su Ming said in a low voice.

"Seven..."

Fang Mu took in a sharp breath and resolution appeared on his face. He nodded his head and looked at the three herbs on the tree bark, engraving their images into his head.

"Also, you have to find two beast bones. They must be from wild beasts whose strength are equivalent to the level of

Transcendence," Su Ming continued speaking languidly.

Fang Mu did not ask why Su Ming would need those bones. He only nodded his head and remembered them as well.

When he saw Su Ming finish speaking and looking as if he was about to end their meeting, a respectful look appeared on his face, and he placed his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Senior, before I came here, my father told me to bring this to you. Please accept it."

While speaking, Fang Mu brought out a black bell from his bosom and crushed it before Su Ming. Mist wafted out from the crushed bell and disappeared after a moment, revealing a white wooden box.

The wooden box looked plain, and Fang Mu held the box out with both hands.

Fang Mu was very curious about the contents of the wooden box. When he was about to enter the forest this time, his father suddenly appeared and gave it to him. He was escorted into the forest by his tribe members once Fang Mu was told to hand the item to Su Ming in the rainforest.

"Open it."

Su Ming's eyes landed on the wooden box. He was amazed by

what had happened after the bell was crushed, but he did not show it.

Once Fang Mu heard his words, he immediately opened the wooden box. He was momentarily taken aback once he cast a glance inside the box. There was a bone blade in the wooden box. The bone blade exuded a chilling presence, and there was a faint red line on it. It was the blade Su Ming had used to barter in Han Mountain City.

Su Ming's face remained passive when he saw the blade. He grabbed at thin air with his right hand, and the bone blade flew up into his hand.

"Thank your father for me."

Su Ming took hold of the bone blade that was returned to him and grabbed the bag of Cloud Gauze Grass. With one step back, he disappeared into the darkness.

Fang Mu found himself baffled. He was familiar with that blade, but he could not understand how that blade, which was given to Su Ming as a gift by his own self, would appear in his father's hands, and why he would ask Fang Mu to deliver it to Su Ming once again.

Chapter 124: Brother Xu, Go!

The rainy season continued. After a few days, the rain started letting up. It would occasionally drizzle, as if the season was reluctant to leave.

Su Ming had already gotten used to the humidity. He was no longer as uncomfortable with this place as he was when he came here initially a few years ago. The act of Fang Mu's father returning the bone blade to him confirmed Su Ming's guess, making him motivated. This motivation also allowed him to feel more confident in this strange and unfamiliar place.

The act of luring out Fang Mu, exchanging the blade with other items, and finally having it be returned to him may seem normal, but it was actually a ploy of Su Ming's. He had slowly but surely built up his own influence while he was still stumbling around in the dark. He had just made short contact with Fang Mu's father under the premise that Fang Mu's father's had his doubts about his level of cultivation.

Su Ming had showed an appropriate level of goodwill, and the act of Fang Mu's father returning the bone blade to him was an answer to Su Ming's goodwill. It was also a form of acknowledgement.

The blade itself may not be expensive, but the underlying meaning behind the gift was different.

Once he placed the blade in the torn bag, Su Ming settled down and continued creating pills in his cave, increasing his power a

little at a time at a steady pace.

Several months passed by. The blood veins in Su Ming's body had increased to more than 260. On that day, he was sitting in his cave while his body gave off a blood-red glow. Seven mist dragons tumbled out from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, circling above his head.

It did not last long. The seven mist dragons suddenly trembled for some unknown reason and their stability was lost. In an instant, they crumbled with a bang above Su Ming's head, turning into multiple threads that scattered in all directions, causing Su Ming to open his eyes swiftly.

A shocked look appeared briefly in his eyes. He swiftly raised his right hand and grabbed the large amount of mist threads. They stopped tumbling instantly and gathered together in Su Ming's right hand, slowly fusing into his palm until disappearing.

Su Ming's face was dark when he got up slowly and went to the entrance of the cave. The sky was already dark as he stood outside. The moon hung high in the sky, but there were still some thin clouds, dimming out the moonlight that fell to the ground.

Su Ming stood where he was, unmoving, but his expression gradually became more solemn. His Qi was going out of control and showing signs of flowing backwards. His hair was flying in the air even though there was no wind. They weren't flying back, but went past his ears and face and were floating before him. It was as if there was a mysterious object that possessed absorbing powers sucking in Su Ming's hair.

The sand and stones that were soaked in puddles of water on the ground were moving slowly, and ripples appeared in the puddles. Rustling sounds came as they moved forward. Some rotten branches and leaves floated in the air, tumbling around strangely before rising into the air even though there was no wind.

A brilliant light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He entered fine control and spread the area of influence around his entire body, quelling the agitation of his Qi. As he stared at the sky in the distance, a contemplative look appeared on his face.

‘This is a Berserker Art cast by someone in the Transcendence Realm! Whoever he is, he's not far away, or else I wouldn't be able to feel the effects so clearly’

Su Ming was just mulling over it when a muffled rumble suddenly came from the sky in the distance. That rumbling sound was like a thunderbolt in the night, bringing forth waves of echoes in its surroundings.

It was soon followed by a long arc breaking through the sky, charging into the forest located behind the mountains in the rainforest, which was located slightly further away from Su Ming.

That direction belonged to the deep parts of the rainforest. Su Ming had went there once, but the humidity there was much stronger compared to the other parts of the forest. The seasons did not matter in there either, the air would always make others nauseous and agitated the moment they breathed it in. The longer

they stayed, the harder it would be for them to circulate their Qi.

There was poison in the air itself.

That was why the moment Su Ming set foot in that place, he stopped and turned back, never going back unless he absolutely had to.

There was a figure of a person in that long, charging arc. Su Ming could not see the person's face clearly, but the light from the arc was dim, a telling sign that the person was near death. That person also coughed out a few mouthfuls of blood as he continued onward.

A presence that felt similar to Transcendence appeared faintly from the person's body, but it was incredibly unstable. It gave Su Ming the impression that this person was swinging in between the peak of the Blood Solidification Realm and the initial stages of the Transcendence Realm.

‘This is...’

Su Ming's eyes flashed, and his expression immediately became aloof. Like a sharp sword that left its sheath, he swung his right hand before him. Immediately, the souls of the Wings of the Moon left, surrounding him.

At the very moment Su Ming made that move, another long arc dived down from the darkness of the sky. The long arc looked as if

it was covered by a thick layer of fog. As it charged down, Su Ming could see a person standing within. Although his face could not be seen clearly, the murderous look on his face could not be hidden.

The moment he charged in from the sky, the black mist underneath his feet tumbled. That man raised his right hand and pointed towards Su Ming standing in the distance. His pursuit had not been easy, and he encountered a few people on his way, growing increasingly more annoyed. Those people were all killed without any hesitation and their Qi was robbed so that the fog underneath his feet could travel faster.

He had already discovered Su Ming's existence while the latter was still in the cave. To him, a mere Berserker at the seventh level of the Qi Consolidation Realm was an easy kill. He did not think too much about it and was about to snatch his life away with one point of his finger.

Yet the moment he was about to point down, the expression of the person in the black fog changed. At that very moment, he could clearly feel a presence that made his heart jolt outside Su Ming's body as he stood at the mountain range below.

That moment of shock made him unwilling to cause any more problems for himself. He let out a cold harrumph and moved his finger away, focusing all his attention on the escaping man and giving chase once again.

Cold sweat beaded on Su Ming's forehead as he stood there. His face was slightly pale, but his eyes were as calm as still water. During that instant, if he had reacted a little slower in activating

the might of the souls of the Wings of the Moon, then that one finger from the person in the black fog would have brought about great disaster to him. Even if he did not die from it, the end result would still be troublesome.

‘That’s Xuan Lun!’

Su Ming took in a deep breath, and his eyes sparkled. He had been unable to identify that man previously, but he was familiar with the cold harrumph. Xuan Lun left a deep impression on him when he was in Han Mountain City, so Su Ming could still remember him in his heart.

‘The person he’s chasing after is most likely He Feng!’

Su Ming fell into silence and cast his gaze to the deeper parts of the rainforest. He could clearly see the distance between the two long arc closing. Then with a clash, the two people engaged each other in a battle to the death.

‘He Feng broke through! This person was taken away by Han Fei Zi previously. I didn’t expect to see him again here. He’s not only being chased down by Xuan Lun, he also reached a breakthrough here... No wonder Xuan Lun had to chase him to this place. If He Feng did not breakthrough, he would have died on the way here.’

Su Ming’s face was sullen. This thing originally had nothing to do with him. Yet the rainforest had turned into the place for the two of them to clash against each other. If Su Ming had not been fast enough, then with Xuan Lun’s ruthless behaviour, he would

have been dragged into their fight.

"Oh well, looks like I can't stay here anymore. Ha..."

Su Ming sighed. He quickly returned to his cave and put away all of his things into the torn bag, then dashed out of the cave before running into the rainforest located at the foot of the mountain.

‘He Feng may have just broken through, but from the looks of it, he’s still not Xuan Lun’s opponent. Once Xuan Lun kills him, it’ll be great if he just leaves, but if he comes back and tries to cause trouble for me... I can’t risk it.’

Su Ming made his decision. He ran through the forest, opting to bring forth his plan to go to Tranquil East Tribe.

Although this will throw my plans into disarray...

Su Ming felt depressed. This had nothing to do with him, but he was still caught in it because he was at the wrong place at the wrong time.

This rainforest was a natural shelter, and there were a lot of herbs in it. Su Ming was reluctant to leave the place behind.

‘Once this is over, perhaps I can come back...’

As Su Ming ran, he quickly put a stop to that thought. He

understood Xuan Lun a little bit more from what had happened just now. It was clear that he was someone whose moods were erratic.

While he ran, booming sounds reverberated from behind him, along with faint, shrill cries.

‘This is a little odd. The rainforest is huge, and there are a lot of places to go, why did He Feng specifically come here? Let’s hope this is just a coincidence.’

A cold glint appeared briefly in Su Ming’s eyes.

‘If this isn’t a coincidence, then it means He Feng lured Xuan Lun here intentionally. Could it be that there’s something here that could help him in his battle?’

Su Ming could not obtain an answer no matter how much he thought about it. His feet moved at a faster pace, and he was about to leave this troublesome place when a distressed voice traveled from the deeper parts of the rainforest behind him amidst the booming sounds.

It was clear that the voice traveled forth with a special Berserker Art. It contained a penetrating force that could spread far into the distance, far enough that Su Ming could hear it even though he was already far away from the location of the battle.

"I'll hold Xuan Lun back! Brother Xu... go! I have one request,

take the item I hid at that place as my token of gratitude!"

The voice echoed through the surroundings, but it did not spread too far away. It traveled straight towards where Su Ming was running.

"Hmm? Hmph, how foolish!"

The moment Xuan Lun heard the words while fighting against He Feng in the deeper parts of the forest, a flash passed through his eyes. He smirked coldly and continued fighting, but he lifted his right index finger and pointed towards Su Ming in the distance.

The moment he pointed towards him, the black fog by his side twisted and turned into a ferocious face of a malicious spirit. It let out a roar and charged towards where Su Ming was.

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he continued running. He had already caught onto what was happening. That He Feng was vicious, he was using this to force Su Ming to help him.

Else, even if he escaped, he would never be free of pursuit.

There were far too many loopholes in his words, but Su Ming knew that He Feng was not worried about them. He just wanted Xuan Lun to hear it. Even if Xuan Lun was almost certain that He Feng's words were fake, he would be suspicious and would chase after Su Ming's life after he was done here.

"Bastard!"

Su Ming clenched his fists. Ever since he came to this unfamiliar place, everything had been going well for him. Yet no matter how careful and cautious he was, he was still no match to the people who were well-versed in scheming.

He swiftly turned his head back. Behind him, the face of the malicious spirit created from the black fog was closing in on him with a sharp cry. It was not even 1,000 feet away from his position.

Chapter 125: He Feng, I'm Here!

‘He Feng, what a sinister man! But how could he be certain that I’ll help him because of this? I’ve only met him once, and that’s only that particular midnight at the inn.

‘How did he know that I was in the rainforest? He also knew that I would be lured out due to Xuan Lun’s personality.

‘He must also have known that I would not participate in this. Either I would choose not to act, or choose to leave. The moment he realized that I was going to leave, he said those words!

‘It’s not that it’s completely impossible that it was just a coincidence, but this is just way too coincidental!

‘He’s using me to distract Xuan Lun. He knew that I would definitely fight back, and predicted that there would only be two choices for me. One, once I destroy the face of the malicious spirit from the black fog, I will join hands with him to fight against Xuan Lun to protect myself and avoid future trouble.

‘Even if I went against his wishes and helped Xuan Lun instead, He Feng must definitely have another backup plan to achieve whatever diabolical goal he has.

‘My second choice would to leave once I defeat the face of the malicious spirit. By doing so, I would prove his words correct, and it’ll create a lot of problems for me. It’ll also distract Xuan Lun once again. In fact, He Feng might even have a way to make Xuan

Lun change his mind and come after my life instead.

‘Besides, when He Feng suddenly arrived in the rainforest and caught me off guard, I had to activate the might of the Wings of the Moon at the very moment Xuan Lun acted against me to deter him from the attack. Yet by doing so I pushed myself straight into He Feng’s plot. Now, even if I fake death, Xuan Lun won’t believe me.

‘This is a death trap! He Feng, there is no grudge between us, and yet you pushed me into danger to protect yourself! No wonder the elder always told me that people are evil by nature!’

This was the first time Su Ming understood the meaning of the elder’s words so clearly. He had thought that as long as he did not show any hostility, then he could avoid all trouble and protect himself. Yet now, He Feng had used his actions to tell Su Ming that even if he did not show animosity, even if they were strangers, there were other reasons that could bring about his death.

Compared to He Feng, Su Ming was still a little wet behind the ears. He might be able to devise strategies against others in some sense, but he had only experienced the devastation of his tribe and Shan Hen’s betrayal. He had never had firsthand experience of the sinister nature lying within people.

Before this happened, Su Ming had even pitied He Feng.

‘All this happened because I was too weak. If I was stronger, then He Feng would not dare to use such a sinister plan against me!’

These ideas appeared in his head the moment the face of the malicious spirit from the black fog closed in. In the face of danger, Su Ming was forced to think with everything he had. His power could do nothing to help him, only his quick thinking and reaction could save him from this trap.

‘If I fight, then if I don’t win, I’ll be used. If I run and can’t escape, I’ll be killed... If I lose, unless I die, no one would believe that I’m dead... He Feng, since you sealed all three paths from me, then I’ll create the fourth path on my own!’

Su Ming’s eyes flashed. The moment the face of the malicious spirit closed in on him with a sharp roar, he raised his right hand, and the bone blade appeared in his hand.

He did not retreat but took a step forward. The moment he did so, the moon in the sky suddenly lit up and moonlight descended on Su Ming’s body, turning into flames. It made him look like he was engulfed in flames as he moved forward, his body turning into a sea of fire.

He swung the blade at the face of the malicious spirit, and the moment the blade went down, the souls of the Wings of the Moon appeared outside Su Ming and surrounded his body, causing Su Ming to stand on air. No one could see it, but there were souls of the Wings of the Moon underneath his feet, and there were many of their souls around him as well.

Su Ming’s blade and the face of the malicious spirit clashed with a bang. Su Ming coughed out blood and staggered backwards. The bone blade in his hands immediately shattered and turned into

numerous shards that scattered into the air. The formless souls of the Wings of the Moon surrounding his body trembled, but did not dissipate. Instead, they all gathered tighter around him.

When Su Ming coughed out blood and staggered backwards, the face of the malicious spirit let out a shrill cry, looking as if it was ripped apart into pieces by the wind, and turned into threads of mist that dissipated into the air.

"Brother He Feng, run! I now understand the wrongs of my actions and am regretful! I will hold back Xuan Lun for you even at the cost of my life!"

Su Ming's voice traveled forth, and he charged forward. The Wings of the Moon surrounded him as he dashed towards where the battle was in the deep parts of the rainforest.

When He Feng, who was fighting against Xuan Lun, heard those words, he frowned, but he was in danger and did not have time to think. Right before his eyes, Xuan Lun laughed coldly and used an unknown skill, causing the black fog to split in half and charge towards Su Ming.

Shrill, mournful cries came from the other half of the fog. It turned into strands of hair that looked like they belonged to a dead person. They surrounded Su Ming and spread out before him, covering him up as if they were about to strangle him to death.

The threads of fog were as dense as rain, and due to the darkness, it was difficult to see them clearly. As the countless threads of fog

covered the sky and earth, they contracted, enveloping Su Ming within. It looked somewhat similar to Bi Tu's Verdant Berserk Chains.

Booming sounds immediately echoed through the air, and the many threads of fog contracted, wrapping up Su Ming's body in its entirety. They continued condensing until they turned into an object that looked like a ball of hair.

That object was dozens of feet in size. There was a countless number of threads encircling its surface, sealing it up so tightly that nothing within was revealed. Only faint, shrill cries could be heard from inside.

That voice belonged to Su Ming.

Fresh blood dripped down from underneath the ball of hair. It may not have been much, but the sight alone was horrifying.

That scene shocked He Feng. He quickly withdrew, but Xuan Lun continued closing in on him with a cold sneer. He raised his right hand and pointed towards the ball of hair.

"I don't care whether or not he's your companion. Once he's trapped in my Hair like Silk, he'll..."

Before Xuan Lun had finished speaking, the floating ball of hair gradually dissipated due to the command given when he pointed with his finger.

Yet Xuan Lun was stunned. When the ball of hair opened up, Su Ming was not inside. The ball was empty and void of anyone. There were only some drops of blood inside, falling from a ball of fur.

Even He Feng was stunned.

Right before their eyes, Su Ming had disappeared without a trace, and neither of them had noticed it. It was as if he had vanished into thin air itself, a clear sign that he had used a unique method to escape from the ball.

Because it had happened too suddenly, silence fell upon the two people who were fighting previously.

He Feng's expression immediately changed. Inwardly, he lost judgment of the situation, but he quickly put on a smile as if he knew something and moved. He was just about to escape when Xuan Lun turned around and chased after him, his anger reaching its peak.

Booming sounds echoed in the air. After a long while, a wretched cry rang out. He Feng coughed out blood. His entire body was surrounded by red mist. His face was pale, a clear sign that he was near death. He fell to the ground with a crash.

The moment his body landed, a bright flash suddenly appeared over his entire body. It was so bright that it made Xuan Lun narrow his eyes as he chased after with obvious murderous intent.

At that very instant, He Feng's Qi seemed to burn amidst that piercing light, and he charged out, turning into a sun that kept giving out light in the darkness. His speed increased instantly by several fold, going so fast that it even made Xuan Lun amazed as he dashed into the distance.

Xuan Lun's expression changed. He raised his right hand and jabbed at a few spots on his body before he quickly gave chase. Very soon, the two of them turned into two long arcs that went into the distance, disappearing from sight.

Time trickled by slowly. One hour later, in the midst of silence, a hand shot out from the mud in the patch of rainforest shrouded by miasma. That hand was dried up like a dead person's hand. As it struggled, a person came out of the mud.

This person did not have any hair, and his cheeks were gaunt. He looked like a skeleton, and his eyes were dull. Once he crawled out of the mud, he panted harshly as if he had just used up all his strength.

As he continued panting, blood trickled down the corners of his lips. The blood was black, and there was a foul stench coming from it.

'Xuan Lun, you did not know that I had a backup plan. I was already fully prepared for you coming after my life.

'I might have wasted one of the Scapegoat Puppets that not even

Han Fei Zi knew I had; I may have sacrificed a large amount of my blood and life when I used this, but I'm still alive, and that's enough. You will definitely die in my hands. Father, mother, and all my people, I'll take revenge for all of you!

That dried up person was He Feng. He had not died!

‘It's a pity that the mysterious young man used some sort of unknown method to escape, or else my plans would have been even more perfect, and I wouldn't be as weak as I'm now.

‘I have to recover as soon as possible. With the scapegoat puppet's speed, Xuan Lun will need several days before he can catch up to it. I won't have much time once he discovers that something is wrong and comes back.

‘But I still got something out of this miserable situation. I managed to break through the Blood Solidification Realm. The method Han Fei Zi spoke about really worked: ‘Don't aim to make your blood veins as whole as possible and don't aim to manifest above 950 blood veins, then when you let all your power burst forth under danger and put yourself near death, you may have a chance to Transcend.’

‘As long as I have a chance to recover my power, then I'll be a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm and draw out my own Berserker Mark! With Han Fei Zi's help, I will finally obtain the right to be around the 16 Dark Souls Sect.’

He Feng took a deep breath. He could not move his body much at

that moment and was stuck in an incredibly weakened state. If it were not because his power was recovering too slowly in the mud, and he was afraid that Xuan Lun would notice if he dragged out the time for too long, then he would not have struggled out. The only thing he could do at this moment was to lie on the ground and heal himself slowly.

‘I’ll need three days!’

He Feng moved his right hand into his bosom with great difficulty. A light flickered from within his bosom, and he brought out a small bottle. That bottle was completely white, almost transparent. There was some liquid that could be vaguely seen inside.

Just as he was about to use his teeth and pull out the cork of the small bottle, He Feng froze suddenly. His entire body seemed to have stilled, and he froze, unmoving. The hairs on his body rose, and a great sense of danger attacked his senses. The source of that sense of danger which caused him fear was a voice that was so cold it sounded like the wind in winter.

"He Feng, I’ve come to take what you promised to give me as thanks."

As He Feng’s heart trembled, he saw a person walking out from the rainforest not too far away from him. That person exuded a freezing presence, as if he was ice that would never melt. When he came forward, an incredible pressure spread out.

It was Su Ming!

Chapter 126: One Final Question

The miasma in the deep parts of the rainforest was formed by being exposed to long periods of humidity and rot. If anyone breathed it in, they would feel weak and powerless. If they were exposed to it for a long time, then the Qi in their bodies would lose its liveliness. Gradually, they would become lethargic.

That was why the tribes around the area would usually only search for materials around the area and rarely venture in. Only the truly powerful Berserkers that constantly circulated their Qi when they entered could fend against the poison in the miasma and search within the deepest parts whenever they wanted.

At that moment, He Feng remained unmoving within the deeper parts of the rainforest that were thick with the formless miasma. His pupils shrank. His body was in an incredibly weakened state. He had no way of fighting back.

After all, Xuan Lun was a powerful Berserker of the Transcendence Realm, and his intelligence was, of course, extraordinary as well. If He Feng wanted to deceive him, then he had to pay a price. Only when he was exhausted would Xuan Lun let down his guard, and only then would He Feng succeed.

Now, when he saw Su Ming suddenly appear, He Feng was stupefied. Yet he was not a simple person. He survived when disaster befell his tribe and went through all sorts of things after that. He had already trained himself to always think if what to do next.

At that moment, he may have been nervous, but almost in an instant, he schooled his face to a blank expression. Even if someone scrutinized his face, they would be hard pressed to find any changes.

"Brother, please don't joke around. I did that because I was forced to. Ha..."

He Feng looked at Su Ming walking towards him and laughed bitterly. When he spoke, the latter did not stop and continued closing in on him. He Feng's heart thumped against his chest, but his expression remained bitter with a hint of desolation.

"I know that no matter how I explain myself, you won't forgive me so easily, but before you kill me, could you listen to my explanation..?"

"I did not know Xuan Lun in the beginning, but I met his follower once by chance, and we became good friends. I invited him back to my tribe, but I did not expect that it would bring about a disaster. Xuan Lun appeared and killed my parents, my younger sister, and my entire tribe. We're sworn enemies now!

"I cannot die. Brother, I was forced to do what I did. The burden of revenge lies upon my shoulders. My life doesn't belong to me. Within my body lies the deceased spirits of all my tribe members. They're with me waiting for me to take revenge for them!

"Brother, I know that what I did before was despicable, but I had no choice. If I had any other choice, I would not have dragged you

into this."

He Feng laughed brokenly, and his expression was filled with desolation and a burning hate towards Xuan Lun.

Su Ming stood dozens of feet before He Feng, circulating his Qi and looking at the person in front of him coolly. The first time he had met He Feng was in the inn. His clothing had caught his attention and brought about a sense of familiarity that reminded him of home, which made Su Ming like him.

The second time he had seen him was at the third layer of Han Mountain City. He saw this person challenging the Chains of Han Mountain and saw his resolution and determination. He also saw Xuan Lun crushing the souls of this person's parents, and him coughing out a mouthful of blood in his sorrow and grief.

At that moment, even though there was no hint of pity in Su Ming's eyes, but in his heart, he still felt that they were in the same boat, though that pity would not be revealed so easily.

The third time they had met was today.

When he saw that Su Ming fell silent but was still circulating the Qi in his body, hundreds of thoughts crossed He Feng's head rapidly. He still held the bottle that could heal his injuries in his hand, but he did not dare drink it, wary of Su Ming's reaction.

He smiled bitterly and relaxed his right hand suddenly. That

small bottle that he was going to use for healing fell into the mud by his side, but it did not sink.

"Brother, I was wrong. There is some healing medicine in that small bottle. I'll give it to you, as for me..."

He Feng took in a deep breath and struggled to lift his head to look into the sky in the distance.

"My tribe lies in that direction a [thousand li](#) away... in ruins. Brother, I don't know your name, but if you must kill me to quell your anger, then when I die, please bury me there. You can take away all my belongings as compensation for doing wrong against you.

Li (里) is a unit of measurement in China. 1 li is equivalent to 500 m, or 0.31 miles.

"If you... will forgive my mistake and give me a chance to exact my vengeance against Xuan Lun, then I will sign the pact of South Morning with you and become your follower.

"My life is in your hands. Do whatever you want with it!" He Feng said bitterly and closed his eyes, which still contained reluctance and regret. He looked like he was waiting for his fate that lay uncertain.

Yet in truth, he was using this time to gather his Qi. He was doing so with a special method that others would find hard to notice. The speed at which his Qi gathered was becoming faster. Behind his closed eyes lay a hint of killing intent, though no one else could see

it.

‘This person may be mysterious, but he seems to only be about twenty something. He’s still too naïve. With just a few words, I managed to buy more time. Hmph, if he had immediately acted the moment he appeared, I wouldn’t have had any time to resist and would have been killed. Now though... this person isn’t the scheming type, perhaps I can continue using him.’

With his eyes closed, He Feng’s thoughts raced in his head without stopping. He laughed coldly in his heart.

"How did you know that I was here, and how did you know that I would help you when you fought against Xuan Lun?" Su Ming asked in a dull tone, looking at He Feng, who still had his eyes closed.

He Feng laughed coldly in his heart once again. To him, Su Ming was not only naïve, he also had within him the foolish and pitiable pity and mercy. He was already moved by his words, that was why he chose to ask those questions, giving He Feng a chance to gather up his strength for a bit longer.

‘This person... is akin to me from many years ago. Ah, it’s a pity. It would have been better if he did not appear, but now that he has, then he has no chance of surviving. If he dies it’ll be easier for my future plans to make Xuan Lun hesitate.’

When He Feng opened his eyes, there was an honest and sincere look in his eyes, without a hint of deceit. Also, there was still that

same bitterness from before.

"I came from a small tribe. Most of my tribe members wear beast skins. We can't compare to a middle tribe, much less Han Mountain City.

"I've always begrudged those in middle-sized tribes. I begrudged them for not needing to wear beast skins and begrudged them for having counterfeit Berserker Vessels," He Feng spoke softly.

"But those are limited to feelings of resentment. I was never jealous. I only had a determination to make my tribe stronger. I wanted to make myself stronger... There's a special skill in my tribe. At that time, I thought I could become a guest in a middle-sized tribe with that skill and allow my tribe to gradually become stronger.

"The Art had no name, as if it did not belong to the Berserker Tribe. When we inherited the Art, it was also vague and unclear. No one in my tribe knew where it came from, what were its uses, but we could sense whether a person was weak or strong without using our Qi.

"These sensations would be like a memory. If we chose to remember it with our hearts, then it'd be like a brand. As long as the other person was not too far away, we could sense them. It's precisely because of that Art that I've been able to avoid Xuan Lun so many times over these years.

"When we were in the inn that night, we were the only ones

there drinking. I noticed you at that moment. You may have seemed like you were only at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm, but with this Art, I could sense a frightening presence from you that was equivalent to that of Transcendence.

"At that moment, I knew that either you had an incredible treasure on you, or you had hidden your real power.

"That was why I left a spiritual brand on you. This brand is very mysterious. It's largely different from the other Berserker Arts we know of, that's why you didn't notice it.

"When Xuan Lun was after my life, I came here based on that feeling to seek your protection. This Art may seem weak, but there're a lot of uses for it.

"You don't seem like you're from the tribes around the area. I have a bamboo slip regarding this Art in my bosom. You can take it and check the truth of my statement."

He Feng was not lying. He was someone who thought a lot and in detail. Even if it was to drag out time, he would not reveal any holes in his words. He chose instead to put on an expression full of bitterness with a hint of nostalgia when he spoke words that would incite pity.

To drag out time, he was aiming to touch Su Ming's emotions and use logic to make him understand by saying he would become his follower, by offering all his belongings, and by giving him the mysterious Art.

In He Feng's mind, there was no way that Su Ming could remain unmoved.

"Do you have any other questions? If I know the answers to them, I'll definitely tell you."

He Feng put on a sincere expression and looked at Su Ming, speaking weakly. However, he was accumulating light within his body, and it was becoming stronger. The reason why he had the confidence to kill Su Ming with one move was because he had originally thought Su Ming would run far away after he escaped from Xuan Lun's attack, but instead the other still lurked around the place.

From this, he could deduce that Su Ming was not hiding his real power, but had with him a powerful enchanted vessel. His level of cultivation was truly only at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

If they were far from each other, He Feng would hesitate on acting, but if they were so close, he had the confidence that he could kill this person before he had the time to activate his enchanted vessel. However, he had to first make sure that this naïve person who still lacked any processing abilities lost his wariness.

'This person should still ask me why Xuan Lun would come after my life so many times. After all, the power levels between Xuan Lun and I are too far! Anyone would see that there's something off

about this.

‘Even if he doesn’t ask me that, he’ll ask about my relationship with Han Fei Zi. When Han Fei Zi saved me, this person was watching underneath.’

He Feng had already formulated his answers, and how he would handle the situation. He was just waiting for Su Ming to ask him. As he answered the question, he would make this person lose his wariness and act at that moment!

"My final question is..." Su Ming looked at He Feng and let his question hang. He Feng’s expression remained blank, but nervousness flooded his heart once again. "Are you done preparing for your counter attack?"

As the words fell lightly into He Feng’s ears, his heart trembled, but a baffled expression appeared on his face, as if he could not understand Su Ming’s words.

The moment the baffled look appeared on his face, He Feng suddenly widened his eyes. They seemed to pierce through Su Ming, who was standing dozens of feet away from him, and looked at the sky behind him. An appalled look appeared on his face, and he shuddered.

"Xuan Lun!"

The moment his words left his mouth, He Feng quickly opened

his mouth wide, and a dim light flew out. That dim light let out a flash and closed in on Su Ming in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 127: The Secret Of Han Mountain City!

He Feng could only act rashly. Su Ming had already exposed his true intentions. He could not tell whether Su Ming was just testing him or if he really knew, but he did not have any time to think. He could only activate his attack beforehand.

The dim light he had been accumulating in his body was already on standby. If Su Ming was tricked and turned back the moment the dim light appeared, then it would be difficult for him to avoid the attack.

But He Feng had underestimated his opponent!

Su Ming did not turn back. The moment He Feng attacked, moonlight descended upon his body and turned into a screen of faint light before him. The formless souls of the Wings of the Moon also enveloped his body.

The small ball of dim light crashed into the screen of moonlight in an instant. It let out a bright flash, and its speed decreased slightly. Yet the dim light was He Feng's desperate attack. Since he had reached Transcendence, the power of his final attack was still powerful even though he was currently incredibly weakened.

The screen of light shattered. The dim light pierced through and landed on Su Ming's body, but strangely, it passed through him and went into the rainforest in the distance. There was no sound, but hundreds of feet away, the rainforest was turned into ashes

and disappeared into thin air.

As the dim light pierced through Su Ming's body, his figure shimmered slightly. Another Su Ming appeared by its side, and as it appeared, the figure that was pierced through turned into an apparition and disappeared.

All this happened in an instant, and anyone who saw it would think their eyes were playing tricks on them.

"My specialty is speed," Su Ming said slowly, looking at He Feng, who was in disbelief, and walked towards him one step at a time.

Su Ming was prepared for what had happened. When the screen of moonlight acted as a momentary block, he had completely avoided the dim light.

He Feng fell silent and glared at Su Ming. He had already completely fallen into despair and did not bother hiding it. There was a ferocious and resolute look in his eyes.

"If you had seen through my attack a long time ago, why did you give me the chance?" He Feng asked with a sullen voice as he laid down on the ground.

"Because I need you to be near death," Su Ming answered, walking closer to He Feng.

"Me? Near death? You grew up really quickly after getting caught

in the trap, but you're still naïve..."

He Feng's pupils shrank, and he let out a vicious bark of laughter. He knew that he would definitely die this day, but if he had to die, he would drag the person who had killed him along to hell. The only thing he regretted then would be that he could not kill Xuan Lun with his own hands.

What he had to do was to trigger his blood veins to explode without any care for consequences. He might be weakened, but no matter how weakened he was, he had already reached the Transcendence Realm. His Qi may be dull, but it was still lively. As long as his Qi still had energy left, then if he threw everything out, he could still self-destruct.

Yet the moment he was about to self-destruct, He Feng's expression changed. A thing like this had never occurred before Su Ming eyes. This change meant that He Feng's beliefs were shattered. He stammered out his words.

"This... This... How could this..."

He Feng's face was pale. Just like a person who wanted to commit suicide suddenly discovering that the blade in his hands had turned into a soft piece of cloth, he discovered that his Qi was not just dull, but had lost its liveliness. It was like dead water now. He had no way of making his blood veins burst and explode.

Su Ming crouched down and looked at He Feng, who had a baffled expression on his face, before he let out a sigh.

"In terms of intelligence, I can't compare to you. From the very first moment we met each other, you've been plotting against me right until now. Yet you forgot one thing – the miasma within the rainforest.

"I let you drag out the time because I was worried that if I drove you into a corner, you would choose to self-destruct. If that was the case, then I wouldn't obtain anything.

"The more you speak and think in this miasma, your heart will beat faster and your breathing will become quicker, and you'll breathe in more of this miasma.

"If you had been circulating your Qi for a long period of time, then it would have been fine, you could have counteracted the miasma which you've been ignoring when you were at peak condition. Even if you healed yourself here, as long as you circulated your Qi, then you wouldn't be injured by this miasma.

"Yet you did not dare do that before because you were too careful. Even if you had accumulated that dim light for a counterattack, you still breathed in too much of the miasma, which will cause your Qi to lose its liveliness, making it hard for you to trigger self-destruction."

Su Ming looked at He Feng and spoke calmly. Ever since the beginning, he had been circulating his Qi within his body. He Feng noticed this a long time ago, but had simply thought that Su Ming was being cautious. He did not expect that it was due to the

miasma.

He Feng laughed bitterly. This time it was real.

He looked at Su Ming. His vision had begun to become blurry, but he was forcing himself not to fall unconscious. Looking at Su Ming still reminded him of his past self, but it was clear that this young man was much calmer compared to himself.

"I have no regrets dying in your hands. It's a pity that I can't exact my vengeance... I don't know your name, so I'll just call you brother Xu. Brother Xu..."

He Feng panted harshly. His consciousness was beginning to fade away. He struggled to bite his tongue, forcing himself to remain conscious.

"Brother Xu, please help me kill Xuan Lun, then bring his head back to my tribe and offer it to the deceased spirits of my people. I will promise you everything you ask. Wanting me in a near death state means that you want to create a puppet. If I'm doing this willingly, it'll be better for you. If you promise me to help me kill Xuan Lun, then I'll let you do whatever you want to me!

"I don't ask that you kill him now, but when your power is strong enough, please help me fulfill my request!"

He Feng's breathing became even more rapid. As he panted harshly, he looked at Su Ming expectantly.

"I won't let you do this without any rewards. I have a valuable treasure to give you! Xuan Lun destroyed my tribe, then kept coming after my blood, and Han Fei Zi saved me for this treasure as well!

"I hid this treasure in a secret location, not daring to keep it on my person. Due to my tribe's Branding Art, even Han Fei Zi will find it hard to probe into my memories with Berserker Arts. Xuan Lun and her also seem to not want more people knowing about this. Only I know about its location in this world, that's why I could move around so freely.

"Because they're stronger than I am, one of them showed kindness to me and the other came after my life, thinking that they could control me, but they underestimated me! I had long since seen that they were not as they seemed. The two had collaborated with each other and were just putting on a farce.

"Yet there was also conflict and suspicion between them. They're both hiding things from each other, and it created a chance for me. I only needed to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain once to see through their relationship. Their acting was far too fake!

"One of them has Lake of Colors Tribe behind them, and the other is from Puqiang Tribe. These two tribes were once slave tribes, do they think I'm dumb?!

"They were plotting against me, but I was also using them. If it weren't because I needed Han Fei Zi's help to join the 16 Dark Souls

Sect and become a member in their outlying group, I could have obtained more benefits in Han Mountain City."

He Feng's vision had already become clouded. He had hidden these words in his heart for a long time. Now, in his despair, it was as if he had obtained an outlet, and in his dizzy state, he told Su Ming everything.

"Brother Xu, I came from a small tribe. We didn't even number to 200 people. Very few know about this, but my tribe was a branch of the Han Mountain Tribe that ruled over Han Mountain City hundreds of years ago. Han Mountain Tribe was massacred by the three slave tribes, but we survived.

"But now, I am the only one left... The legends passed down in Han Mountain Tribe told us that our ancestor from Han Mountain Tribe was not originally one of the Berserker Tribe. His background was incredibly mysterious. He settled down here, and thousands of years later, Han Mountain Tribe was formed.

"That was why I had an Art that was different from Berserker Arts, one that allowed me to sense your presence. This is a technique left behind by our ancestor, who also left behind some great treasures for us, his descendants. But three of them were snatched away by the three slave tribes in the past. There's one left, and that's the great treasure I'm talking about!"

Su Ming looked at He Feng, whose speech was beginning to muddle up. He listened to his words, who was gradually exposing the secret surrounding Han Mountain City.

"Han Mountain City belongs to Han Mountain Tribe. It was built by my ancestor, who founded my tribe. There's also a place hidden in the deep canyons under the Chains of Han Mountain in Han Mountain City. It is a place the three small slave tribes dream about going.

"That place is where the ancestor of Han Mountain City died!" He Feng mumbled, and as he looked at Su Ming, the expectant look in his eyes became stronger.

"I don't hate the three slave tribes. Tribes come and go, and the law of nature depicts survival of the fittest. I don't hate Han Fei Zi either. She may be aiming for the treasure, but she was kind to me. I had originally intended that if I could not make it, then I would give the treasure to her.

"The only one I hate is Xuan Lun. He killed my family and slaughtered my people. Kill him, promise me! Help me... kill him!"

Su Ming fell into silence. There was no need for him to listen to the request of a person who was near death for him to create Spirit Plunder. In fact, if that person had a grudge, the effects would be even better, but at that moment, Su Ming looked at He Feng and nodded.

"If my power becomes strong enough to kill him, then I promise you, I'll take revenge for you!"

"Brother Xu, thank you..."

He Feng closed his eyes and mumbled out a sentence that only Su Ming could hear. Those words revealed the location where He Feng hid the treasure.

"There's something else in my bosom. There were originally three of these. Xuan Lun snatched one away, I gave Han Fei Zi one of them as a gift, and the last, I'll give it to you..." As He Feng spoke, he sank into unconsciousness and became still.

Su Ming took He Feng's body in his arms and picked up the small bottle from the side. He did not linger around the area, dashing into the distance. He did not leave the rainforest, but ran further into the distance and disappeared without a trace.

To him, compared to the areas outside the forest, the big rainforest was safer. When Xuan Lun returned, he would search this place with most care, but it would also be the place where he would miss the most details.

As Su Ming ran through the rainforest, a complicated look appeared on his face. He Feng was a person who thought and planned a lot. Su Ming had firsthand experience of his words and actions. The secret hidden in Han Mountain City also proved Su Ming's previous theory of why powerful Berserkers gathered in Han Mountain City and why the three tribes kept taking in guests.

"He Feng..."

Su Ming sighed. This person's plots left Su Ming with no choice.

The only thing he could do was to walk down the path laid out for him.

If he had not entered the dimension in the black piece of debris when he was in danger, who knew what would have happened to him then.

Chapter 128: A Great Reward

Time was short. Xuan Lun could come back at any moment. All sorts of accidents could happen no matter how much Su Ming theorized and analyzed the situation. After what happened with He Feng, he had to admit that there was still a big difference between his intelligence compared to those who have been plotting and scheming for a long time.

Sometimes, the world did not work the way you wanted it to.

He carried the unconscious He Feng and ran into the miasma of the rainforest as he continued circulating his Qi. As the sky gradually lit up, he used his speed and went deeper into the rainforest.

The forest in these parts was very dense. The branches and leaves here were wide and big. Due to the density, even if it was daylight, the sunlight would be scattered by the leaves and branches, causing the rainforest to remain mostly in darkness.

When Su Ming reached the deeper parts of the forest, the humidity also increased along with the miasma, causing some of the stranger beasts and bugs to increase. Su Ming saw centipedes the size of pythons swimming in the mud; sight of them alone was terrifying.

There were also a lot of strange plants that let out nice fragrances, but if he breathed in too much of the scent, he would feel as if he wanted to throw up his internal organs. That sweet

and nice fragrance was uncanny.

The sun was bright outside. It was already noon. Su Ming ran through the rainforest and heard singing voices that could not be described with words. The singing voice had a beautiful melody that sounded as if a young girl was humming, making Su Ming become enthralled by the sound.

If he had not remained in constant alert and continued circulating his Qi so that he quickly woke up from the trance, then the consequences would have been grave.

When he snapped out, he saw that he had unknowingly walked towards a big rotten tree dozens of feet away from him. There was a white bird on one of the branches, and the five colors - yellow, green, white, red, and black - were shining brilliantly behind it. Yet there was an eerie big mouth looming under the five lights.

Su Ming was alarmed. While traveling deeper and deeper, he saw a lot of things he had never seen before.

When dusk arrived once again, a mountain range appeared before him. Behind the mountain range was another rainforest. There was no way of knowing where the deepest part of the rainforest lay.

Yet Su Ming did not dare to continue. There was bound to be even more terrifying things in the rainforest behind the mountain range, and they were all things that he could not yet fend off with his current power.

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He brought He Feng into the mountain range in the rainforest and chose a naturally formed crack before crawling into it.

This was originally the resting place of a wild beast. There was a layer of shed skin left behind, and there was a faint, foul stench in the air. Su Ming swept his gaze across the cave and was certain that this was the house of a reptile.

‘The skin is dry, and the smell is faint. It should have been a long time since the snake came back; maybe it died outside.’

Su Ming fell into contemplative silence. Once he placed He Feng on the ground, he gathered up the shed skin and placed it at the entrance of the cave. He would use the smell to repel all those strange plants, beasts, and insects from bothering him.

Although he did this, Su Ming's heart remained nervous. Yet once he mulled over it, he gradually relaxed. This place was far away from where Xuan Lun and He Feng had fought each other. The chances of Xuan Lun finding this place were not too high.

Besides, Su Ming could not think of a better place to put He Feng. From another viewpoint, this was the only place that was marginally safe.

Still immersed in his thoughts, Su Ming cast his eyes on He Feng. The man was still in an unconscious state. On their way here, He Feng had breathed in even more miasma. If it were not for his

incredible power and having Transcended, then he would have died a long time ago due to his grave injuries.

He might be hanging onto his life for now, but he could not wake up. As time passed by, death would gradually close in on him.

Besides avoiding Xuan Lun, Su Ming also chose this place to make sure that He Feng would continue to be in a weakened state, using the miasma in this place. After all, this person's power was extremely great. Once he recovered, he would not be as sincere as he was before.

Su Ming might not be afraid of this He Feng, who was gravely wounded, but he could not stop him from self-destructing. However, if miasma continued invading his body, then he could prevent He Feng from doing so.

‘He said that he had something for me.’

Su Ming did not act rashly. He Feng was a man of many schemes, and he had firsthand experience of it. At that moment, he sat down in the cave, recalling all of He Feng's actions and words before he fainted, and waited for dusk to pass into night.

It did not take long before the sky turned darker. The mountain range Su Ming was at was low. There were only a few ridges, and most of the mountain range was covered by dense trees of the rainforest.

The sky above had turned dark. The moon hung high in the sky, but the moonlight was just like the sunlight during the day—the light was scattered as it fell upon the rainforest.

Even so, Su Ming could still feel that his condition reached its peak during night. Only then did he stand up and walk to stand before He Feng. Once he scrutinized him cautiously once again, he lifted He Feng's clothes and saw a purple item lying against his bosom.

The moment he saw the purple object, Su Ming's expression changed. A sharp and piercing look immediately appeared in his eyes. He stared at the purple object on He Feng's bosom and, gradually, a dazed and nostalgic look appeared in his eyes.

"This item..." Su Ming mumbled.

The image of a person who had been forgotten appeared in his head. It was an old man with a sharp mouth and the cheeks of a monkey. That old man sold a lot of strange herbs, and he even sold Su Ming a torn bag.

"Just what is it..?"

After a long while, Su Ming crouched down and lifted the purple object from He Feng's bosom. He placed it before his eyes and saw that besides the color, this purple object was practically identical to the torn bag Su Ming had!

However, there were no torn parts on the purple bag, and it was in an complete shape. Su Ming's bag could not hope to compare with this bag.

‘The same bags... Xuan Feng snatched one away, one was given to Han Fei Zi... the ancestor of Han Mountain Tribe left behind four great treasures. Lake of Colors, Puqiang, and Tranquil East snatched one away each. There's one treasure left, and it' was hidden away by He Feng...

‘In the canyons under Han Mountain City lies the greatest secret of the city. That place is where the ancestor of Han Mountain Tribe died.

‘If that's the case, then does it mean that these are all the inheritances left behind by the ancestor of Han Mountain City..?’

Su Ming's eyes became even more clouded. He had a feeling that there was a bigger secret lying within that purple bag.

He looked at the purple bag in his hands silently. If it was anything else that he had never seen before, he would need to ponder over it for some time before opening it slowly, but there was no need for him to do so with this bag.

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He lifted his left hand and patted the bag. The moment he did so, a rebounding force immediately came from the bag.

Su Ming was stunned; he had never encountered this before. However, the rebounding force was extremely weak. As he circulated his Qi under fine control, the rebounding force dissipated in the span of a few breaths, allowing Su Ming's left hand to land on the surface of the bag.

His mind shook, and an image of a dimension of hundreds of feet appeared in his head.

Su Ming closed his eyes, opening them only after a long time had passed by. There was a look of pleasant surprise that was difficult to conceal in his eyes. As he lifted his left hand, a bright light flashed in his hand, and a bamboo slip appeared in his palm. It looked like an ancient artifact. It may not be broken, but there was an aged feeling coming from it.

This was the item He Feng said contained the Art that was completely different from Berserker Arts. It could allow Su Ming to have a clear grasp of another person's power and turn it into a brand. As long as he was not too far away from the branded person, then he could lock onto him.

He placed the item aside, and another flash appeared in his left hand. In his palm lay a white bone. That bone was completely white, and when it appeared, there was a mirage above the bone, causing the person who saw it for the first time to be caught in a daze.

Su Ming could even hear piercing and mourning cries echoing in his ears. Yet when he snapped out of his daze, all of these dissipated away.

‘I don’t know where this bone came from. Did this bone belong to a man or a beast? But since such a strange thing happened because of it, then perhaps I can use it to plant herbs.’

Su Ming stared at the bone in his hands before grabbing the purple bag with his right hand and turning it upside down by his side.

With a crash, a large amount of items tumbled out of the purple bag, glittering on the ground. The light in the cave may have been lacking, but Su Ming could still see clearly. Most of the items were stone coins. There were not many white coins, and most of them were low ranked ones tainted with other colors. Still, the large amount was shocking.

"This is worth at least tens of thousands!"

Su Ming took a deep breath. This was the largest amount of money he had ever seen in his life. Yet very soon, his eyes landed on the two red stones lying among the stone coins.

The red hue of the stones was striking. Although the cave was dark, it was still difficult to dim out the light coming from the two red stone coins.

Besides these, Su Ming also found several small bottles. There were different liquids contained within them. Some had a nice fragrance, some were odorless, some stank, and some let out a refreshing fragrance.

It would have been fine if that was all, but lying among the items was a piece of beast skin. There were two Berserker Arts written on it. When Su Ming read them, the light in his eyes became brighter.

"It's a pity there's no Berserker Vessel... but that's to be expected. He Feng must have used up most of the things that he could when he fought against Xuan Lun."

While mumbling, Su Ming's gaze suddenly focused on two obviously unique objects lying among the pile of items.

One was a white stone box about the size of a palm.

The other was a black mask made from some unknown material. When Su Ming looked at it, he felt as if his gaze was about to be sucked in.

He first took up the white stone box.

After observing it with a couple careful looks, he was prompted to action. He did not know what was in there, but the box was made solely of melted and refined white stone coins. This stone box did not seem big, but it was actually quite heavy.

‘Just how many white stone coins were used..?’

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. He did not expect that stone

coins could be used in such a manner. To him, they were just objects used for trading. However, the appearance of the stone box made him think that his previous assumption was somewhat wrong.

‘Could it be that these stone coins can not only be used for trading, but also other things?’

Inspired, Su Ming opened the stone box. When he saw what lay inside, he was startled.

‘This is...’

Chapter 129: A Piece Of Beast Skin

It was Su Ming's dream to reach the Transcendence Realm, hence his knowledge regarding it was not limited to the information provided by beast skin scrolls. He had also obtained the knowledge provided by the elder over the years.

Su Ming knew that Transcendence meant that once the solidified blood veins reached a certain amount in the body, an earthshaking change would occur. That change was like a butterfly breaking out of a cocoon. The solidified blood veins would spread out from the body and turn into Berserker Blood, then the person could use his Berserker Blood to draw a Mark on his own body.

Everyone's Mark was different. There was not a single Mark that was identical to another in the world. Even if they looked similar, there were still differences. The Berserker Mark would be drawn based on the individual's vague sensation of the Mark he found within himself.

However, if he could not find that sensation, then he had to deliberately draw a Berserker Mark on his own body. Yet if that was the case, then that Mark would be much weaker in terms of power.

That was why there were some people who had already reached the Transcendence Realm, but still chose not to draw their own Berserker Marks. They did not want to regret their decisions, so they rather were stuck in that stage and searched long and hard for that indescribable feeling.

The moment the Berserker Mark was drawn, it would be impossible to change it. On top of that, the more complex the Mark was, the training would also become more difficult. Their training speed could not compare to those who had simple Berserker Marks. Yet even though it was hard, if the Berserker succeeded, then the one with the complex Mark would be much stronger than all the other Berserkers in the same stage!

The success rate of reaching Transcendence Realm was related to the amount of solidified blood veins. The more blood veins a Berserker had, the more likely he was to succeed. In fact, the more blood veins the Berserker had, the stronger he would be when he reached the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm.

In fact, if a Berserker had more than 950 blood veins, then once he Transcended, the other Berserkers at the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm would be no match to that person. His power may not be as strong as of those in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm, but he would be a powerful existence among others in the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm.

However, most people only had around 781 blood veins. Even if they could add to the amount of blood veins, it was difficult for them to manifest 900 of them. With that said, unless a Berserker had incredible determination, persistence, luck, confidence, and the protection by his tribe, then no one could continue manifesting the blood veins in his body without getting killed in the long run.

Besides, once a certain amount of blood veins had been manifested, then time no longer became a factor for a Berserker's blood veins to increase. Sometimes, even if dozens of years passed

by, it would still be difficult to add even one more blood vein.

It was difficult Transcending, yet if a Berserker was satisfied with the amount of blood veins he had, then it would also be easy to Transcend. It would be easy if he did not seek to gain more blood veins. It was not as if there were no Transcended Berserkers who only had around 800 blood veins. It all depended on a person's will.

Once a Berserker Transcended and drew his Berserker Mark, then it did not matter what method he used, he had to use the onset power of the Berserker Mark and synthesize an item with his own body. This item would become that Berserker's very first personal Berserker Vessel!

Berserker Vessels were incredibly important to all those who reached the Transcendence Realm.

That was why those who had reached the peak of the Blood Solidification Realm and could Transcend at any time they wanted would prepare the materials for this item beforehand. This was to prevent the situation where they could not synthesize their Vessel once they Transcended, which would serve to cause a lot of hindrances and regret later on.

Unless, of course, that person was a prodigy that belonged to a strong tribe. Those prodigies had no need to prepare materials. There would be adults who would help them receive everything they needed beforehand. After all, Transcendence was a big event for all middle-sized tribes.

Su Ming had once heard from the elder that if a Berserker wanted to prevent the item from denying him during the synthesis, then he would need to gather one drop of blood and place it on the item. This would have to be repeated every once in a while. Only then would a connection be formed between the item and the Berserker's Qi so that accidents could be prevented in the future when the Berserker Transcended.

There was a white diamond-shaped leaf lying in the white stone box in Su Ming's hand at the moment. The leaf's shape may have been odd, but the veins on it were very distinct, making it clear that it was indeed a leaf.

There was a drop of blood on the leaf, though there was not much left. About a third of the veins of the leaf had turned red.

'This is the item He Feng had prepared for synthesis during Transcendence!'

Su Ming looked at the white leaf in the box, and his eyes sparkled. The value of this item far exceeded the stone coins. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that its value could not be determined.

To those who had already made preparations for Transcendence, this was not important. Yet for those who had not made adequate preparations, the value of this thing could make them empty all the coins in their possession.

Since He Feng had placed this item in this obviously expensive stone box, then it was clear that this was not an ordinary item. After all, he was once a member of Han Mountain Tribe. Even if Han Mountain Tribe was destroyed, if he could have that purple bag and a great treasure, then it was certain that he could also have an extraordinary item for synthesis during Transcendence.

Su Ming stared at the leaf in the stone box, then lifted his right hand to flick at it lightly. It trembled when his Qi crashed into it, and the stained blood on the leaf immediately flew out, turning into a ball of fire in midair until it burned away into nothingness.

He Feng's blood may no longer be on the leaf, but some of it had still seeped into the leaf's veins. Su Ming could not force it out in a short period of time, but he had patience.

Then he turned his attention to the black mask that seemed to attract his gaze.

He lifted the mask and stared at it, but he could not find any clues about it. In his silence, he lowered his head and looked at He Feng, who remained unconscious.

He got up and walked towards He Feng before slowly placing the mask on the man's face. His actions were cautious and slow. When the mask covered He Feng's face, he kept an eye open for any changes that could happen on his body, but right until the mask covered the whole face, nothing happened.

The mask was completely black. When it covered He Feng, it

made him look as if he'd changed into another person. It was especially so since the mask only had two holes where the eyes should be without any other features that a face should have, causing his face to seem rather ghastly.

Su Ming frowned. He was about to take the mask off when his expression changed.

Right before his eyes, He Feng's body started fading out as if he was becoming indistinct. The only thing that could be seen clearly was that mask.

Su Ming let out a small gasp and took the mask away from He Feng's face. He examined He Feng's body and his Qi carefully. Once he was certain that nothing had changed within He Feng, he relaxed and took a few steps backward. He was just about to try on the mask when he hesitated.

He did not put the mask on his face, but chose to take a few more looks at it before returning it into the purple bag.

'He Feng is a man of way too many schemes. I have to be careful!'

Su Ming fell into pensive silence. Among these items, he was the most sceptical about the mask, but he had no way to be sure. Once he placed everything back into the bag, he looked at He Feng's unconscious body and brought out all the herbs needed to create Spirit Plunder before jabbing bloody holes into He Feng's body and placing the herbs one by one in him, according to the method of creating the pill in his head.

Su Ming could not tell what was so special about these herbs. Yet the moment they were placed in He Feng's body, they withered right before his eyes and rapidly disappeared into the bloody holes.

Su Ming was not surprised when he saw this. Instead, his eyes flashed.

What happened was described in the procedures to create Spirit Plunder in his head. This meant that He Feng's body was suitable for creating this pill. It could even be said that it was a very good vessel for the herbs to grow.

These herbs may have seemed to wither, but in truth, they had left seeds in He Feng's body, which would then use his body as a cauldron to slowly grow. Once they had grown to a certain level, they could be used to create the pill.

Once he planted all the seeds, Su Ming sat down by the side and brought out the black bone he had bought in Han Mountain City along with the white bone from He Feng's bag. He compared them and brought out two herbs from his bag. Then with the method to plant the herbs on the bones, he placed the herbs on them.

He would not be able to find any clues on whether they worked in the near future. Hence, Su Ming placed the two bones beside He Feng.

'If that white bone can be used, then I'll only need three more herbs and one beast bone to create Spirit Plunder.

‘I wonder if Fang Mu can find those three herbs.’

Su Ming thought about it, then decided to leave it aside. He took out the beast skin and bamboo slip from He Feng’s bag instead and started reading them in the quiet cave.

‘There’s no hurry for me to go to the place that contains the treasure He Feng told me about. Once it’s completely safe for me, then I can go get it. I wonder what sort of treasure it is though...’

Su Ming read the bamboo slip and thought at the same time.

Two days passed by quickly. During these two days, Su Ming would occasionally observe his "medicinal cauldron", and on other occasions, he would look at the herbs planted on the bones. He would also keep an eye on any possible changes outside. All his remaining time was spent learning the Branding Art written on the bamboo slip.

The Art was just as He Feng had said. It was very mysterious, but learning it was not difficult. However, this Branding Art did not require the use of Qi. Even if Su Ming had already understood it, he could not grasp the gist of it, that was why he could not cast it.

He raised his right hand and made a gesture stiffly, as if he was pinching his fingers, then he pushed forward a few times, but he felt nothing.

‘Just what is this Art?’

He scratched his head and looked at the still unconscious He Feng. He abandoned the idea of waking him up. The man’s body was shuddering even though he was unconscious as if he was in great pain. If Su Ming woke He Feng up, then problems might arise again, especially since Xuan Lun might have already returned.

Su Ming put away the bamboo slip and shifted his attention to the beast skin from He Feng’s bag. There were two Berserker Arts recorded on it. Su Ming had briefly read them a few days ago, and now, he used his full attention to examining them more thoroughly. Yet very soon, doubt appeared on his face.

‘I only need 20 blood veins to practice these Berserker Arts? And with 99 blood veins, I can already bring about their full potential... There’s nothing of use to me on this beast skin. Unless this is something from the tribe, and He Feng’s keeping it around as a memento, there should be no need for him to carry it around.’

Su Ming looked at the beast skin again before he placed it by his side. With a frown, he looked at the unconscious He Feng.

‘This person is extraordinarily intelligent. It’s understandable if he was just bringing a memento around in remembrance of his tribe... but... I feel that something is wrong.’

Su Ming grabbed the beast skin by his side and cast his gaze on it again. Yet he still could not discover anything.

‘Did I make a wrong guess..?’

A sparkle appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He placed the beast skin under his nose, and the moment he sniffed it, his eyes lit up brightly.

Yet at that very moment, a muffled boom suddenly traveled from outside. The roars of wild beasts were mixed in that booming sound. Something had happened in the rainforest.

Su Ming immediately put away the beast skin and a wary look appeared on his face. His heart pounded against his chest, and he went to the side of the entrance of the cave before looking out cautiously.

Chapter 130: Red Meadow

It was not dark outside. Yet even so, the rainforest remained engulfed in darkness. Muffled booming sounds traveled from far away, mixed with the roars and cries of beasts and birds. It was as if a huge change had occurred in the rainforest in the distance.

Su Ming stood at the side of the entrance to the cave and trained his gaze towards the location with a cool expression.

Time trickled by. The booming sound continued traveling out, and it sounded as if it was coming from very close to him. As it became clearer, it made Su Ming think that there was someone closing in on him at a terrifying speed.

He clenched his right fist, and a cold look appeared in his eyes, but he remained unmoving. It was as if he had turned into a statue at the entrance of the cave.

After a long while, once the booming sound was not far from where he was, it started quieting down. Yet the moment it started fading away, a huge bang far stronger than the previous sound rang out suddenly. Su Ming's eyes fell upon the gaps between the countless wide leaves, and he saw a figure skidding through the sky.

That figure was still far away from where Su Ming was, so he could only see him faintly.

That figure roared at the skies. His roar contained an

indescribable fury, and he turned into a long arc that sped into the distance. Very soon, he disappeared.

That person was Xuan Lun.

When the person left, Su Ming felt his body relax. The cold look in his eyes disappeared. He had also doubted his decision to stay in the rainforest, but while the rainforest was the most dangerous place for him to stay, it was also the easiest place for him to be overlooked.

Besides, this place was too big. Even powerful Berserkers of the Transcendence Realm would find it difficult to search the entire forest. It was also highly feasible that it was not a possible feat.

Su Ming watched Xuan Lun leave, but he did not act rashly. He chose instead to return to the cave without making a sound. He had already made up his mind to not leave the cave unless it was completely safe.

In his silence, Su Ming sat down. He looked at the unconscious He Feng with a complicated gaze. Once he went through the incident with him, Su Ming had a deeper understanding of the sinister nature of the human heart.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows and fatigue appeared on his face as he sat in the dark and quiet cave. That fatigue did not stem from his body, but his heart.

After a while, he made himself focus and took up the beast skin which had borne him rewards during his observations just moments ago. He placed it under his nose and sniffed it once again. A stench of blood wafted into his nose.

‘It’s natural for beast skins to still contain the stench of blood, but as time passes by, this smell will grow fainter until it disappears. This beast skin has clearly been around for a long time. It’s impossible for it to have such a thick stench of blood.’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled and he mumbled under his breath as he looked at the beast skin in his hands.

‘But if the owner of the beast skin always sprays fresh blood on it, then the smell will stay for a long time. If he is just keeping the beast skin as a memento for his tribe, he wouldn’t need to do this...’

Su Ming lifted his head and cast a glance at He Feng as a contemplative look appeared in his eyes.

‘Perhaps my guess is wrong, but if I’m right, then this item is definitely not as simple as it looks!’

Su Ming stood up and went beside He Feng with the beast skin. There was a brief period of hesitation, but very soon, he jabbed He Feng’s arm with one finger resolutely and opened up a wound, squeezing out a little of the small amount of blood remaining in the body. He hesitated for a moment and decided not to use all of it. He only took a little and spread it on the beast skin before

withdrawing a few steps and focusing his gaze on it.

The moment He Feng's blood was spread on the beast skin, it was immediately absorbed. When Su Ming backed away to look at it, the beast skin had already completely absorbed He Feng's blood. Bubbles appeared on its surface, and wisps of black mist spread out. It seemed to be covered by bubbles that quickly spread to all parts of the beast skin, and the black mist also increased as the bubbles increased.

Su Ming immediately let go and threw the beast skin on the ground, his eyes sparkling. Right in front of him, the black mist became incredibly thick and enveloped the entire beast skin within.

Su Ming circulated his Qi and remained alert, but as time passed by, the black mist did not seem to have sufficient energy to grow thicker. It gradually spread out and became smaller before it eventually dissipated, revealing an unchanged beast skin on the ground.

Su Ming frowned and swept his gaze across the beast skin. With just one glance, he saw that the drop of blood he spread on the skin moments ago had disappeared.

‘Was the blood not enough..?’

He cast a glance at the unconscious He Feng and recalled the sight of the black mist on the beast skin. This time, he did not hesitate. He bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of his own blood on

the beast skin.

The moment the blood landed on the beast skin, a large amount of bubbles appeared. At the same moment, black mist spread out and enveloped the entire beast skin. The time taken for this to happen was cut in half, a clear sign that this was because there was enough blood acting as a stimulant this time.

In an instant, the black mist that had enveloped the beast skin spread out and turned into a black ripple in the shape of a ring. Once it traveled dozens of feet outwards, the black mist disappeared into the walls of the mountain cave.

At the same time, Su Ming's breathing became rapid. Right before his eyes, when the mist spread out, the beast skin that had been hidden underneath was revealed. There were no longer any words on the beast skin, only a complex picture. The picture itself was completely red, but there was no way of knowing what was drawn since it looked as if there were still a lot of missing parts.

Just as Su Ming focused his gaze on the picture on the beast skin, it started to strangely expand rapidly. It spread all around, and in an instant, it went underneath He Feng's body and Su Ming's feet, covering an area of 100 feet around them, causing the area of 100 feet to turn into a red world.

Su Ming did not dodge. He stood in the 100 feet covered in red. During that instant, he fell into a trance, and a strange image appeared in his head.

When he saw the image, it was as if he had come to a strange world. He saw grass plains, and on the plains was a man whose body was obscured. He wore a long robe and on his face was a black mask. He had his hands behind his back and looked as if he was staring at the sky.

There were hundreds of long arcs whistling through the sky. In every single arc was a presence that was not weaker than Transcendence. Some of them even gave off a presence that far exceeded it.

The hundreds of long arcs in the sky caused the sky to be lit in bright colors when they closed in. Rays of light appeared when the Art was cast, and most of them descended upon the man down below. It was a shocking sight to behold.

Su Ming's heart trembled. He looked at the sights before him at a loss. Yet immediately, he saw the man wearing the familiar black mask on the plains raise his right hand. A gigantic beast skin appeared in his hand. He held it with one hand and laid it out horizontally before pressing it on the ground as it floated in the air.

The moment the beast skin was pushed onto the ground, the entire earth let out a rumble. The beast skin expanded rapidly and spread to its surroundings quickly. In an instant, it covered a circumference of 100 li.

The plains, which were a 100 li area, were no longer a green grassland, but a red meadow. There were also red plants growing on it, causing the area of 100 li inside to be vastly different to the

area outside.

A ghastly presence spread out.

The rays of light from the hundreds of the Arts closed in on the man, but before they could even get near to the masked man, they faded away above him as if they landed on a formless barrier.

At that moment, the masked man grabbed at thin air with his right hand. Immediately, an eerie beast fang about seven feet long appeared in his hand, and he stabbed it onto the red meadow by his side.

The instant the giant fang stabbed the earth, the fang turned red. A three-headed blood dragon took shape and sped towards the hundreds of long arcs in the sky, roaring.

The masked man quickly brought out another sharp fang and stabbed it on the other side of the red meadow. The fang turned red instantly as well, and a shadow took shape. That shadow exuded a malicious presence, and it was somewhat similar to the Fallen God of Berserkers Bi Tu had summoned a few years ago.

The shadow took a step forward and charged towards the hundreds of long arcs in the sky.

A booming sound echoed through the world, and Su Ming opened his eyes. There was sweat beading on his forehead. His breathing was rapid, and his eyes gradually became clear. He looked at his

surroundings and found that he was still inside the mountain cave. Yet a red meadow had appeared in an area of 100 feet under his feet.

Besides the size, the red hue of the meadow was exactly the same as in the illusion he'd seen when he was in the trance.

Su Ming's heart thumped against his heart, and he took a long while before he calmed down. He looked at the red meadow that spanned the area of 100 feet, and a bright light gradually appeared in his eyes. He stepped on the 100 feet of red land and walked towards the entrance of the cave.

When he looked back, there was not a hint of red in the cave, as if everything had been just an illusion. Even He Feng had disappeared without a trace. The cave was empty.

Su Ming withdrew and walked back into the area of the red meadow. Once he did so, everything returned to normal. He Feng still lay on the ground, unconscious.

‘No wonder He Feng could survive till now after his tribe was destroyed and had escaped Xuan Lun's pursuit so many times. He may possess extraordinary intelligence, but if it weren't for this treasure, it would have still been hard for him to survive till now!

‘This item might have really possessed the might I saw in the illusion, but now it's already torn. Even so, it still has shocking concealing powers.

‘He Feng... is covered head to toe in treasures!’

Su Ming took a deep breath. This was the first time he had received so many precious items in his life, and all of these had originally belonged to He Feng.

‘But I wonder why he didn’t use this treasure to hide himself when Xuan Lun was after his life.’

Su Ming looked at the red meadow that spanned the area of 100 feet. He walked out once again and left the cave. Before long, he dashed back, and behind him was a centipede about dozens of feet long. It chased after him ferociously. When Su Ming stepped into the area of the red meadow, that centipede, too, entered the area.

Su Ming’s eyes flashed, and he withdrew a few steps, training his eyes on the centipede that he had lured in. When the centipede entered the area of the 100 feet, it started circling around as if unable to see Su Ming standing before it.

After a moment, the centipede let out a frustrated roar. An excited look appeared on Su Ming’s face. He had already ascertained the concealing abilities of this beast skin—they should be incredibly strong.

At that moment, he raised his right hand and pointed at the centipede. The centipede’s head exploded with a bang in an instant, and it died on the spot, its body twisting on the ground.

Yet the moment it died, Su Ming's eyes flashed, and surprise appeared on his face.

Chapter 131: The Change During Peaceful Times

He saw the carcass of the centipede melting after it died, wriggling strangely on the red meadow. Very soon, the carcass of the centipede melted and disappeared right before Su Ming's eyes as if it was absorbed into the meadow.

Su Ming was shocked when he saw this. Yet he did not feel any danger coming from the area. In fact, there was a warm and comfortable feeling radiating off it. He even had the feeling that this area of 100 feet completely belonged to him.

That feeling was not distinct, but it made Su Ming feel very safe.

He fell into silence and sat down cross-legged. His eyes fell on the unconscious He Feng. That person may be on the meadow, but there were no signs of him melting.

‘Could it be that it only melts dead beings?’

Su Ming stroked his chin and the image of the masked man appeared in his mind.

‘The mask he wore is the same as the mask in He Feng's bag, but I have a feeling that there's still a difference between them... He Feng mentioned before that the ancestor of Han Mountain Tribe was not from the Berserker Tribe. His origins were a mystery. Two of the things he used were on He Feng himself. Could it be... that

the masked man is He Feng's direct ancestor..?'

Su Ming thought about it, but since there were no clues, he gradually stopped pondering over it. He sat in the cave calmly instead and brought out Mountain Spirits, swallowing them and silently increasing the power of his Qi.

In the blink of an eye, three months passed by.

During these three months, Su Ming felt the world outside trembling four times, a telling sign that Xuan Lun was still suspicious of the place and searched through the rainforest. Yet these four trembles all happened during the first two months. During the last month, the world outside was quiet.

Perhaps it was related to the danger brought by Xuan Lun, but during these three months, Su Ming's training speed increased by quite a bit. He had now 291 blood veins in his body. The requirement for the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm was 399. He only had to manifest a hundred something more blood veins to attain that level.

Yet during this time, Su Ming noticed a flaw in Mountain Spirit. Since he had been taking those pills for a prolonged period of time, the effects of the pill were gradually becoming weaker. Before long, it might completely lose its effects.

Su Ming could do nothing towards this, but he also understood why it happened. If its effects did not decrease, then if he continued taking those pills, he could attain as many blood veins as

he wanted as long as he had enough time.

"From the rate of Mountain Spirit weakening, this pill should completely lose its effects once I reach the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm."

Su Ming sat within the area of the red meadow and mumbled under his breath as he sensed the circulation within his blood veins.

‘Thank goodness the effects of South Asunder remain and I can use it to heal my injuries... As for my training... it’s not as if I can’t continue training without Mountain Spirit!’

Resolution appeared on Su Ming’s face.

‘I still have two drops of Berserker Blood... Apart from that, I could also cast the Art of burning my blood!’

The moment he thought of the burning of blood, Su Ming took a deep breath. Practicing that Art was incredibly difficult and the process was painful. It was hard for a person to endure through it.

‘The power provided when I performed the fourth burning of blood that year stirred up all the Wings of the Moon to appear, but my blood veins did not increase... If I want to perform the fifth burning of blood, I’ll have to be careful since I’m in the Land of South Morning. There’re a lot of powerful Berserkers around here. If I’m discovered, it’ll be troublesome.’

Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the entrance of the cave. A chilling look appeared on his face.

‘Xuan Lun, I don’t know whether you’ve left this place or you’re waiting patiently outside the rainforest. I don’t care whether you’re still around, I’m going to stay here.’

Su Ming stood up and went to He Feng’s side. During these three months, He Feng remained unconscious. Even if he showed signs of awakening, Su Ming would disrupt his Qi once every few days and guide a large amount of miasma to surround He Feng’s body, making him continuously absorb it. Once he did that, it would cause He Feng’s injuries to never recover, yet because Su Ming healed him as well, he could not die.

There were no longer any injuries on his body, but the herbs Su Ming had planted in He Feng’s body were getting nourishment from his flesh and blood. They had already taken root within his body and were growing healthily inside.

Two shoots had also sprouted out of the black and white bones beside He Feng. The white bone proved to be suitable for the herbs.

‘I still lack three herbs and a beast bone... It’s a pity I can’t go out for the time being. But Fang Mu wouldn’t give up so easily with his intelligence.’

Su Ming took care of the medicinal cauldron for Spirit Plunder

and sat down cross-legged once again. He made an odd sign with his right hand and pushed forward a few times, but was left disappointed.

‘Must I really wake He Feng up and ask him how to cast the Branding Art?’

Su Ming had tried casting the Art multiple times during these three months. He had already understood the Art, but just could not cast it.

Qi was not needed to cast the Art. It seemed like it needed another form of power to be activated, but Su Ming did not have it. He had even specifically observed He Feng’s Qi circulation in an attempt to find the reason, but he could not obtain any clues from He Feng.

He Feng was the same as him. They only had the power of Qi within their bodies.

‘Just how did he cast this Art..?’

Su Ming thought about it for a long time, but could not find any clues. He could only place the problem aside and immerse himself in consuming Mountain Spirit.

The rainy season had passed. The heat may still be around, but it had weakened by quite a large margin. The large leaves in the rainforest could not fight against time and started falling off the

branches that formed the dense layers of the rainforest.

Another three months passed by without notice. Su Ming had stayed within the rainforest for half a year now. During this half a year, he had to constantly circulate his Qi. Only by doing so could he avoid the invasion of miasma.

He also noticed the benefits of doing so. The speed of his Qi increasing was much faster than when he was outside.

During this time, the shoots on the black and white bones had grown into tiny shrubs. The light green color from the herbs let out a piercing light. Yet as they continued growing, the two bones gradually became duller. It was as if all their essence was absorbed by the two shrubs.

As for He Feng... he had completely turned into a medicinal cauldron. There were shrubs upon shrubs of medicinal herbs growing on his body. The herbs had broken through his skin a few months ago like they had just sprouted out of the soil. They were growing healthily.

He Feng's body was in a withered state to begin with. Now, it was even more obvious.

He had been unconscious for half a year. Even if he had regained consciousness, his mind would remain in a muddled state. Besides, Su Ming did not allow him to have any chances of awakening. The invasion of miasma and healing that happened once every few days caused He Feng to become a living dead person.

Su Ming felt guilty, but when he thought about He Feng's sinister plans and the things that happened half a year ago... If he had not entered the strange dimension inside that piece of debris when he was in danger, then even if Su Ming was not dead, he would also be in a terrible state.

Su Ming gradually hardened his heart. In his eyes, He Feng was no longer a person, but a medicinal cauldron.

More importantly, Su Ming also slowly realized that if he did not prepare the medicinal pills to open the next door and forcefully entered the strange dimension, a repelling force would appear. He had thought that he could use this method to avoid danger during this half a year and tried multiple times, but he only succeeded once. That repelling force was incredibly strong, and as the blood veins in his body increased, it became harder.

During these three months, the blood veins in his body increased to 337. The effects of Mountain Spirit had also become much weaker. Sometimes, he would need to take in a few pills before he could produce the original effects of one pill.

Fortunately, Su Ming had enough herbs. By using the fire in his body to create the pills, he never ran out of them.

Sometimes, Su Ming would venture out during this half a year to lure in some insects and creatures before killing them within the area of the red meadow so that it could absorb the carcasses.

Besides wanting to see what would happen when the meadow reached its limit and could no longer absorb anymore carcasses, there was another reason why he did so. Once every few months, the area of the 100 feet meadow would decrease, and the color would become dull. Once it absorbed the carcasses, the color would return.

Sometimes, some insects and creatures would come into the cave on their own, a telling sign that they did not notice Su Ming had already occupied the cave and were just coming into the cave based on past habits of resting here.

Besides doing all these, Su Ming also spent his remaining time on the Branding Art. He continued trying and searching for a way to cast it until one day, when he had already contemplated it for half a year and still had no clues, he thought of a way.

He remembered there was a large amount of stone coins in He Feng's bag. There was also the stone box that contained the leaf that would be used for synthesis during Transcendence, which was created using a large number of white stone coins.

He had been uncertain and took a guess that stone coins could be used for purposes other than trading. Once he remembered it, an idea formed in his head.

‘Could it be that external materials are needed for He Feng's Branding Art..?’

Su Ming took out the purple bag and brought out one white stone

coin. The coin was round, and when he held it in his hand, there was some warmth coming from it. Su Ming never paid too much attention to it, but now that he scrutinized it, he gradually realized the difference in the stone coin compared to other stones.

‘This type of stone is used among all Berserker Tribes and yet there has never been any previous record of a fake coin existing. It must be because there is a secret that people don’t know about... I’ve always overlooked this...’

Su Ming’s eyes flashed. Once he held the stone in his hand, he made the strange sign with his right hand with one well-practiced motion, then pushed forward lightly, just like how he did the previous hundreds of times he practiced this method.

The moment he pushed forward, something changed in Su Ming’s mind. He could clearly feel his body absorbing a foreign sensation from the white stone coin. That sensation charged into his right hand through a path completely different from the path taken when his Qi circulated in his body. Once it went one round around his pinched fingers in his right hand, it immediately became much stronger before abruptly contracting and charging straight towards his head, faster than Su Ming could react to stop it. With a bang, the foreign sensation stormed into his mind.

His vision blurred for a moment, and then he saw a completely different world.

Within a circumference of 1,000 feet, all that existed appeared in his mind. He saw a centipede silently swimming in the mud 900 feet away.

He saw a flying insect the size of his palm hiding under a large leave 500 feet away. It was baring its teeth and staring at a small beast walking cautiously under the tree.

He also saw a dim light in the unconscious He Feng's head silently absorbing the medicinal properties from the roots of the herbs that were planted in his body and had now covered his body, as if it was using the power from the herbs to increase its own power. There was also one thread that went out of the cave from the center of his brows.

When Su Ming saw it, the dim light immediately trembled and he heard a faint, terrified scream.

"Hmm?"

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. At that moment, his expression suddenly changed and a strong sense of danger flooded his system. That danger did not come from He Feng, but from the borders of the 1,000 feet area that he could now sense with his mind. It came from a woman walking into the rainforest. She was dressed in white and covered her face with a veil.

Han Fei Zi!

Chapter 132: Han Fei Zi!

‘He Feng, we did not know each other and had no grudges against each other. You were the one who provoked me first for your own personal gains. You wanted to use me and kill me, but I didn’t kill you immediately. I even promised to take revenge for you, but even now, you still want to harm me?!’

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He not only understood the sinister nature of the human heart from He Feng, he also understood just how much he was lacking at that moment.

There was no way he would believe that Han Fei Zi was just passing by!

He Feng must have done all of this secretly.

Due to the Branding Art, Su Ming could see the ball of dim light in He Feng’s head; that dim light was trembling. Without the Art, he could not hear that terrified scream either, only when he was in this condition could he hear it.

After what he saw, if Su Ming still did not understand, then he was no longer Su Ming!

If he hadn’t figured out the method to cast that Branding Art, then he would have still been in the dark even when Han Fei Zi came right before him. He would not have known how she had found him.

Cold sweat trickled down his back.

Su Ming did not hesitate. He used the method to control the Branding Art and instantly contracted the 1,000 feet area till it was just 50 feet around him. He enveloped He Feng within that area and took a step forward, jabbing at the center of He Feng's brows harshly, immediately causing the dim light to become dull, as if it was heavily injured.

Yet it did not scatter. Still, the fine thread that stretched out from the center of his brows became duller.

Su Ming wanted to cut the thread off, but he stopped. His eyes flashed, and his thoughts raced in his head.

‘Han Fei Zi is already 1,000 feet into the area. Even if I break the connection between He Feng and the outside world, it'll still be useless... It'll instead alert her, giving her time to prepare.

‘He Feng is heavily injured. Even if he could connect to the outside world with this method, there's a six out of ten chance that he's just maintaining contact to guide her here.

‘There's only a four out of ten chance that he told her everything about this place. Since he's heavily injured and worried that I'll notice his actions, the probability of her knowing is lessened by another one tenth of the chance.

‘It’s highly possible that Han Fei Zi doesn’t know about my existence!

‘It’s also not likely that Xuan Lun told her the details of this place. If that’s the case, then to Han Fei Zi, He Feng is the only one here. Since He Feng definitely can’t go out in his wounded state and is hiding from Xuan Lun, he’s using this method to call her here so that she could heal him.

‘If that’s the case, then Han Fei Zi should not have told anyone about this. She... might very likely be alone! From her expression when she entered the area within the 1,000 feet, she’s not too cautious about this place. If that’s the case, then that’s another one tenth chance less that she knows I’m here. So I have an eighth of a chance that my analysis is correct!

‘An eighth! That’s enough!’

Su Ming was forced by the situation. In the span of a few breaths, he focused his mind to quickly analyze his circumstances until his head started hurting mildly, but he did not have time to dally.

He immediately lifted He Feng and moved his feet so that he was sitting cross-legged. Su Ming then crouched down, hiding behind He Feng.

He was originally smaller and thinner than a normal member of the Berserker Tribe to begin with, so now that he hid himself, no one could see him from the front.

At the same time, Su Ming commanded with his mind the red meadow under his feet to quickly contract. In an instant, it turned into a small piece that existed only under Su Ming's feet. Even He Feng was positioned outside the meadow.

Su Ming then quickly contracted the area of branding, but besides wrapping his own body inside its area of influence, he also enveloped He Feng. That was to prevent him from alerting Han Fei Zi. If He Feng tried to alert her, then with the branding, Su Ming could stop him immediately.

Once he was done, Su Ming took a deep breath. A cold glare appeared in his eyes. He circulated his Qi until it reached its peak condition. The souls of the Wings of the Moon spread out from inside him and stuck to his skin. This time, he used all the souls of the Wings of the Moon.

He even lifted his right hand and sensed the presence of the Three Evils, waiting for the crucial moment before he struck.

Within his mouth was a mouthful of blood. That blood was for him to cast Dark Blood Dust!

'She hasn't Transcended, it's not impossible for me to fight against her!'

Su Ming's heart rate gradually slowed down as he completely calmed down, remaining still.

Outside the cave, Han Fei Zi, who was dressed in white and had a white veil over her face, was 700 feet away from the mountain cave. She looked calm and her movements were beautiful. Even if she was walking in the rainforest filled with humidity and miasma and even if the ground was filled with mud and looked disgusting, she was an eye-catching sight that did not belong to this place. Nothing in this place could not stain her body.

Han Fei Zi's eyes were like stars that enticed people, making them unable to look away. Although there was a veil over her face, all those who saw her would be caught in a daze as if they had just seen the beautiful woman of their dreams.

She treaded lightly forward. Her beautiful eyes stared at a crack in the mountain before her. She could feel that the connection from He Feng came from that place.

To her, He Feng himself was more useful compared to his role in helping her obtain the great treasure. That strange connection itself was already extraordinary. On top of that, this person was a schemer. He never shared that strange Art with other people. This was also something Han Fei Zi admired about him.

However, that was just pure admiration. Once this person lost his value, she did not mind taking him under her wing. When she entered Freezing Sky Clan, he could still be of use to her.

As she moved forward, she suddenly frowned and lifted her hand. On her finger was a black ring. That ring might look like an ordinary ring, but there was a thread from the ring stretching out towards the crack before her, connecting her ring and the crack

together.

At that moment, the thread rippled suddenly and became a lot duller.

That was the moment Su Ming jabbed at the center of He Feng's brows.

Han Fei Zi stopped and stood where she was. She still remained calm as she looked at the crack before her, seemingly immersed in her thoughts. After a moment, she floated towards the crack and stopped once again when she was 100 feet away.

"Brother He, I, Yan Fei, am here. Please come out."

Han Fei Zi's voice was as cold as ice, but there was a strange attractiveness to it that made those who heard it feel restless.

The cave was silent. Not a sound came out from within. A glint appeared faintly in Han Fei Zi's eyes. After a moment of hesitation, she lifted her hand and a light appeared in it. A small cloud the size of a palm appeared and floated forward, entering the cave through the crack.

Su Ming hid behind He Feng's body and remained still, as if he did not see the white cloud that entered the cave. The white cloud floated in midair. When it went around the cave once, it flew out of and landed in Han Fei Zi's hand.

Han Fei Zi gently held the cloud while it dispersed. The sights that the white cloud had seen appeared before her eyes. She fell momentarily silent and walked into the crack. Once she went in, she surrounded her body with cloud mist in an act of precaution.

Even as the sounds of footsteps got closer, Su Ming remained unmoving. However, the chill in his eyes became stronger.

Very soon, Han Fei Zi appeared in the mountain cave and saw He Feng sitting on the ground cross-legged. She also saw the herbs growing all over He Feng's body. She narrowed her eyes.

She stood where she was and did not continue forward. After a span of a few breaths, the cloud mist around her suddenly spread out and turned into a force that filled the entire cave, causing the mountain cave to seemingly shake. It was followed quickly by Han Fei Zi herself retreating hastily. Judging by her looks, she had already noticed something and was about to leave the mountain cave.

The moment she retreated, Su Ming almost reflexively attacked. When Han Fei Zi entered the cave, he had focused all of his attention on her. She might have been standing there for a few breaths, but she stood at a location that did not allow Su Ming to have the best position to attack her. If she got closer, he would have a higher chance.

Her act of retreating seemingly drew out his Qi, causing Su Ming to almost attack due to his natural reflex, but he subdued his impulse. Sweat beaded on his forehead.

‘Han Fei Zi is like He Feng. They’re both schemers... She had already used the white cloud to investigate the cave beforehand. There’s no way she did not know that He Feng was covered in herbs. There’s no reason for her to be surprised when she entered the cave!

‘Her retreat was a test. The woman’s act of standing there was also very brilliant... During the span of a few breaths, she could make people pay full attention to her actions. Once they did so and she retreated suddenly, she could make the person attack on instinct...

‘You can do this as a test? Lesson learned.’

The reason why Su Ming did not fall into the trap was largely due to his experience during the battle of Dark Mountain Tribe. That devastating battle made his convictions stronger.

He had already decided to wait until the crucial moment before he attacked. There was no way he would change that plan easily. That was why he could subdue his impulse, and not because he got an inkling of what she was planning.

Han Fei Zi retreated a few steps and her eyes flashed. When she saw that nothing happened, she relaxed marginally and stopped before moving forward again. This time, her distance between He Feng gradually closed down.

‘Looks like He Feng was attacked by some unknown Berserker

Art Xuan Lun had casted. His life is almost gone. He must have managed to escape after a lot of difficulty but could only hide here. Before he fell unconscious, he contacted me so that I could save him,' Han Fei Zi thought as she looked at He Feng sitting cross-legged in the cave.

She took another few steps forward, wanting to take a closer look.

In her eyes, the space behind He Feng was empty. There was no one there. As she continued onward and was only 10 feet away from He Feng, a thought struck her head and she widened her eyes suddenly before quickly withdrawing.

'That can't be right. This crack is right in the deeper parts of the rainforest. The miasma should be thick here. He Feng is obviously unconscious and cannot get rid of the miasma, but the miasma here is thin...

'The cracks in the rainforest are usually the resting places for insects and beasts, but there's nothing here. He Feng is unconscious, how could those insects and beasts not dare to come forward?

'This place is a trap!'

Han Fei Zi's heart trembled, knowing that she was not in a good situation. She was just about to retreat when Su Ming's eyes glinted where he hid behind He Feng.

The moment Han Fei Zi retreated, the red meadow under his feet spread out abruptly.

Attack!

Chapter 133: Learning Deceit

Both things happened almost at the same moment. When Han Fei Zi retreated, the red meadow under Su Ming's feet spread out rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it went past Han Fei Zi and covered the ground past her feet, covering the area of 100 feet within the mountain cave.

Han Fei Zi was within those 100 feet.

She felt her vision blur for a moment. Everything before her instantly changed. No one could know what she saw, but from the shocked look in her eyes, it was easy to guess that she must certainly be stunned.

Su Ming could remain still if he did not attack, but once he did, his strike was akin to a bolt of lightning!

He had no grudges against Han Fei Zi, but he knew that if he had not known about the danger beforehand, then when she entered the mountain cave and encountered him, he would have definitely been caught off guard and certainly killed.

This had nothing to do with strife but was a battle stemming from gains!

He Feng himself was a gigantic gain. The benefits brought by the items in Su Ming's pockets alone were enough to make a lot of people go mad with desire, and that was not counting the great treasure!

The moment Han Fei Zi was covered by the red meadow, Su Ming immediately lifted his right hand. He had already found the location of the Three Evils a long time ago, hence he swiftly slashed downwards towards the direction northwest.

The moment his right hand slashed down, Su Ming's blood veins gathered into one and rushed out of his body in an instant towards northwest before disappearing without a trace.

Yet the moment his right hand slashed downwards, killing intent appeared in Han Fei Zi's eyes, who was standing within the red meadow, and whose expression had changed. She raised her hand, and her body was immediately enveloped by clouds of mist. However, at that moment, the clouds of mist let out a loud bang, and a giant crack appeared in their center. Han Fei Zi could be clearly seen through the crack.

Although her face was hidden by the white veil, it had become pale, and shock appeared in her eyes. She knew that the white mist she casted may look ordinary, but it was actually very difficult to breach. Even the seniors in the tribe would find it hard to tear through the cloud if they did not use a powerful Berserker Art.

Yet this invisible enemy used an unknown method to do so. She could not underestimate him. It was even more shocking for her when the clouds of mist were sliced apart and a strong sense of danger came crashing forth, as if there was a formless vent coming to swallow her whole.

Han Fei Zi did not have time to cast any powerful Berserker Art. Everything happened in a heartbeat. During the moment of danger, she bit her tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood, which turned into a blood-red statue of the God of Berserkers before her.

More accurately speaking, that statue was in the form of a woman. Her face could not be seen clearly, but the moment it appeared, a piercing light erupted forth from her body. As the light collided with Su Ming's Execution of the Three Evils, a huge crash rang in the air.

At the same time, Han Fei Zi raised her right hand and tapped the center of her brows. Immediately, a golden light shot out from her brows. As it showered down, her whole body turned gold. When the golden color appeared, she quickly retreated. With one step, she seemingly stepped on air and moved out of the 100 feet area of the red meadow that Su Ming had spread out.

However, it was clear that using the golden light to move out created a great burden on Han Fei Zi. The moment she got out, blood trickled down the corner of her lips. Yet she did not stop. She rushed out of the mountain cave.

She had already made her decision. As long as she could leave the trap laid down by her opponent in the mountain cave and regain her breathing outside, then she would definitely tear apart that person who had dared to ambush her!

But there was no chance that Su Ming would let her leave so easily. The red meadow could not lock her in, and the Execution of

the Three Evils was dispersed by the female statue of the God of Berserkers, but Su Ming's attack continued.

The instant Han Fei Zi was only dozens of feet away from the entrance of the cave, about to rush out, Su Ming took one step forward and closed in on her at an incredible speed. His eyes were cold, and as he moved forward, he pointed towards Han Fei Zi with his right hand.

The moment he did so, the souls of the Wings of the Moon that surrounded him let out a howl that normal people could not hear and rushed out. They gathered together and formed a gigantic fist.

This fist was invisible, but Han Fei Zi could sense it clearly. Her eyes flashed, and she quickly drew a circle before herself with her right hand. Immediately, clouds of mist appeared out of nowhere and formed a circle that was about to clash into the fist formed by the souls of the Wings of the Moon.

However, at that moment, a cold smirk appeared on the corners of Su Ming's lips. As he rushed out, he quickly spread the Branding Art outwards. When the circumference of 1,000 feet appeared in his mind, he contracted that area towards Han Fei Zi.

This was the only attack recorded in the Branding Art, though Su Ming could not tell what its effects were. It may be his first time using it, but he had no choice but to use it at that moment.

The speed with which the branded 1,000 feet area shrank was so quick that it was done in the blink of an eye. The moment it

completely covered Han Fei Zi's body, she trembled and a pained look appeared on her face.

She felt as if there were needles stabbing into her head, and due to that sudden appearance of the pain, the cloud ring before her showed signs of dissipating. Before she could forcefully stabilize it, the fist formed by the souls of the Wings of the Moon crashed into it.

A muffled bang rang in the air, and the cloud ring crumbled. The fist formed by the Wings of the Moon blasted through and crashed into Han Fei Zi's chest.

The golden light shone on Han Fei Zi's body once again. Blood trickled out of the corner of her lips, but the cold glare in her eyes became stronger. She tumbled backwards and used that force to escape from the cave.

The moment she managed that, Su Ming rushed out along with her. His figure was a blur in Han Fei Zi's eyes. This was connected to Su Ming's speed, but more importantly, it was also due to his Branding Art that was focused on her body right now.

The only form of attack of this Art was very powerful. It continuously stabbed into Han Fei Zi's head and caused her pain as well as made her vision cloudy. Her face was twisted by great pain.

These two people rushed out of the crack one after the other, but Su Ming's speed was greater. Once he caught up to her, he did not say a single word, but swiftly spat out the mouthful of blood that

he had kept within his mouth.

That mouthful of blood was for Su Ming's Berserker Art – Dark Blood Dust. The moment he spat it out, the blood immediately turned into a large veil of red mist that covered the area before him. With a shocking scream and piercing strength, the mist charged towards Han Fei Zi.

Han Fei Zi's expression changed. Only a few breaths had passed since she came out of the mountain cave. She had not even clearly seen her enemy's face yet, and she had already been injured multiple times. This sort of thing was unacceptable for her ego.

Su Ming's mouthful of blood rushed towards her. As Han Fei Zi retreated, she swung her right hand forward. As long as she could block this for even a moment, then she could turn the tides of the battle and wrestle back a sliver of initiative instead of remaining defensive in the battle. As long as she could do that, she could counterattack.

Nevertheless, she did not have the chance to obtain the initiative since the start. Her enemy's attacks were like a storm, and it looked as if there was no hint of it letting up; it was only growing stronger.

‘If I can just get one chance!’

Han Fei Zi swung her right hand forward and mist appeared abruptly, forming a mist of five colors. The moment it crashed into the blood mist, the latter let out sizzling sounds and instantly

dissipated.

Han Fei Zi was about to counterattack, but Su Ming had gone to great trouble to create this battlefield so that he could have complete initiative. He would not let her have the chance.

When he coughed out the mouthful of blood earlier, he spread out his hands and the surrounding souls of the Wings of the Moon gathered around him, enveloping him.

It may have seemed like he was alone, but he rose into the sky as if he was stepping on air. He then clenched his fist and, without making a sound, threw a punch towards Han Fei Zi, who was behind the mist formed by the Dark Blood Dust.

Not only did that punch contain all the power of Su Ming's Qi, but the formless souls of the Wings of the Moon outside his body had also turned into a giant fist that came down along with it.

That punch crushed Han Fei Zi's chance to counterattack, forcing her to defend once again. Her entire body was surrounded by clouds when Su Ming's fist collided with her.

Booming sounds echoed continuously in the air.

Su Ming's body was unclear in the sky. Each of his fists thrown was faster than the last as they rushed towards Han Fei Zi, who was completely forced into the defensive. As she resisted each attack, she retreated. The cold glare in her eyes could practically

freeze the sky, but she had to withdraw.

She could feel that each punch thrown by the enemy contained two forces. One was the power of Qi, which could be ignored, but the other was a power that was both strange and terrifying.

That power did not attack her body but her soul. It caused Han Fei Zi, who was in constant pain due to the Branding Art, have the feeling as if her soul was about to be scattered.

At that moment, Su Ming threw a punch out, and the souls of the Wings of the Moon in his body moved together outward, forcing Han Fei Zi to once again retreat hundreds of feet away. Once he did so, he spoke for the first time, and his voice, which was ghastly and hoarse, echoed around them.

"He Feng, you were the one who lured her here, and you're still not attacking! How long are you going to wait?"

If He Feng could hear his words, then he would definitely call him a despicable person, but the man could not hear him.

When Han Fei Zi heard those words, panic and anger appeared on her face. She had suspected that before, and now, without any hesitation, she retreated quickly on instinct, turning into a ray of golden light to charge out.

She was of high status and did not want to take risks. The mysterious enemy that was at the level of Transcendence already

made her lose her initiative and forced her into the defensive. If He Feng attacked as well, then unless she gave up on attaining completion for her blood veins and immediately chose to Transcend, she would find herself hard-pressed to win.

Su Ming did not chase after her. His face was pale and blood trickled out of his mouth. He might have obtained the initiative during this battle, but every single time his attack landed on Han Fei Zi, the golden light outside her body would absorb and reflect his attacks with a strange force, causing Su Ming to continuously be injured.

‘That woman was in constant pain due to the Branding Art, and she was also shaken by the souls of the Wings of the Moon. If adding the fact that she fell into the trap and was forced into defending only, she was thrown into disarray. She retreated due to that and the shock of hearing those words I spoke regarding He Feng. But she’s definitely not a simple person. She’ll soon realize that it was a lie.’

Su Ming charged back to the cave and put away the two bones into his bag before grabbing He Feng’s body and rushing out. He dashed deeper into the rainforest.

After the time it takes for one incense stick to burn down, a cloud of mist whistled through the sky. Han Fei Zi’s face was as cold as ice on the cloud. She landed where the battle had taken place and glared into the deepness of the rainforest.

A ferocious look appeared in her eyes.

Ever since she was young, she had never suffered such a great loss. This was also the first time she had been forced to retreat, and she did not even manage to see her enemy's face. It was unacceptable for her pride.

‘This person's power wasn't great, but his attacks were very strange. The level of his attacks could compare with that of Transcendence... He's also very intelligent... but no matter who you are, as long as you're around Han Mountain City, then I'll definitely find you!’

Han Fei Zi's expression gradually calmed down, but the anger she felt towards Su Ming remained in her eyes, and it did not leave even after a long time.

Chapter 134: It's Called A Storage Bag!

Su Ming held He Feng and ran through the rainforest at full speed. As he continued running, he consumed South Asunder to heal his wounds. He continued moving for an entire day before slowing down.

The deeper he was in the rainforest, the more danger he was exposed to. Once he was there, Su Ming saw numerous plants and wild beasts that made his skin crawl. Fortunately, he was extremely fast, which was why he could avoid them from the distance.

Su Ming no longer looked for small mountains in the seemingly endless rainforest. There were mountain caves for him to rest, but there were a lot thick of tree stumps too. Some of those stumps were so thick that ten people would need to hold hands, stretching out their arms, before it could be completely surrounded.

Su Ming searched for a big tree like this, then emptied out its inside, forming a place where he could stay. Once he spread out the red meadow to protect himself, he placed He Feng by the side and sat down cross-legged with his eyes closed to heal his wounds.

Yet as he healed his injuries, he held a stone coin in his hand and kept the Branding Art active in an area of 1,000 feet around himself, constantly remaining alert of his surroundings.

When the sky darkened and the world outside was enveloped in darkness, Su Ming opened his eyes and glared darkly at the

unconscious He Feng.

The man was entirely covered in herbs. If he was placed in the rainforest, he would look like a plant. Even if people passed him by, it would be difficult for them to recognize him as a living dead person.

Su Ming stared at He Feng for a moment before he jabbed at the center of He Feng's brows. Immediately, a dull ball of light floated out from the center of his brows. Without the Branding Art, Su Ming would not be able to see that dim light.

Yet now, right before his eyes, he could clearly see a small person in that dim light. That small person was obviously He Feng. However, He Feng's face was filled with terror. He trembled as he continuously prostrated himself before Su Ming, his acts of begging for mercy clear as day.

"I originally intended for you not to feel any pain. Once I was done creating the pills, I would have let you die, and I would have taken revenge for you... but now, I changed my mind," Su Ming spoke slowly.

The small person trembled even harder. With a look of terror, he opened his mouth, and He Feng's weak voice appeared in Su Ming's head.

"Brother Xu, please have mercy. I was wrong, I really did wrong this time. Brother Xu, please give me a chance. Please give me a chance!" He Feng's voice was weak, but the pleading tone in his

voice was very strong.

"Give me a reason why I shouldn't kill you!" Su Ming lifted his right hand, and on his index finger, he gathered a thread of the Branding Art.

When He Feng saw Su Ming's actions, he immediately let out a sharp cry. Every single time he got into contact with Su Ming, he would suffer great losses. He was now terrified of Su Ming, and now, when he saw the dark look on his face, a feeling of great danger overwhelmed him.

"Brother Xu, if... if you kill me, then you won't be able to get that location for the great treasure. The location I gave you before is fake..."

Su Ming stared at He Feng coldly and slowly pushed his right index finger forward. Precisely because his actions were so slow, it created a greater amount of stress for He Feng. That sort of stress that stemmed from being caught between life and death made He Feng's convictions crumble. He could feel that the young man before him was different from the first time he saw him. It was as if he had matured after experiencing all these things.

"Don't kill me, I'll give you the treasure. I'll give it to you... I also know some secrets regarding the place where the ancestor of Han Mountain died. Not even the three tribes understand these things completely..." He Feng quickly said, but Su Ming's index finger did not stop. It was now not even seven inches away from He Feng.

That formless pressure made He Feng fall into despair, and he immediately spoke once again.

"I know the correct method to use the red meadow... I also know the secret of the mask, I... I... I'm useful to you. I know the relationships between the three tribes in Han Mountain City, and the important people within each tribe.

"I have a house in Han Mountain City, and I also have a cave abode nearby. It's hidden well and other people won't be able to find it. I'll give it to you...

"I..."

He Feng had already ran out of words. He trembled and saw that Su Ming's finger was closing in on him. There were only three inches between them now.

"I have more experience than you. I can help you. I know everything around this place. With my help, you can be like a fish in..."

He Feng was shouting by the end, his eyes closed in despair.

Su Ming's finger stopped when it was only one inch away from him.

"I don't trust you," Su Ming said languidly.

He Feng immediately opened his eyes, and the desire to live was evident in his eyes. It was as if Su Ming's words were the final straw he could cling onto before his death. He could not let go.

"You can believe me. I can acknowledge you as my master. This is very easy. You... you can gather the Branding Art into one mark and imprint it on my body. Once it fuses with me, I will become a part of your Branding Art. You will only need one single thought to kill me, and I will be unable to resist.

"Besides, I'm about to reach Transcendence. I'll be of great help to you. We can kill Xuan Lun together and you can use his body as a puppet... I..."

Before He Feng could finish speaking, Su Ming pressed his finger onto the center of the brows of the small person formed from the dim light. He Feng let out a shrill, pained cry, and right before Su Ming's eyes, quickly faded away.

In the span of a few breaths, the light would completely dissipate. Once it dissipated, He Feng would truly die. Even if his physical body had signs of life left, there would no longer be a person called He Feng left in this world.

"Up till now, you still want to harm me?!" Su Ming growled.

"I did not... I truly did not..."

As He Feng cried out, his voice became weaker. Half of the dim light had already disappeared. A bitter expression appeared on his face, and he slowly closed his eyes.

The moment the small person formed from the dim light almost completely dissipated, a light appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he formed a small mark with the Branding Art, fusing it with the dim light.

He Feng immediately started stabilizing from his dissipating state. There was pain on his face, but the joy and desire to live was evident in his opened eyes. He did not struggle and let the light fuse into him. After the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, his small form transfigured from dissipation stabilized, and he knelt down before Su Ming with a respectful face.

At the same time, a new line of thought arose in Su Ming's mind. That thought seemed to be connected to He Feng. With one thought, Su Ming could completely destroy it.

"I know that you do not want to resign yourself to this."

Su Ming looked at He Feng's small form and spoke unhurriedly.

"I... wouldn't dare..."

He Feng smiled wanly and looked at Su Ming before lowering his head once again.

"I'll give you a chance. If you assist me with a sincere heart, then after 100 years, I'll return you your freedom," Su Ming said coolly as he looked at He Feng.

When He Feng heard those words, he immediately lifted his head and looked at Su Ming.

"Do you mean it?"

"There is no deep enmity between us. You were the one who had been scheming against me, and I was only resisting. Why should I lie to you?" Su Ming stated coldly.

He Feng fell silent. He felt bitter, but a moment later, a resolute look appeared in his eyes.

"Master, you can take the mask from my... my storage bag. The mask is an imitation of an item of my ancestor. It might not be able to compare, but once you wear it, you don't need to use spirit stones when you cast the Branding Art."

"Storage bag? Spirit stones?" Su Ming was momentarily stunned.

"It's not strange that you don't know about this. Very few people know about this bag. I only learned it when I read about it in the ancient records in my tribe. It's an item left behind by my ancestor. It's called a storage bag.

"The spirit stones are the stone coins we members of the

Berserker Tribe use." He Feng explained by the side.

Su Ming cast a glance at He Feng and took out the purple bag from his bosom, bringing out the mask from within.

"Master, you are indeed a cautious man. If you had worn this mask before..."

He Feng laughed bitterly and spoke honestly. Even if he did not finish speaking, Su Ming already understood. He saw He Feng struggling to lift his right hand to touch the mask.

Immediately, the mask also let out a dim light from the center of its brows. Once it was absorbed by He Feng into his body, it caused his dimmed body to have a lively hue.

"Master, please take a red spirit stone from the storage bag," He Feng said softly.

"What's with your appearance now?"

Su Ming did not immediately take it out. He looked at He Feng instead and spoke unhurriedly.

"I don't understand it clearly myself. This is what happened after I used the Branding Art for a long time. The ancient records left by the ancestors spoke about this condition as well. This is called a Spirit Body. It may be weak, but it only exists for those who practice this Branding Art and have reached the Transcendence

Realm.

"If we reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm, then the spirit within people who practice this Branding Art will be known as a Spirit Infant. If the Berserker becomes stronger and reaches the legendary Berserker Soul Realm, it'll be known as an Origin Spirit.

"It's a pity that a lot of ancient records were seized by the three tribes. The ones remaining were stolen by Xuan Lun, or else you could take a look at them," He Feng said in a low tone.

"Why did you ask for the red spirit stone?"

Su Ming fell into a pensive silence for a moment, his eyes growing cold.

"Master, don't worry. I've already acknowledged you as my master and we made the 100 year promise. I won't betray you. I want to use that red spirit stone so that I can fuse my spirit body in it, then use its power to fuse into the mask. Next time, when you use the mask, you won't need to use spirit stones to cast the Branding Art anymore. You will just need to get another spirit stone to replace it once that red spirit stone is shattered.

"That mask also has an effect of changing a person's presence. I've used it twice, and the people who saw me use it have been killed. Even if you wear it, you don't need to worry that people will make any connections between you and me.

"I can also attach myself to the mask and help you with my experience."

He Feng presented his case logically. It was clear that he had already recovered from his panicked breakdown and once again turned into the pensive He Feng.

Su Ming's eyes flashed, and he stared at He Feng. After a long while, he spoke suddenly.

"Don't need. I've already gotten used to using stone coins to cast it. I'll have other uses for the mask as well. As for your dwelling place..."

Su Ming swung his right hand in the air and a large amount of souls of the Wings of the Moon appeared immediately. No outsider could see the souls of the Wings of the Moon, but the moment He Feng saw them, his expression immediately changed.

Yet he did not dare resist. He let the souls of the Wings of the Moon charge towards him with ferocious expressions. They entangled him and formed a tight seal before pulling back into Su Ming's body.

With the large amount of souls of the Wings of the Moon, Su Ming was not afraid that He Feng would cause any trouble. Besides, with the seal from the souls, he could make sure that He Feng's connection to the outside world was completely cut off, allowing this person to not notice some of his secrets.

Once he was done, fatigue appeared on Su Ming's face. All the things that had happened with He Feng during the past few months tired Su Ming out. Not just his body, but his heart was exhausted, too.

Chapter 135: The Eighth Level Of The Blood Solidification Realm!

"It should be safe here," Su Ming mumbled and put away the black mask.

He closed his eyes and immersed himself in his meditation.

Several days passed by. With the help of a large number of South Asunder, the injuries in Su Ming's body were healed.

He fell into contemplative silence for half a day, then gave up on the idea to leave the place. Instead, he chose to stay in the trunk. The red meadow spread out into an area of 100 feet around him. Once it completely covered the place, Su Ming was hidden.

Time trickled by slowly. One month, two months, three months... Four months passed by. Su Ming did not venture too far from where he was. He took Mountain Spirit to increase his power within the tree trunk.

During these past few months, he often talked to He Feng and learned a lot of things. He also heard about He Feng's deeds in the past few years, things which made the man proud of himself.

The red meadow remained an area of 100 feet. He Feng may have told Su Ming that the meadow would increase its area once it absorbed enough flesh and blood, but he also told him that the meadow would absorb the controller's Qi rapidly once it was

spread out. That frightening absorption rate was not something a normal person could endure, and the bigger the area, the more astounding the absorption rate would be. He Feng could not withstand it, that was why he rarely used it.

He also told Su Ming that the meadow that was transfigured from the beast skin originally stretched out to a circumference of ten li. Yet at that time, besides the Elder and a few other people in Han Mountain Tribe, no one else could withstand its Qi absorption rate. They would practically die in an instant because all their Qi was absorbed.

Even the Elder and the others could not use the red meadow for a long period of time. As time passed by, the red meadow formed from the beast skin started withering, and more people from Han Mountain Tribe gradually started to use it. However, as the area of the red meadow became smaller, its use was also reduced to merely defense and could not be used for anything else anymore.

That made Su Ming curious. He had already used the red meadow for a year without stopping once, but not once had he encountered the situation where the red meadow would absorb his Qi. Still, Su Ming was only curious about that in his heart. He did not ask He Feng.

Su Ming also learned about the origins of the red meadow formed from the beast skin. As expected, that thing was one of the items left behind by the ancestor of Han Mountain Tribe. But because few people could withstand the horrifying rate of absorption, it was slowly forgotten over time.

Su Ming also discovered something he did not understand through a series of seemingly thrown out questions. The illusion that appeared in his head during the instant he spread out the red meadow formed by the beast skin was never experienced by He Feng or by anyone else who had used the red meadow before him. It was the same for generations upon generations of people from Han Mountain Tribe. They were all like He Feng, otherwise it would be impossible for there to be no clues left behind.

‘Either He Feng is hiding it from me, or I’m somehow connected to the red meadow formed by the beast skin.’

Su Ming could not understand the cause of it, and could only find two reasons as to why it had happened.

However, he remained cautious. He did not find creatures to expand the area of the meadow, but his interest towards the ancestor who had died in the canyon under Han Mountain City was piqued.

During these months, the blood veins in Su Ming’s body increased by quite a large margin. The reasons for that were not only related to the dangers lurking outside, but also due to the increasingly more thick miasma in the deeper parts of the rainforest, which affected Su Ming’s Qi circulation.

Due to the constant circulation, the blood veins in his body had increased to 370 something blood veins. He had gotten closer to reaching the 399 blood veins required for the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

Nonetheless, the effects of Mountain Spirit had become extremely weak. Based on Su Ming's analysis, the pill could at most help him increase around 20 something more blood veins before losing its effects completely.

The herbs in the medicinal cauldron formed from He Feng's body were growing healthily during these past few months, gradually fulfilling the requirement for him to use them for quenching. If it were not because he was lacking a beast bone and three more herbs, he could have already started seeking the miasma of corpses to begin creating the pill.

His life in the deeper parts of the rainforest was very quiet. Ever since Su Ming came to the Land of South Morning, he had spent most of his time alone and had gotten used to this feeling of loneliness.

He quietly trained inside the tree trunk, and another three months passed by. On this day, the blood veins in Su Ming's body increased to 398. He had his eyes closed and his body shone brilliantly with a blood-red light. The light was so bright it almost pierced through the big tree. If it were not due to the red meadow concealing Su Ming, those outside would have seen the light clearly.

It did not last long before the 399th blood vein manifested on Su Ming's body. The moment it appeared, a strong presence immediately erupted forth from Su Ming's body. When that presence appeared, Su Ming opened his eyes, and there was a calm look on his face.

He reached the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

"Four years..." Su Ming mumbled.

Four years had passed ever since he woke up in the Land of South Morning. He used four years to go from the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm to the eighth level. This speed was not fast, but most of the time had been spent for him to heal his wounds.

‘Mountain Spirit lost its effects a month ago when the 397th blood vein manifested. During this month, I did not rely on Mountain Spirit and increased two more blood veins at a very slow speed, only then did I reach the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm...

‘The path of self-cultivation is indeed difficult.’

There was a resolute look on his face as he sensed the strength of his Qi within his body.

‘No matter what, there’s a limit to how much the pills can offer me. I can’t reach the peak with their help. It’s also a good thing that Mountain Spirit lost its effects. From here on, I can avoid being too dependent on it!

‘Besides, I have two more drops of Berserker Blood. These two drops of Blood should be able to increase my blood veins by a large

amount once more! After that, I'll have to search for a place to perform the burning of blood!

‘I wonder how many blood veins will I be able to increase once I perform the fifth burning of blood...’

Su Ming had first-hand experience of the overbearing might of the burning of blood. The last few times, his blood veins had increased by several fold, but at the same time, the level of difficulty and danger of the execution of the Art was also incredibly high.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he brought out a small bottle from his storage bag. He looked at the small bottle, and the cold in his eyes melted, exchanged for a gentleness and nostalgia.

The small bottle was personally given to him by the elder. There were two drops of Berserker Blood within that belonged to Jing Nan, the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe.

Su Ming held the bottle and closed his eyes. He could not help but remember the elder, his tribe, Lei Chen, Xiao Hong, and the petite figure who held his hand and smiled beautifully at him on the snowy land all those years ago.

"Su Ming, will we continue walking like this in the snow until our hair turns white..?"

Su Ming trembled. The scar on his face seemed to be suddenly filled with blood, and it became clearer. It did not fade away for a long time.

He opened his eyes, and there was dead stillness within. There was no longer any gentleness in his eyes, instead, the placid look had returned. Yet hidden within that collected gaze was a pain that no one could notice.

‘It’s over...’

Su Ming lowered his head and uncorked the small bottle in his hand before tilting the bottle by his mouth. Only one drop of Berserker Blood fell down and melted in his mouth. Once again, he sensed the elder protecting him, afraid that he would drink all the Berserker Blood in an act of impulse. That was why he could only use one drop each time.

"Elder, I'm no longer as reckless as I was when I was young..." Su Ming mumbled. He circulated his Qi to absorb the strength of the one drop of Blood so that his blood veins could increase once again.

Days passed by. One month, two months... Very soon, three months passed by once again.

On one of the mornings three months later, Su Ming retrieved the red meadow under his feet and put away the two bones that had completed their task of serving as fertilizer for the herbs along with the medicinal cauldron. Once he was done, he walked out of the tree trunk.

He did not turn back as he walked farther into the distance. Every single time his feet landed, the mud on the ground would shudder, as if there was a pressure coming from Su Ming's body that caused the insects in the mud to run away from him.

One year and six months passed by, and Su Ming looked as if he had been reborn. When he was forced to run away to this place, he only had 200 something blood veins in his body. However, with the help of Mountain Spirit, his blood veins had increased to 399.

When Mountain Spirit had lost its effects, he completely absorbed the two drops of Berserker Blood in the past three months. As of now, his blood veins...

"He Feng, how far is the location where you hid the treasure?"

Every single step Su Ming took in the rainforest was about dozens of feet long. He wore a long blue robe, and as he walked, the strange insects on the ground avoided him. Some of the odd plants and creatures around him also did not dare approach him due to the pressure he exuded.

"Master, if you continue in this direction, then in half a month, you'll arrive at a cave abode of mine. But that place is well hidden. It'll be hard for people to find the place."

He Feng's voice echoed in his mind in a respectful tone. Besides respect, there was also shock and bafflement in his voice, as if he was surprised by the change in power within Su Ming.

Su Ming's expression remained indifferent. He did not say another word on the way and walked silently for a few days before eventually walking out of the deeper parts of the rainforest. As he walked out, the miasma also became thinner until it completely disappeared by the end.

He could see the mountain cave in which he had settled down to cure his wounds a few years ago.

Xuan Lun was not here. Han Fei Zi was also not here. The rainforest was very big, and there were multiple paths that could be used to exit the forest. Few people could completely monitor the forest. More importantly, once He Feng was assimilated into Su Ming's brand, Su Ming could also feel the brands that He Feng had previously left on Xuan Lun and Han Fei Zi. If the two of them got closer to him, he would notice them beforehand.

If He Feng had not listened to Han Fei Zi's words and plotted to use danger to Transcend, he would not have been chased down by Xuan Lun and fallen into this state.

Su Ming was about to walk out of the rainforest and head to the place where He Feng hid the treasure when his footsteps suddenly faltered. He thought for a moment before leaping up a big tree and sitting down cross-legged on the branch. He closed his eyes and spread out the branded area around him before starting to meditate.

He Feng could see what Su Ming was doing, and he could not

understand it, but he did not bother him. He had been very careful during this past half a year, but he was still gradually beginning to be unable to guess what was on Su Ming's mind.

The sun rose and set, and days passed by. Su Ming continued sitting cross-legged, unmoving. It was as if he was waiting for something. He Feng became increasingly curious, and there were a few times where he was tempted to ask, but when he remembered Su Ming's morose attitude during this half a year, he withheld his question.

Half a month later, a voice traveled from a distance in the rainforest. Su Ming opened his eyes and a smile appeared on the corners of his lips.

"Senior... Senior..."

Chapter 136: The Great Treasure Of Han Mountain

Fang Mu felt dejected. He did not know why, but the mysterious senior Mo had been ignoring him for more than a year now. He had been calling out to him multiple times every time he came to the forest, but every single time, he would return dispirited.

He did not know where he went wrong, and kept recalling every single thing that had happened the last time he met the man. No matter how many times he analyzed it, he still thought that it was related to the bone blade.

He had brought this up to his father half a year ago, and his father fell silent. He did not speak, but several days later, his father told him that the man had already left the rainforest in a hurry, as if an accident had happened.

When Fang Mu heard those words, he fell silent for a long time. He had thought about giving up, but the probability of seven Su Ming had spoken about during the last time they had met made Fang Mu reluctant to give up his chance to get cured completely.

Even if his father had told him clearly that the man had left, Fang Mu still went there every month and called out to him for several days, hoping that one day he would get a response.

Not once did he stop coming into the forest during the past year. He had a feeling that this was his only chance.

Fang Mu knew that his father was aware of his actions. He knew about it since his father still ordered the powerful Berserkers in the tribe to accompany him to the rainforest and wait outside, just like every single time Fang Mu had come to the rainforest in the past.

He recalled everything that had happened in his head, and Fang Mu let out a long sigh. He went into the rainforest alone and called out as per usual.

"Senior... Senior..."

Fang Mu went to the last place he had met Su Ming and looked around. A dejected look appeared on his face.

"Have you prepared the herbs I asked of you?"

A calm voice traveled languidly from behind him. The voice may have appeared suddenly, but it sounded as if it had existed in the rainforest from the start. It sounded as if it had blended into the place.

Fang Mu was momentarily stunned. He turned around swiftly and saw the familiar figure standing in the same place as the previous year.

"Se... Senior!"

A shudder traveled through Fang Mu's body and extreme joy filled his eyes. His breathing became rapid, and there was disbelief on his face.

"I've prepared the beast bones that are equivalent to the power of Transcendence, but..."

Fang Mu looked at Su Ming. He was afraid that the man would disappear once again. When he finally appeared, Fang Mu immediately explained anxiously.

"But the three herbs are rare items. My father searched for a long time for me, and only managed to obtain two. The last is an herb named Sky Flute Branch. It has gone extinct in the Land of South Morning for a long time. Besides a few special places, it's difficult to find this herb elsewhere."

As Fang Mu spoke, he immediately brought out a black bell from his bosom and crushed it before Su Ming.

Black mist scattered out and two purple beast bones appeared before Fang Mu, as well as two herbs that glowed brilliantly.

Most of Su Ming's body was hidden in the darkness. He looked at Fang Mu, the beast bones, the herbs, and then fell silent.

"Senior, please give me some more time, I..."

Fang Mu's heart thundered against his chest. Nervousness

flooded his body.

"I asked you to search for these herbs to create a medicinal concoction. That medicinal concoction is very useful to me, and it'll also allow me to get rid of the injuries in your body caused by the Berserker Art," Su Ming said unhurriedly.

"If I lack even one of them, then it'll be difficult for me to create that medicinal concoction."

Fang Mu gritted his teeth and with his fist against one palm, he bowed towards Su Ming. When he lifted his head, his expression was grave.

"Senior, my father once said that it's not impossible to obtain Sky Flute Branch. There are three hidden locations in the canyon under Han Mountain City. Decades ago, including the people of my tribe, the three tribes entered those places before and obtained a Sky Flute Branch from there, but that herb was taken by Lake of Colors Tribe. I heard that it has already been used for another medicine.

"But according to my father's analysis, there should be other Sky Flute Branches in the canyon. It'll be the Day of Eternal Creation half a year later, and it'll also be the day of the Great Fog of Han Mountain that only happens once a decade. Every single time during this day, the people of the three tribes will open the tunnel leading to the underground of Han Mountain, and the three tribes will send representatives of their tribes and their guests to go into the tunnel...

"My father will use that time to send some tribe members to go and search for a Sky Flute Branch... I ask of you, please wait for another half a year!"

"Oh?"

Su Ming's expression remained blank, but in his mind he was asking He Feng about it.

"Master, the boy is right. There is a powerful seal on the grave of Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor. It's not just the tribes, even I cannot enter the place during other times. Only during the Day of Eternal Creation that happens once a decade will the entire Land of South Morning be covered in fog. During that time, the seal on my ancestor's grave will be weakened by an unseen force, and only then can other people enter.

"The three tribes should have entered the place multiple times over the centuries. Their aim is to obtain the legacy left behind by my ancestor. After all, besides the four great treasures left behind by him, the other treasures are all resting beside him in his grave.

"I've only heard about this in the past, so I don't know the details. I only know that when Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor died, the three tribes betrayed us, but it's not so easy to breach the grave of my ancestor, or else the three tribes would have taken away all the treasures a long time ago. They wouldn't have to go in that place so many times. It's clear that they haven't obtained a lot of rewards.

"Master, this might be a chance. If you enter my ancestor's grave, and with my help, you should be able to obtain the things you want. Besides, the three tribes have been taking in guests for a long time to prepare for this.

"The three tribes were, after all, affiliated with Han Mountain Tribe a long time ago. I heard that my ancestor ordered them about and left the brand of slavery on them. To my ancestor, the three tribes would forever be slaves, that's why when they enter my ancestor's grave, they would feel uncomfortable, but if it's an outsider, then they would not feel that limitation."

He Feng's mood was slightly down as he explained.

'Even so, why would the three tribes destroy Han Mountain Tribe in the past?'

Su Ming projected his thought in his mind.

"It's not just you, even my tribe members and I have been wondering about it for a long time. But it's something that happened centuries ago. There are few people left who know about the details of what had happened that year... But my guess is that there were outsiders who participated that year!" He Feng fell silent for a moment before he whispered.

A contemplative look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was not too interested in the grave of Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor, but the mystery of the red meadow and the difference of its effects towards

him and others not only made him amazed but also allowed him to form some theories regarding Han Mountain Tribe's ancestor.

"I'll wait for you for half a year. If you can bring me the Sky Flute Branch half a year later, then I'll fulfill my end of the promise!"

Su Ming looked at Fang Mu and spoke coolly.

"Before you go to the three hidden locations, you can come here. I have some things to ask of you."

Su Ming took one step forward and Fang Mu's vision clouded for a moment. He could not see Su Ming clearly, but he could feel a cold sensation in his mouth, as if a foreign object melted in his mouth and spread throughout his body.

Once he reacted to the situation, all was quiet around him. Su Ming had already left, and the beast bones and herbs on the ground were gone.

Su Ming turned into a long arc, but he did not travel in the sky, he was dashing through the rainforest instead.

"Master, why didn't you ask to enter the canyon?" He Feng could no longer hold it in and asked.

'You want me to go?'

Su Ming moved forward with big steps at an incredible speed as he asked in his mind, seemingly casual.

"Master, you misunderstand. I did not mean that."

He Feng shuddered and quickly shut his mouth.

He Feng no longer spoke about the matter on the way but provided directions and told Su Ming the location where he had hidden the great treasure. Half a month later, Su Ming stood at one of the summits of a long and continuous stretch of mountain range located far away from Han Mountain City, and looked down.

This was a desolate area. There was no one around. The place was secluded, so few people came here. The wind was great, and as it blew against his body, Su Ming's long hair floated in the air. His robes let out ceaseless flapping sounds.

Before him were various valleys formed by mountain ridges. There were a lot of valleys that were covered by plants and trees. This might not be a rainforest, but it was still a remote mountain.

"Master, my cave abode is the seventh valley from the front."

He Feng's voice echoed in Su Ming's head. Su Ming's eyes flashed, and after a momentary silence, he lifted his feet and ran towards the seventh small valley.

The seventh valley looked sunken in the distance, and there were

a lot of plants within, along with a large number of birds and beasts. Su Ming carefully went into the valley and surveyed his surroundings. His surroundings were quiet, and there were a lot of cracks on the mountain stones. Plants had made their home within those cracks.

He swept his gaze across the valley and a white stone coin appeared in his hand. Once he held it in his right hand, he made a sign, and all within the circumference of 1,000 feet appeared in his mind in an instant. All the movements of the wind blowing against the grass and the traces of the creatures in the valley appeared profoundly in his head.

Very soon, he focused his gaze on the middle section of the mountain stone towards his right. There was a crack that was not too big. A brief sparkle appeared in his eyes.

Su Ming saw two big eagles inside the crack. It was clear that the birds treated the place as their abode.

"You hid this place well. Is this the cave abode you spoke about?" Su Ming asked flatly.

"It's easy for people to find the resting places of birds and beasts, but it's also very easy for them to overlook them, especially in a secluded remote mountain like this. There are a lot of eagles like these here."

He Feng's voice appeared with a cautious tone in Su Ming's head.

Su Ming focused his entire Branding Art on the crack. After careful observation, he noticed nothing out of place. Only then did he charge into the crack. In an instant, he entered the crack, startling the two eagles inside. They flew up and were about to screech when Su Ming used the Branding Art to stab their heads. They struggled out of the crack and fell into the valley unconscious.

Su Ming went to the right side of the cave and crouched down. He looked at the ground and smacked his right hand down. The moment he struck, the ground trembled and cracked open. There was a jade box the size of a palm hidden within.

There was nothing unusual about the jade box, only some decorative patterns were carved on the box. Su Ming did not pick it up immediately, but chose to observe it for a few moments. However, his expression gradually became more serious with each passing moment.

The box was also created from stone coins.

‘The great treasure left behind by Han Mountain Tribe’s ancestor... just what is it..?’

Su Ming sat down and looked at the box. He had asked He Feng about the treasure before.

However, He Feng’s answer was rather ambiguous. He had opened it once, but only saw a ray of virescent light. Once the virescent light disappeared, the box also closed up on its own. After

that, no matter how much he tried opening it, he could not.

He was also worried that he would die because he did not have the power to control the treasure. That was why after careful consideration, he hid the treasure over here, thinking that he would try opening it once again after he Transcended.

Chapter 137: A Difference In Treatment

Su Ming calmed his breathing and looked at the seemingly normal stone box before him with sparkling eyes. He sat down in the cave abode that once belonged to He Feng, feeling nervous.

He was looking forward to the item inside the stone box. He wanted to know what caused Lake of Colors Tribe, Puqiang Tribe, and Tranquil East Tribe to rebel all those years ago. He wanted to know what was the last of the four great treasures wrested by the tribes.

The four great treasures had made the three tribes massacre a tribe. Now, the last of these treasures was desired by Xuan Lun and wanted by Han Fei Zi.

They did not even dare spread the news out. This made Su Ming even more nervous.

‘This thing originally wouldn’t have fallen into my hands...’ Su Ming thought in his heart.

He only came here due to a strange coincidence. He Feng’s schemes dragged him into this vortex little by little: from avoiding Xuan Lun, to snatching He Feng’s body, to the various face offs he had with He Feng, and finally with the battle against Han Fei Zi.

Up till then, he had not obtained the true location of this place. The place that He Feng had mentioned before was completely different from the location Su Ming discovered now.

Only when He Feng became his slave did Su Ming obtain the true location of the treasure and came to this place.

A complicated look appeared on Su Ming's face when he looked at the stone box before him. Over the past year, he may have not experienced a lot of things, but the troubles caused by that incident were great. When he thought about it, he would sigh in sadness.

Su Ming took in a deep breath and quelled his emotions. He lifted his right hand and slowly placed it on the box. He was about to pick it up, but when his right hand touched the stone box, a sharp scream came out from within the stone box immediately. That screaming sound contained a powerful penetrating force that caused a layer of invisible ripples to spread outwards the moment it began.

Rumbling sounds echoed around him, and on the walls of the mountain cave, an innumerable amount of cracks appeared in an instant. The cracks ran deep. There were some that even extended right through the mountain stone, and sunlight shone through these cracks.

That was not all. With the stone box acting as the center, the ground around Su Ming also let out rumbling sounds, and cracks also appeared before spreading throughout the entire mountain cave.

The sudden change made Su Ming's heart shudder. He Feng, too, was shocked. He was slightly baffled and did not know what had

happened. When he touched the stone box in the past and even opened it, this had not happened.

"Master, this... this is..."

He was afraid that Su Ming would misunderstand and wanted to explain himself.

However, Su Ming ignored him. He closed his eyes instead and sat down cross-legged on the ground. He kept his right hand on the stone box, and only let out a long sigh after a long while.

"I know," Su Ming said in a low tone.

He believed that He Feng would not have known about this. More importantly, when the scream suddenly rang out and caused the mountain cave to be filled with cracks and ravines, no harm was done to him.

There was a scream coming out of the stone box. That scream was piercing He Feng's ears, and he looked as if he could not even maintain his Spirit Body, but to Su Ming, for some reason, that voice... was oddly familiar!

That screaming voice seemed as if it was cheering in excitement, as if after the centuries of being sealed in waiting, the person who could finally awaken it had arrived.

This was a strange feeling, but Su Ming could feel it clearly in his

heart.

He could feel that the item inside the stone box was calling out to him...

His heart raced against his chest, and with each heartbeat, it would cause the item within the stone box to scream even louder until the stone box eventually started trembling. Banging sounds came from within, as if the treasure inside the box wanted to rush out.

Virescent light shone through the slit connecting the stone box and the lid, causing Su Ming's face to be illuminated by it. He Feng went slack jawed in disbelief when he saw this. The moment Su Ming touched the box with his hand, the treasure that belonged to Han Mountain Tribe seemed to gain intelligence and acted in this manner. It made his mind blank and threw him into bewilderment.

He even started to feel a little hurt. That feeling was as if the treasure that his people had been worshiping for centuries had chosen to ignore him, but when an outsider suddenly appeared, the treasure became so excited it was like it had found its owner.

That absurd feeling made He Feng completely stunned.

As the virescent light from the box shone, the screams became stronger, as if they were anxiously urging Su Ming to open the box so that whatever was inside could come out.

Su Ming could feel that the sound was calling out to him more and more strongly. He took a deep breath and with his right hand pressed on the stone box, he patted it, transferring the power of the brand with the method He Feng had taught him.

The stone box trembled and immediately opened.

The moment the lid opened, the virescent light spread out abruptly, enveloping the entire cave abode. At the same time, an even stronger virescent light rushed out from within the box with a scream that whistled in the air. It turned into long virescent arcs and started flying around the cave abode.

A strong piercing sensation rushed forward, causing cracks to fill the entire surface of the walls. That piercing presence made Su Ming's hair stand and his mouth dry up, making him have the misconception that he was facing someone at the Transcendence Realm. The blood veins in his body immediately erupted forth as if wanting to resist against the force. In fact, he even had the vague feeling that the presence was growing stronger and had surpassed the power of Transcendence!

Yet the moment Su Ming's Qi was about to spread out, that virescent light that seemed to be gushing out of the box flashed and charged towards Su Ming. It was so quick that even Su Ming, who was usually fast enough, could not dodge. The moment he was taken aback, the virescent light appeared before the center of his brows as if it had just pierced through space.

Sweat beaded on Su Ming's forehead as he looked at the virescent light. This time, he could distinctly see what the great treasure

was!

It was a sword!

It was a sword that could fly on its own!

It was a completely virescent sword that had a complex picture engraved on it that Su Ming had never seen before!

The sword was only about seven inches long and could be held in his hand. It looked cold and frightening, and a piercing presence came from it. The blade was incredibly sharp and looked as if it could pierce through the center of Su Ming's brows like a leaf, with just one small move.

Su Ming was not the only one nervous. He Feng, too, was anxious. If Su Ming died, he would also die, and more importantly, his fear towards the sword far exceeded Su Ming's fear towards it. In fact, when the sword got closer, he had a feeling as if his Spirit Body was about to crumble, as if he could not withstand the frightening presence of the sword coming closer to him.

It was quiet inside the mountain cave. The only signs of movement came from the virescent light as it flickered. Su Ming sat cross-legged, unmoving. The seven inch small sword floated before the center of his brows. It, too, remained still.

He Feng's body and soul were overwhelmed with terror. This was a terror that he had never experienced before. It was even stronger

than when he had faced death. It was as if he was facing his natural predator. The pressure that came from the sword made He Feng tremble.

Time trickled by. After about the time spent to burn an incense stick later, Su Ming quelled his nervousness. He looked at the small sword before him and was able to tell that there was no ill will coming from it. As he observed it, he had a feeling that it, too, was observing him, as if there was something about him that made it uncertain.

After a long while, as He Feng was strung high with nerves, Su Ming slowly raised his right hand and put his outstretched palm before himself.

The small virescent sword seemed to be hesitating. Suddenly, it let out a flash and left the center of Su Ming's brows. It circled around a few times before charging towards Su Ming's right hand and slowly landing with a whistle!

Only then did Su Ming let out a breath of relief. Excitement appeared in his eyes, and he held up the sword. Yet the moment he did so, he felt a sting of pain in his palm. The sword had broken the skin of his hand with one swift motion, and with a flash of virescent light, it slipped into Su Ming's body through this wound.

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body. When the small virescent sword entered his body, the virescent light scattered and turned into a force that swiftly spread through Su Ming's body.

The moment the force spread out, the souls of the Wings of the Moon that had been hiding inside him crawled out simultaneously. Even He Feng flew out with a scream. He did not dare to get closer to Su Ming.

In He Feng's eyes, Su Ming's hair was moving without wind. His robes were floating on his body while he remained sitting. His expression may have been still, but there was a terrifying presence that seemed to be awakening within him.

It was as if that presence should have belonged to Su Ming right from the start but had been lying dormant. Now, when the small sword crawled into his body, the presence... woke up from its slumber!

Su Ming trembled, but there was no pain on his face. There was only a frown, as if he was not used to the feeling. He could clearly feel that the sword was weaving through his body as if searching for something.

Virescent light shone out from his body, causing Su Ming to look as if he was enveloped in green.

Yet at that very moment, violent shudders suddenly shook his body. An indescribable pain suddenly rose up inside him like a tidal wave, possibly due to the little sword having found its place. It let out a sword aura as if ready to pierce through Su Ming's body. That sword aura traveled through him and forcefully opened a path of blood and flesh inside him!

A course seemed to originally have existed for that path, but it was blocked in Su Ming's body. Perhaps it would have never been cleared, but now, as the sword aura moved through the path, it also forcefully broke past the originally sealed path inside him.

A bang resounded through Su Ming's head. As he trembled, blood flowed out of his skin. A line of blood veins that should not exist in the body of a Berserker appeared on him. The line surrounded his entire body, starting from his abdomen and ending on his head.

The small virescent sword swam through the line several times before it finally appeared on Su Ming's head. Su Ming could feel its presence, but there was no pain. Instead, as the line was cleared, a warm, comfortable feeling spread through his entire body. It also seemed to be largely different from before. Even if he had his eyes closed and did not make the sign to maintain the Branding Art, in his heart, he could feel an entire area... of a circumference of 2,000 feet clearly!

The mark of a sword gradually appeared on his forehead. A mighty presence came out from it as it shone.

He Feng watched Su Ming by the side with a dumbfounded expression. He still could not understand why his own treasure would treat him and Su Ming so differently when they opened the stone box.

Thankfully, he was now a Spirit Body, or else he might have possibly coughed out a mouthful of blood under a fit of distress caused by incomprehension and disgruntlement.

Chapter 138: The Later Stage Of The Blood Solidification Realm

Su Ming opened his eyes. For the first time, his eyes shone with a profoundness that looked as clear as ancient stars. He might be sitting inside the cave abode, but it made He Feng feel as if Su Ming had blended together with his surroundings. He could see Su Ming, but he could barely sense him.

Su Ming's eyes especially made He Feng's heart shudder. He had never even seen those eyes on Xuan Lun. Only a prodigy like Han Fei Zi could obtain this sort of feeling that made people feel as if they were drawn in when they looked into their eyes.

"Master?"

He Feng was very nervous. As he looked at Su Ming, sharp pain wrecked his entire body. It was as if there was a swift and fierce presence coming out from Su Ming's entire body. He could not help himself but be afraid.

Su Ming turned his head and looked at He Feng. The moment his gaze met with He Feng's, tremors suddenly shook the latter's body. He floated dozens of feet away instinctively, as if his body was about to crumble. He even felt as if a sharp arrow pierced through his heart. All his thoughts were exposed the moment Su Ming looked at him, and he could hide nothing.

"Mas... Master..."

Su Ming smiled faintly. The pressure coming from his body immediately dissipated, his eyes also calmed down and returned to normal. He moved his body, standing up and letting out a long breath.

"Let's go."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and grabbed He Feng's Spirit Body. Immediately, He Feng was absorbed into Su Ming's body along with the cheering souls of Wings of the Moon.

However, this time, there was no need for the souls of Wings of the Moon to be wary of He Feng. He Feng was docile, remaining still inside Su Ming's body. He once again felt the small sword and its pressure. Amidst his fear, he grew to be respectful towards Su Ming.

This sort of respect stemmed from Su Ming's mysteriousness. Up till now, He Feng still could not understand why his people's treasure would act as if it met its long lost owner the moment it saw Su Ming.

He Feng could not even predict Su Ming's level of cultivation. He did not know how many blood veins Su Ming had, but he could vaguely guess that with the shining virescent small sword, even if he met Xuan Lun, he could still fight against him without losing.

Su Ming walked out of the mountain cave. It was already noon. The sun was bright and felt warm against his skin. He stood

outside. As he looked at the blue sky and the white clouds, a sparkle appeared in his eyes.

‘Chances are hidden within danger... This time, to obtain this sword, I had to face danger. But it’s all worth it!’

Su Ming lifted his right hand and touched the center of his brows. The mark of the sword was still flashing on the center of his brows, but as Su Ming touched it, the flashes became slower, and then disappeared altogether a moment later.

‘This sword gives me an intimate feeling. It doesn’t reject me either... Also, that red meadow absorbs other people’s Qi, making it hard for them to maintain it, but not for me. In fact, it makes me feel safe when I stay inside it...

‘These two things are the legacy left behind by Han Mountain Tribe’s ancestor... Could it be that I’m somehow connected to him..?’

Su Ming closed his eyes and felt the wind against him as he remained unmoving at the entrance of the cave.

‘This sword... opened up a path of flesh and blood within my body. This path... should be able to let me absorb the power from the world necessary to maintain the Branding Art!’

Su Ming opened his eyes. This was the greatest reward for him from this incident besides the small sword. As he stood there, he

could feel wisps of aura flowing towards him from all around him and crawling in through his pores. However, they were only flowing in like a small stream as of then, though if he continued like this, some day, the flow would definitely come crashing in like tidal waves.

‘This is a practice different from the practice of Qi... I trained to gather my blood to turn it into the power of blood veins so that my body would become stronger and I would obtain incredible physical strength. That is what is meant by Blood Solidification.

‘This practice is obviously not of blood veins, but one that is connected to the aura that exists in the world. If that’s the case, then I’ll call this practice Aura Convergence!

‘Blood Solidification allows me to have endless power and use my blood to cast various Berserker Arts. There may only be two uses for Aura Convergence now, but it’s really strong!’

Su Ming did not make any signs, neither did he hold any stone coins, but with just one thought, everything that existed within the circumference of 2,000 feet appeared in his mind.

At the same time, the mark of the sword that had dissipated flashed once again at the center of Su Ming’s brows. The moment the virescent light appeared, the small sword charged out of Su Ming’s brows like a bolt of lightning to the distance. It traveled so quickly it could not be seen with the naked eye.

Virescent arcs surrounded Su Ming in an area of 2,000 feet. They

continued moving but were limited to that area of 2,000 feet. Once they left the area, the virescent light would become dull, as if no longer able to fly in a stable condition.

Yet to Su Ming, those 2,000 feet were enough.

However, using that small sword was not an easy task. In the span of just a few breaths, he began to feel his head hurting and his vision blur. The Aura that accumulated after much difficulty in the path that was just cleared inside his body instantly emptied out, causing the area of 2,000 feet to continuously shrink in his head, a telling sign that it was due to large drainage.

‘Five breaths is just right for me. If I go over that time, it’ll be hard for me to withstand it.’

Su Ming quickly called the small sword back to the center of his brows. His head was hurting badly at that moment, but he could not increase the rate of his absorption of the aura around him. He could only absorb it slowly into his body and store it in that path.

‘This practice where I gather the aura around me should not be so slow. Perhaps it’s because I don’t have a method to absorb it that I’m currently like this.

‘But... Han Mountain Tribe’s ancestor might have a method to increase the absorption rate.’

Su Ming touched the storage bag in his bosom with his right

hand, and a white stone coin immediately appeared in his hand. When he held it, he could clearly feel that there was the same presence within the stone coin, and it was being quickly absorbed into his body. As he absorbed the aura, he could feel his headache disappearing and his head returning to normal.

However, that white stone coin became slightly duller.

‘No wonder Han Fei Zi and Xuan Lun are after this. If I can coordinate this completely different practice with Blood Solidification, then my power will be... Looks like I should really go to the grave of Han Mountain Tribe’s ancestor...’

Su Ming moved forward and left the mountain cave. He did not turn back but dashed into the deeper parts of the remote mountain.

‘The effects of Mountain Spirit are gone, and I’ve finished taking in all the Berserker Blood. Now, I have sufficient Qi, and my blood veins have increased a lot. This is the time for the burning of blood! If I succeed, then my power will increase once again. From then onwards, I will no longer be a weakling. If I battle with all my power with the help of the small sword, Aura Convergence, and the souls of Wings of the Moon, then would I... still lose to those in Transcendence?’

Expectation and resolution filled Su Ming’s face.

Su Ming continued charging nonstop for nearly half a month. By then, Han Mountain Tribe was already far behind him. He had

arrived at a spacious place. The sky was very blue, mountains and mountain ranges were dispersed all over the land, and there were only cries of birds and beasts that could be heard. There were no signs of people around.

This was a desolate place, and it was the place Su Ming chose for his isolation. He would perform the fifth burning of blood here and increase the blood veins in his body once again.

During the burning of blood, a change would fall upon the sky and earth, but at this place were few people traveled, the possibility of people noticing that change would be largely reduced.

Su Ming sat on one of the peaks of the mountain ranges for seven days. During these seven days, he did not move. He simply immersed himself in the circulation of his Qi while he waited for the full moon.

Another three days passed by. When night fell, the sky was dark, but in the sky was the moon, and the moon was not in a crescent shape but round!

The moment the full moon arrived, Su Ming, who had been sitting at the place for ten days, opened his eyes. He Feng had already been covered by the brand inside Su Ming's body. He could not see what was happening outside.

Su Ming did not want anyone to know about his secret.

The shadow of the moon was reflected in his eyes. He lifted his head and looked at the full moon in the sky. Taking in a deep breath, he circulated his Qi abruptly.

Banging sounds reverberated through his surroundings.

This was the first time Su Ming let out all of his Qi after absorbing all the Berserker Blood.

400 blood veins instantly covered Su Ming's body. Red light flashed brilliantly and dyed the summit in red. Su Ming's expression was grave. As the shadow of the moon became clearer in his eyes, more blood veins appeared from within his body once again.

The number of blood veins increased from 400 to 460. They covered his entire body densely, causing the blood-red light around him to become stronger.

But this was not yet Su Ming at his peak. He took a deep breath and red filled the whites of his eyes instantly. That red was not due to anger or excitement, but because Su Ming's Qi had reached its peak. As he circulated his Qi, it caused his eyes to be filled with blood, which was why his eyes were bloodshot.

This was followed suit by more blood veins appearing on his body once again. 470, 480, 490... and when the number reached 510, a mighty presence erupted forth from Su Ming's body.

This was his peak after absorbing all the Berserker Blood! Originally, the Berserker Blood would not have created such a huge effect. But the reason why Su Ming could increase such a large amount of blood veins was due to the large amount of Mountain Spirit that he had consumed over the years.

Even if Mountain Spirit had lost its effects, the residue lying dormant in his body still contained some effects. Under the incentive provided by the Berserker Blood, his body seemed to have been cleansed, and his potential was largely developed. That was why there was such a shocking effect.

After the eighth stage of the Blood Solidification Realm, there was no longer a set amount of blood veins required to reach the ninth, tenth, and 11th levels. However, any Berserker that manifested more than 500 veins could be said to have reached the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm.

Even if the designation given to them was the same, there was still a difference in every person in reality. 500 blood veins were considered the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm, 781 blood veins were also considered the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm, and 900 blood veins were still considered the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm. Even if a Berserker manifested 949 blood veins, he would still be known as having reached the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm.

Only those who manifested more than 950 blood veins would be known to have reached completion of the Blood Solidification Realm! However, these people were rare. And those who could manifest more than 980 blood veins, they would be given the

legendary title of great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm, but these people were rare even in big tribes.

All of Su Ming's Qi appeared. He looked at the moon in the sky. There was fire within his eyes, and his entire body seemed to be burning. From the distance, he looked like a man of fire.

His expression was calm as he lifted his right hand slowly. Once he bit his finger and blood flowed out, he placed his finger on his left eye with one swift motion. That blood touched the fire and ignited Su Ming's convictions of a powerful Berserker.

The burning of blood began at this moment!

Chapter 139: Egress

The sun rose and set. Clouds came and went. Five months passed by in the blink of an eye.

During these five months, drastic changes happened multiple times in these remote mountains. Sometimes, the land would shake, and numerous birds and beasts would scatter far away, as if the place had turned into a forbidden land.

There were also a large number of trees that suddenly turned white and withered away as if they had lost all their life, becoming dried husks. The area where the trees were affected was wide as well, covering almost a spherical area of dozens of li.

From the sky, the land exposed under the withered trees was covered in innumerable cracks, as if there was a drought in the place. This strange sight was incredibly rare in the Land of South Morning. Rain was abundant in the region. By right, drought should not happen.

However, there was something more shocking than this. Every single time the full moon appeared on this land, howling would start. These howls did not seem to be made by humans, and they were difficult to hear with one's ears. Only those who had a certain level of cultivation could be able to feel them if they came near the place.

These howls would become incredibly loud during full moon nights, and a lot of moonlight would descend upon the place then.

Hot air would also rise into the sky from the ravines on the ground, as if the entire remote mountain was being burned and roasted.

It was evening. In this area that seemed like a forbidden place, four figures appeared. These four people were very cautious, and they did not move forward. The leader of the group was an old man. He wore a blue robe, and his body was thin and dry. His frame was big, and his entire body exuded a sullen presence.

Behind him were two men and a woman. They did not have the same presence as the old man, especially the woman. Compared to the sullenness of the old man, she was very beautiful.

"Father, is this the place you spoke about?" Behind the old man, a middle-aged man in his forties spoke cautiously.

"That's right. Two months ago, I passed by this place and saw the strange sights that happened here. Most of the plants here have withered and lost their vitality. Even the land itself has dried up. If I'm not wrong, then this phenomenon should mean that a treasure is about to be born!"

The old man's eyes were ghastly as he spoke slowly. His level of cultivation was remarkable. He might not have reached Transcendence, but he was already in the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm.

As for the other three people behind him, two were at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. The third middle-aged man

was at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

"I did not tell any of our people about the strangeness of this place. Our status in the tribe is normal, and we do not have the right to go into the holy land during the Day of Eternal Creation. This has to do with me being unable to Transcend with my level of cultivation. I've placed my hope on you. If I can obtain this treasure, perhaps it will do you good.

"The Day of Eternal Creation is near. Fog has started surrounding the entire Land of South Morning. The tribe is busy making preparations to enter the holy land, they won't notice our movements."

The old man looked at the land in the distance. It was evening. There was a thin layer of fog far ahead. If they looked down at the earth from a high place, they would see that a large amount of fog was coming out and covering an endless area in the Land of South Morning.

The man took a deep breath and nodded.

"As for Dao Er and Shan Er, you two can follow behind. There might not be any aura of death coming out of this place, but the withered trees have lost their vitality. The aura of death is within them, you two can absorb them into your bodies. It'll be good for you."

The old man looked at the sky and spoke in a low tone.

"Every single time night arrives in this place, there will be a change. I went in once after observing it for a few days, but I stopped after I traveling in 10,000 feet. However, with the tribe's Death Essence Pearl, I should be able to venture deep within."

There was an eager look in the old man's eyes.

"Father..." The middle-aged man by his side looked rather hesitant. He cast a glance at the old man before saying with a low tone, "Father, this might not be due to a treasure appearing, but a senior training in this place. If our assumption is wrong, then..."

"Haha, it's good that you have your worries. I thought about that too before, but when I entered this place last time, I did not meet with any misfortune. More importantly, the plants and the earth have only lost their vitality, but the aura of death did not spread out. If that senior is truly training in this place and caused such a huge change, why would he not use this aura of death?

"This phenomenon can only be explained by the birth of a treasure."

As the old man spoke, dusk went by. The entire sky darkened. The crescent moon appeared in the sky, and moonlight shined onto the ground.

"Don't think so much. We will go now!"

The old man took a deep breath and led them into the withered

forest. Behind him, the middle-aged man followed cautiously. As for the two youngsters, they followed behind with excitement as they continuously absorbed the aura of death from the trees that had lost their vitality. Their expressions were becoming more and more eager.

They did not move fast. As they walked through the dead forest, the sight of the cracked earth and withered plants entered their sights. The old man may have looked unaffected, but the middle-aged man was gradually covered in sweat.

‘If it was just withered plants, it wouldn’t be so strange, but the land is also cracked badly... The land itself here has lost its vitality, and this has become a great place for us from Puqiang Tribe to train. If I could just train here... It’s a pity the aura of death is not lively here. It loses to the area in the tribe...’

The middle-aged man took in a deep breath and gave up on the thought. Instead, he too became eager to find the treasure.

As for the male and female youngsters, they were stupefied. They were no longer excited or eager, they were beginning to feel nervous.

At that moment, howls suddenly came from one of the summits in the distance. The howls were sharp, and normal people could not hear them. Only those with a certain level of power could do so.

The old man’s expression changed. It was clear that he heard the

howls. As for the middle-aged man, he could vaguely hear them. His Qi was circulating uncontrollably, causing his heart to race.

If he was in this kind of state, then it was even more so for the two youngsters. The faces of these people were pale. They may not have heard the howls, but they had a feeling as if their hearts were being torn apart.

The old man let out a cold harrumph and brought out a black pearl from his bosom with his right hand. The moment the pearl appeared, the area was instantly filled with a black air that flew out from the plants and the earth. It charged towards the pearl and gathered within, turning into a screen of black light that enveloped the four people.

"I came up to this place last time. Now, with the Death Essence Pearl, we should be fine, or else that howling will become stronger and it'll be an annoyance."

As the old man spoke, he continued moving forward.

The three people behind followed after him quickly. Under the protection of the screen of black light, they gradually moved into the deeper parts of the land, towards where the mountain was.

Under the moonlight, the mountain was obscured and could not be seen clearly, but even with the screen standing between them and the howls, they still traveled inside, coming from the mountain.

"The treasure must be at the peak of the mountain!"

The old man quelled his excitement and took a few quick steps forward, bringing the other three behind him into the mountain as they moved quickly towards the top of the mountain.

The top was barren. The plants here had long since withered into ashes. Numerous cracks covered the entire mountain, causing it to look ghastly. Yet the old man did not take note of these. As he continued moving forward, they soon reached the obscured part of the mountain.

Yet at that moment, the old man suddenly faltered. The middle-aged man behind him paled in an instant, and a dismayed look appeared on his face. At the summit located 100 feet away from them was no treasure but a person sitting cross-legged!

They could see the figure of the person before them clearly. His face was obscured, but even so, a strong presence covered the surroundings, causing the old man and the middle-aged man's hearts to race uncontrollably. This was not due to agitation, but anxiety.

In fact, the space around the person seemed to be twisting, and the howls were coming out from the twisted space.

The old man's pupils shrank. Stunned, he was about to retreat, but at that moment, right before their eyes, the obscured figure sitting cross-legged opened his eyes unhurriedly.

There was an aloof look within that profound gaze. With a freezing glance, the figure looked at the old man, and a banging sound rounded in the old man's head. His Qi began circulating uncontrollably in his body. He quickly retreated and grabbed the pale-faced middle-aged man who looked as if he was struck by lightning as well as the two youngsters who could not withstand the pressure brought about by that gaze along with him as he withdrew.

Yet when they had retreated to a distance not even 500 feet away, the four people trembled as a fierce, invisible presence appeared out of nowhere and locked onto them. Lots of moonlight descended around them, causing a huge sense of danger to fill their hearts.

‘Transcendence. This person is definitely a powerful Berserker at the Transcendence Realm, or else he wouldn't be able to exude such great power with his gaze alone...’

The old man stopped and cold sweat broke out on his skin. He had a feeling that if he continued retreating, he would definitely die!

"Senior, I am from Puqiang Tribe. Please forgive my transgressions..."

The old man quickly wrapped his fist in his other hand towards the person sitting at the summit. His expression was respectful, even though he was nervous.

It was quiet all around them. The howls that he felt had also disappeared. Time passed by in this silence, causing the four people to become increasingly more nervous.

"Puqiang Tribe... Leave behind that pearl in your hands and go!"

Amidst the silence, the old man felt as if years passed by. When he heard the person's words, he took off the black pearl without any hesitation and placed it by his side before quickly bringing the other three people to withdraw. His heart raced against his chest with a feeling as if he had just escaped death by a hair's breadth.

Even after they ran out of the withered area, they continued running for several hours before slowing down. The old man's face was pale. He turned his head back and a fearful look appeared on his face. To him, what had just happened was a life and death situation.

The middle-aged man beside him was also breathing rapidly. He looked at the old man and asked in a whisper, "Father, is he... is he a Transcended Berserker?"

"He's not just a normal powerful Berserker who Transcended. He should be at the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm!" the old man said after hesitating for a moment.

"Middle stage of the Transcendence Realm? Then isn't he at the same level as the Elder? There are only three Berserkers who are at the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm in Han Mountain City..."

The middle-aged man took in a sharp breath.

The other two youngsters beside him were also shocked, and lingering fear swarmed their senses.

"Don't spread this out. We can't provoke powerful Berserkers like these. We're fortunate that this person was not interested in killing us, or else..."

A shudder ran through the old man's heart. He quickly swallowed his words and led the other three people away.

Su Ming sat quietly at the summit. In his hands, he held a black pearl. The pearl was the item left behind by the old man. He held the pearl for a long while before putting it away in his storage bag and standing up.

"The fifth burning of blood makes people fall into deep sleep..." Su Ming mumbled and lifted his head to look at the land in the distance. It might have been dark, but he could still see that there was a layer of fog covering the land.

"Master, you've slept for more than five months... The Day of Eternal Creation is around the corner. The entire Land of South Morning will be covered in mist during the next few days..." He Feng cautiously said in Su Ming's mind.

His contact with the outside world might have been limited

during these five months, but as Su Ming fell into deep sleep and he could not leave Su Ming's body, he could still feel that Su Ming was gradually becoming stronger. This strength made He Feng terrified, and the youth became even more enigmatic in his eyes.

Chapter 140: Visiting Tranquil East

Su Ming's expression did not change. He sat at the summit calmly as he looked at the fog in the distance. The fog may have seemed thin, but because it had covered an area so vast, its end could not be seen. It left people the impression that they were in a sea of fog.

This special weather was one Su Ming had never experienced. He had been in Dark Mountain for more than ten years, but besides morning, it was rare for fog to cover the land, much less an area so huge.

"The Day of Eternal Creation..."

Su Ming lowered his head. His long hair covered his face, and he sat there unmoving, as if he had once again fallen into deep sleep.

He Feng hesitated for a moment before he eventually spoke in a low tone. "Mas... Master, the Day of Eternal Creation is the day where the three tribes will open the tunnel to Han Mountain City. We can't make it there in time now."

Su Ming did not speak. Only when another hour passed by and the fog became thicker did he lifted his head. He rose unhurriedly and stood at the summit, his hair lifted by a breeze. As they flew behind his head, a faint scar was revealed on his face.

He looked at the fog that covered the land and placed his right hand into his bosom, taking out a black, hooded long-robe. Once

he replaced his wrinkled clothes, he brought out another item from his storage bag.

It was the black mask. Su Ming put it on.

The moment he did so, his presence changed abruptly, making him seem as if he was not there. Unless someone directly searched for him, they would be hard pressed to take notice of him. The mask was black, giving Su Ming a ghastly and uncanny air.

His expression could not be seen, and neither could his face. Only his indifferent gaze shone out of the two holes where the eyes were on the mask. Su Ming's long hair and head were both hidden within the hood of his black robes. Only the eerie black mask was revealed, giving him an enigmatic presence.

When He Feng saw Su Ming, he was stunned. For some unknown reason, he had a feeling that he had seen this Su Ming some place before, but before he had time to think about it, Su Ming had already begun moving.

When he first came to this place, while Su Ming might not have used his full speed, he still needed half a month for the traveling. Now, as he went back through the boundless fog, he only used six days!

In six days, he arrived to Han Mountain City's territory from his isolation spot. He might not have arrived in Han Mountain City itself, but he was not far from the place.

As he traveled forth, the fog in the region became thicker. He could no longer see into the distance. Everything in sight was covered by the fog. These days, the birds and the beasts hid themselves, as if they did not dare to venture out.

The entire land was quiet. The only sound came from Su Ming as he blasted forward.

Another three days passed by. Su Ming continued running towards Han Mountain City with a speed so quick it made He Feng rife with suppositions.

On the third day, Su Ming stood at the same summit as when he had first went to Han Mountain City, and looked at the city shrouded by fog and the three mountains surrounding it. A gleam appeared in his eyes, and he moved towards the mountain where Tranquil East Tribe was located.

The mountain of Tranquil East Tribe was shrouded by fog, but it only surrounded the borders of the mountain. The fog was comparably thin within the mountain, and there was some visibility in the area.

The mountain was huge and rose high above the ground. As the mountain was currently shrouded by fog, it made all those who looked up from the foot of it to feel as if they were miniscule in comparison.

Su Ming stood at the foot of the mountain to Tranquil East Tribe. He lifted his head to observe the mountain for a few moments.

Before him was a stairway that was about 100 feet in breadth which spanned all the way to the top of the mountain.

This was the only way to Tranquil East Tribe.

‘I broke my promise to meet Fang Mu, so I have to come here.’

Su Ming averted his gaze and lowered his head as he moved towards the steps.

The moment his foot landed on the stairs leading to Tranquil East Tribe, a great pressure landed upon him. This pressure did not belong to any Berserker but was the pressure of the mountain itself. At the same time, a mighty voice traveled out languidly from within the mountain.

"Halt! Tranquil East Tribe is closed off for a month and refuses all visitors!"

Su Ming paused in his footsteps. His gaze was calm as he looked at the stairway leading straight to the top of the mountain. He could feel that the pressure contained an unquestionable might. If he opposed this might, then it was equivalent to him declaring the entire Tranquil East Tribe his enemy.

"Master... We should leave. This is the power emitted by the Berserker protector statue from Tranquil East Tribe. It protects the entire mountain. The Day of Eternal Creation is near. Tranquil East Tribe is definitely high on guard. They won't allow any

outsiders coming into their tribe...

"We shouldn't trespass... If you want to enter the tunnel of Han Mountain City, I have a method to help you." He Feng quickly said.

He knew just how strong the three tribes of Han Mountain were nowadays. If it were him, he would definitely not come here, but would instead use other methods to enter the tunnel of Han Mountain.

"Master, don't take the risk.... We can't intrude into this place."

When He Feng saw that Su Ming was ignoring him, he quickly spoke once again. He was worried that Su Ming was young and did not have enough experience. Trespassing into Tranquil East Tribe was a meaningless act to him. Not only would he be injured by it, he might even enrage Tranquil East Tribe and not get anything out of it.

Su Ming fell silent. After a long while, he averted his gaze from the stairway.

"I made my decision," Su Ming said unhurriedly and lifted his foot towards the stairway.

The moment his foot landed the second time on the stairs, a booming sound seemingly echoed from the mountain. The mighty voice traveled outwards once again.

"Trespassers will have their powers destroyed, be expelled from Han Mountain, and their safety will no longer be our concern!"

The mighty voice gradually dissipated, but the pressure from the mountain became stronger in an instant, causing the fog around Su Ming to scatter as if it was avoiding the pressure.

"Master!"

He Feng could not understand. He was just about to advise Su Ming against his actions when he moved once again and continued walking up the stairway.

He Feng could not understand Su Ming's actions. In his mind, sneaking into the tunnel of Han Mountain unnoticed was the best solution to the problem. This was related to his status. He did not want to expose his true identity and cause more unwanted trouble.

However, Su Ming did not harbor that thought. The three tribes of Han Mountain had been in control of Han Mountain Tribe for hundreds of years. They had entered the hidden grounds multiple times, and it was impossible for them to enter the place with an uncertain amount of people with how cautious the three tribes were.

Not only would their numbers be fixed, they might also know each other. If that was the case, once they encountered someone they did not know in the grave, then they would definitely attack the stranger together.

Once this happened, then he would definitely become the mortal enemy of the three tribes. In fact, this sort of sneaking around was even worse than Su Ming intruding on Tranquil East Tribe now. If he was discovered, it was the same as forcing himself into a dead end. Even if he could escape with the mask concealing his true identity, there would still be a possibility for his identity to be revealed.

That was the true risk!

He Feng could choose that path. After all, he had a trade with Han Fei Zi before this. He was also the only tribe member left of Han Mountain Tribe. It was not surprising that he knew of other methods to enter the grave. However, Su Ming was an outsider. If he chose to take that path, it would be too dangerous for him.

"I'm still going in no matter the method. Instead of taking a risk and sneaking around, I might as well go in with pride and dignity!" Su Ming's said.

With his mind set, he stood where he was and took a deep breath before letting his voice travel to the top of the mountain.

"I, Mo, have come to visit the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe."

His voice boomed and traveled through the surroundings and to the top of the mountain, causing a large amount of echoes to reverberate around the mountain for a long time.

Time passed by slowly until the pressure from the mountain suddenly disappeared. A faint smile appeared on Su Ming's face and he lifted his feet to walk up the stairs.

Tranquil East Tribe was a middle-sized tribe. There were a lot of people in the tribe. The mountain itself was part of the tribe and filled the entire area. As Su Ming walked in, he saw quite a number of people from Tranquil East Tribe looking at him coldly, but they did not come forth to stop him.

To be exact, the mountain did not have a summit. The top of the mountain was flat, as if the summit was sliced off. There were buildings built on it and around it, forming a tribe in the mountain.

There was also a large empty space in the mountain side. Buildings were erected on the mountain side as if they were entrenched on the mountain, and those buildings were erected along the mountain up to the very top.

It was clear that this was not the only territory belonging to Tranquil East Tribe. As Su Ming stood there, he could see the faint contours of other summits in the distance from where he stood in the fog.

Before Su Ming was a teenager. It was Fang Mu. When he saw Su Ming, he was first stunned. He had never seen Su Ming's true face before. When he saw the mask, he became uncertain.

"Senior Mo?" Fang Mu took a step backward and looked at Su

Ming warily.

"Lead the way," Su Ming's hoarse voice traveled forth.

When he heard the voice, Fang Mu let out a breath of relief. Respect appeared on his face, and he wrapped his fist around his palm in a greeting towards Su Ming.

"Senior, you asked me to visit you half a year later, but when I went there, you were not around..." As Fang Mu led the way, he spoke to Su Ming with a put out voice.

"I had some matters that took up my time. That's why I decided to come straight to your tribe."

There was laughter in Su Ming's voice. As he looked at the people from Tranquil East Tribe and the unique buildings, he could not help but remember Dark Mountain.

As they moved forward, some tribe members greeted Fang Mu kindly, but when they saw Su Ming, their expressions turned aloof.

Su Ming observed the tribe, noticing that there were a lot of Berserkers among the people of Tranquil East Tribe. The number of people who had reached the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm also surpassed Wind Stream by quite a large number.

Not much time passed by. Under Fang Mu's guidance and

introductions, Su Ming was brought to a tower that was built within the mountain. The tower was hundreds of feet tall, had three floors, and exuded a great presence. From the distance, it looked like the head of a gigantic wild beast roaring towards the sky ferociously.

"My father is inside. He asked me to bring you here..."

Fang Mu stopped outside the tower. After a moment of hesitation, he whispered to Su Ming by his side.

"Senior, my aunt is back... She's from Freezing..."

Before Fang Mu could finish speaking, a cold harrumph from a man traveled out from within the tower.

Fang Mu swallowed his words and laughed sheepishly before taking a few steps backwards.

"Brother Mo, my son was rude, don't mind him. Please come up here and speak."

A middle-aged man who looked somewhat similar to Fang Mu appeared from within the tower and looked at Su Ming with a smile.

Chapter 141: Guest

The middle-aged man wore a virescent robe. He had a smile on his face, and he was built tall and strong. As he stood there, he looked like a small hill. His arms were long. Even if his Qi was not emitted, there was still a looming might coming from him.

As he looked at Su Ming, Su Ming too, observed him.

"It's fine. I like Fang Mu," Su Ming said calmly and moved forward. There were about dozens of steps between him and Fang Mu's father. As he walked forward, the distance gradually shortened.

Yet the closer he came, the more clearly he could feel the pressure from the man gradually becoming stronger. When they were just five steps away from each other, that pressure arrived at its strongest.

This was a test, a clear test with no intention of being hidden. The man stood there and looked at Su Ming moving towards him with a smile.

This tower was the domain of the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe. Only powerful Berserkers could step foot in there. The same applied for those in the tribe. Those who were not outstanding could only remain outside.

When he was nine steps away from the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, Su Ming suddenly took a big step forward with his right

foot. That step alone breached a distance of ten feet, and he arrived within the five steps of the tribe leader. The tribe leader's robes suddenly expanded, causing Su Ming's footstep to falter, as if he could not place his foot down.

He looked as if he was about to withdraw.

Yet at that moment, a strange light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He met the tribe leader's gaze and the man's body swayed. A sharp pain suddenly appeared in his head, and he had no choice but to lessen the pressure coming from his body.

The moment he lessened the pressure, Su Ming's foot landed.

"I, Mo Su, greet the tribe leader of Tranquil East."

Su Ming wrapped his fist around his palm and bowed towards the man before him.

The expression of the man in virescent robes remained the same, and he took one step back, making a way to the tower. He too wrapped his fist around his palm towards Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, this might be our first meeting, but the moment I saw you, it is as if I met an old friend. If you don't mind, you can call me Fang Shen. Come, brother Mo, this way!"

Fang Shen let out a boisterous laugh and a friendly look appeared on his face.

"Brother Fang, if you please!"

Su Ming nodded and walked into the tower with Fang Shen.

Fang Mu let out a sigh of relief in his heart when he saw that scene from a distance. It was rare for him to see his father treat others this way, so it was clear that senior Mo had once again obtained his father's approval. He pondered over it for a moment and chose not to leave, but instead waited outside the door.

The inside of the tower was decorated in a simple manner. There were not a lot of luxurious items around, giving it a natural feeling. Everything inside was made of stone. Once Fang Shen invited Su Ming to sit at a stone table, he personally brought out some herbs. After boiling them in hot water, he poured the liquid into a cup and placed it before Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, thank you for treating my son's injuries over the years. I have nothing to repay you with. This Grass Wood Leaf may be precious, but it's still not enough to be served to you. I hope you don't mind."

Fang Shen looked at Su Ming with gratitude.

Su Ming looked at the leaves floating in the hot water in the cup on the table. It looked very normal, but this was not the first time Su Ming saw something like this. He had seen the elder drinking a similar liquid with Jing Nan when he was by the elder's side in Wind Stream Tribe, and he also took note of some of the actions

the elder did when he drank this liquid.

"Fang Mu's injuries have been lying in his body for many years. I've only slightly lessened their effects."

Su Ming might be looking now like how he usually acted, but in truth, he was rather nervous. He could already tell the tribe leader's power from that instant before. This person might not have Transcended, but there were 900 something blood veins within his body.

By right, it should not be a problem if this man wanted to Transcend, but he had yet to, which meant that he was aiming higher. He wanted to wait till he obtained the full number for his blood veins before he Transcended. If that was the case, then even if he was just at the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm, he could still fight against those at the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm.

The blood veins were like a foundation. The more blood veins a Berserker had, the stronger the foundation was. The moment he let it all out, the effects would be shocking.

However, this was not the reason why Su Ming was nervous. He was nervous because since young, and even after he came to the Land of South Morning, he spent most of his time alone. He did not have too much experience conversing with people. It was even rarer for him to be in situations where he had to sit down and enter into talks akin to negotiations.

Besides, even Jing Nan would have to be polite towards this man due to his status.

Fang Shen smiled and grabbed the cup. He took a sip, but he did not like the leaves floating on the surface of the water. When some of the leaves went into his mouth along with the water, he swallowed it.

'This person's power is as hard to ascertain as usual... Let's say he hasn't Transcended, but he has fine control, and his aura is hard to grasp. He also made me feel a strong sense of danger just now.

But if I assume that he has Transcended, he had a lot of trouble with those last five steps. Still, that one gaze just now was terrifying. It alone made me feel as if I was seen through, and it made my Qi unstable...

'This person is mysterious! But why does he seem to be slightly nervous?'

Fang Shen put down the cup and looked at Su Ming.

"We are now nearing the Day of Eternal Creation. The entire Land of South Morning is shrouded in fog, it is also an important moment for the three tribes in Han Mountain. All entry to the tribes has been sealed off, I hope you understand. Why is it that you have come to my tribe?"

Fang Shen spoke with a smile. There was a leaf in his mouth that

he did not manage to swallow. As he spoke, he brought up the cup to his lips once again and swallowed the leaf when he took another sip.

"This thing is really troublesome when I'm trying to drink it. Fang Mu's aunt brought it back, if you're not used to it... Er..."

Fang Shen swallowed his words. He saw Su Ming taking up the cup, and with one light swing of the cup, the tea leaves were scattered skillfully, causing some of them to sink to the bottom, and the others to get stuck to the side of the cup. Naturally, after playing around with it for a while, Su Ming did not drink the liquid, but chose to put down the cup.

Fang Shen immediately noticed that Su Ming had two fingers around the cup and swung it with his palm acting as the center. There was a graceful air in his action, and it made Fang Shen blink.

He saw this same action on his little sister before. In fact, his little sister had even taught him how to drink that liquid and how to hold the cup, but Fang Shen had thought it was troublesome and did not want to learn it. Yet when he saw Su Ming's actions and remembered how he held the cup, even drinking down the tea leaves, he felt a little awkward.

"I came here because I wanted to become Tranquil East Tribe's guest."

Gradually, Su Ming's heart calmed down. He was imitating the elder's movements from that time and had a feeling that he had

become the elder at that moment.

"Oh?"

Fang Shen lifted his head and looked at Su Ming with a polite smile. He was the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe and was not as rough and simple as he seemed to be.

Su Ming knew that his ploys were child's play before this person's eyes. He knew that he was lacking, so he decided to keep some secrets to himself while being honest.

"I want to go to the hidden grounds in the canyons of Han Mountain, which is where the Sky Flute Branch grows," Su Ming said calmly.

An almost unnoticeable glint appeared in Fang Shen's eyes. He did not realize that Su Ming would be so straightforward. In truth, Fang Shen had already guessed why Su Ming had come here a long while ago.

He did not reject Su Ming's request immediately. After all, this person was the one who had healed Fang Mu's injuries. Second, this was not the first time he communicated with Su Ming. The two of them had known about each other for the past couple years. They even came into contact during the return and the gifting of the blade.

If it were not because of these reasons, if any other stranger

would have come to him and made that request, Fang Shen would have definitely rejected them.

"Give me a reason!"

Fang Shen looked at Su Ming, and a serious expression came upon his face. He had researched Su Ming's identity in detail over the past few years. After all, this person was in close contact with Fang Mu. This fact alone was enough to garner Fang Shen's attention.

The results of the investigation came out a long time ago, and by Fang Mu's descriptions and Fang Shen's own judgments, he had a nine out of ten certainty that this mysterious Mo Su was not from around Han Mountain. He came from someplace else and was not familiar with this place. The possibilities of him knowing about the secrets of Han Mountain City were also low.

More importantly, this person did not seem to have any ill intentions.

This was not a decision made based on observations done in one or two days, but the feeling Fang Mu and Fang Shen obtained from Su Ming's inconspicuous attitude and behavior during the past four years.

His mysterious power, amiable attitude, status, and background that had nothing to do with Han Mountain were all things that made Fang Shen think highly of him. That was why he gave Su Ming a chance to persuade him.

"I told Fang Mu that I was a seventh of a chance certain that I could cure his injuries with the medicinal concoction I'm making. This medicinal concoction is very important to me. One of its effects will allow me to cure Fang Mu's injuries completely.

"Right now, I am lacking Sky Flute Branch to create this medicinal concoction. In truth, I asked Fang Mu to search for this herb for me to reduce the need for me to look for this herb in the future when I need to create this concoction again.

"If the hidden grounds of Han Mountain City has Sky Flute Branch, then there is a high possibility that other herbs exist in the place as well. If I can find more, then it'll be a great help for me when I create the medicinal concoction," Su Ming said languidly.

He did not place emphasis on the effects of the medicinal concoction towards healing Fang Mu's injuries. If that was the case, then it would make the other party feel as if he was being pressured and would end up disliking Su Ming. It would not do him any good either.

Instead, it would be better to emphasize the benefits of the concoction towards himself and subtly reveal some of his own thoughts that would make the other party wonder.

Fang Shen fell into momentary silence before he spoke suddenly. "There is danger within the hidden grounds of Han Mountain. What Berserker Art do you practice?"

"The Berserker Art of killing," Su Ming narrowed his eyes and answered calmly.

"What sort of injury does my son have?"

"An injury that is caused by an illusionary spirit materialized from a Berserker Mark of a powerful Berserker that is at least at the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm!"

When Su Ming observed Fang Mu's injury in the past, he discovered this using fine control. That was why he was certain that Spirit Plunder could cure that injury. He was not certain about it in the past, but as his power increased and he thought more about it, he obtained a clearer answer.

As for how Tranquil East Tribe provoked a powerful Berserker at the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm and why it happened, Su Ming was not too curious about it.

"If you enter the hidden grounds and find other herbs, then how certain are you of curing Mu Er's injuries? If you can't, then what of your chances?" Fang Shen asked once again.

Su Ming fell into contemplative silence for a moment before he answered. "For the former, I will judge according to the situation, but it should be more than an eighth. As for the latter... it is still a seventh of a chance."

"Brother Mo, since you're already here in Tranquil East Tribe,

then stay here for the time being. I will need to think about this!"

Fang Shen fell silent for a while before he got up and wrapped his fist around his palm towards Su Ming.

Su Ming stood up and once he returned the greeting to Fang Shen, he walked out of the tower.

A moment after he left, a woman walked down from the first floor of the tower.

"Cang Lan, what do you think of this person?"

Fang Shen turned around and looked at the woman who sat down where Su Ming was sitting just a moment ago.

Chapter 142: Those... Disappeared Years

She was a woman in purple robes with petite features which made her look pretty. She was not tall, but her petite figure made her look attractive.

She was also very fair, her skin looking as if it would be torn if wind blew against it. Her eyes were closed as she sat in Su Ming's seat. Her eyelashes were very long and as they fluttered, causing her entire being to have a different air compared to Han Fei Zi.

This demeanor was different from Han Fei Zi's cold attitude and Bai Ling's wild beauty. She gave people an impression of peacefulness, as if she was an orchid in a valley.

She had a very beautiful face that did not reveal her age. Now that she sat there, she looked as if she had become one with the tower.

Fang Shen looked at the woman before him with a doting look in his eyes. This was his only little sister. When she was young, the tribe did not pay too much attention to her, and her power was not great either.

Her quiet attitude also made others neglect her most of the time.

Yet no one expected that this seemingly fragile woman would challenge the Chains of Han Mountain ten years ago at only the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm for a reason only Fang Shen knew in the entire tribe!

For the three tribes of Han Mountain City, the Chains of Han Mountain were something made for outsiders. It was no reason for the people of the tribe to take up the challenge. Every single time Freezing Sky Clan took in disciples, they would choose the prodigies from the three tribes. Even if less than ten people had been chosen from the three tribes over the past hundreds of years, there was still hope.

However, if they were not chosen and still wanted to enter Freezing Sky Clan, then they would need to obtain the right to enter the clan by challenging the Chains of Han Mountain like an outsider.

No one expected it. Not even Fang Shen expected his little sister, Fang Cang Lan, to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain at only the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

The things that happened ten years ago would often appear in Fang Shen's mind. This woman whom no one had really paid much attention to managed to go up to the sixth chain using an unknown method and obtained the right to become a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan with incredible determination and perseverance.

Fang Shen looked at his little sister. He knew that she may look fragile, but in fact had an incredibly strong personality that he knew he could not compare to; he did not have the courage to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain.

"For now, he hasn't Transcended," Cang Lan whispered after opening her eyes.

"For now?"

Fang Shen frowned.

"But he's not lying. He can indeed cure Mu Er's injuries."

Cang Lan lifted her hand and took the cup Su Ming had held previously, her voice calm.

"Hm?" Fang Shen looked at Cang Lan and said in a low tone, "I've had my doubts about this. How could that medicinal concoction of his cure the injuries that even you can't heal?"

Cang Lan lowered her head and a desolate look appeared on her face. She closed her eyes.

"I... That's not what I meant. Ah, you..." Fang Shen immediately spoke and tried to explain, but he did not know how to begin.

"Brother, this is my fault... But the world is a big place. There are plenty of strange people with different abilities. This Mo Su didn't seem to be lying. I can feel some of his thoughts by sitting here in his place. He's not lying regarding the healing."

Cang Lan opened her eyes and the calm look returned. She

looked at Fang Shen and said softly, "This person is of a mysterious background. The way he drank the liquid formed by the leaves may seem simple, but in truth, I didn't even know about this until I entered Freezing Sky Clan.

"His actions may be stiff, but they were correct. He must have seen someone doing this before, and... there are few who can do this in the Land of South Morning. If it weren't because of my Master's kindness, who asked me to brew this often for her, I wouldn't have learned how to do this."

Fang Shen frowned, occupied by his thoughts.

"Also..." Cang Lan placed the cup in her hands down, and an amazed look appeared in her eyes as she mumbled, "He might not have Transcended, but he's giving me a feeling that he's stronger than a normal Berserker at the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm... There seems to be resentment belonging to powerful Berserkers of the Transcendence Realm on him... This person might have killed people like that before! And it's not limited to one!"

When Fang Shen heard those words, he was stunned, and with an abrupt motion looked up at Cang Lan. If this person wasn't his little sister and someone who's Berserker Art he trusted, he would have definitely not believed her words.

"He killed more than just one Berserker at the Transcendence Realm?"

Cang Lan closed her eyes and pressed her right hand to the center of her brows. Her form gradually faded out before Fang Shen's eyes, but after a moment it returned to normal. Cang Lan opened her eyes and a hint of exhaustion appeared on her face.

"There are two Transcended auras of death on him. One of them is from around 50 years ago, and the aura is weak, but it hasn't dispersed. Strangely though, it's giving me two readings. One of them is from 50 years ago, and the other is from four years ago. I can't differentiate it...

"The second one is clearer. It's from around one year ago... but it's also very faint."

Uncertainty appeared on Cang Lan's face. She could not understand it.

When he heard Cang Lan's words, Fang Shen's expression became even more solemn. He knew his little sister's Berserker Art. This Art could be said to be one of the three great Berserker Arts of Freezing Sky Clan. If it were not because Cang Lan had the talent to learn it and that her Master had kindly taught her, it would have been difficult for her to obtain such an Art.

When Fang Shen thought of Cang Lan's Master, respect blossomed in his heart.

"That's why I'm uncertain. He might have reached the Transcendence Realm before, but due to some accident, his level of cultivation fell. That's why he's giving me a muddled feeling,"

Cang Lan said softly after hesitating for a moment.

"If it's as you say, then the mystery around this person is even greater than I initially thought. If that's the case... I'll have to think carefully whether I should let him join... Cang Lan, go and rest first. I need to speak to the Elder about this."

The moment Fang Shen finished speaking, he made to leave the tower.

"Brother, Freezing Sky Clan won't choose a disciple from Tranquil East Tribe this time, neither will they choose from Puqiang Tribe. They will only take one person away, and that's Yan Fei from Lake of Colors Tribe.

"This has already been decided, I cannot interfere with it. But the next time they take in disciples, I'll reserve a spot for Mu Er. As for Mo Su, I would suggest that you let him enter the place, but he would need someone to monitor him. If he can truly cure Mu Er, then he can become a true guest of Tranquil East Tribe," Cang Lan said in a soft voice, touching the center of her brows.

Fang Shen nodded, then turned around and left the tower.

Cang Lan was the only one left within the tower. She quietly sat on the stone chair and looked as if she was about to get up and leave, but after a moment of hesitation, she sat down once again. With a swing of her right hand, three white beast bones appeared in her palm.

There were countless words on the three beast bones that were written down so densely that they could not be read. Those words let out a dark light and exuded an aged presence. It was clear that it was an ancient artifact.

'Just where did this Mo Su come from? Master told me that my [Sage's Genesis Berserker Art](#) has reached the seventh level, which is a rare sight within Freezing Sky Clan. And now this is the first time that I can't see clearly, and it's on this Mo Su... How could a person, at the same time, have two different...

'There's only one explanation to this. In this person's memories, it has only been four years since the first Berserker who reached the Transcendence Realm died, but in reality, it's not so!

'This is the first time I've encountered this...' Cang Lan thought for a moment before she bit her finger and wiped her blood on the three beast bones.

The three beast bones immediately sucked the blood in. The dark light around them immediately became stronger, causing the entire tower to be filled with it. Cang Lan's face too, was illuminated by this dark light.

'If I can get to the bottom of this, perhaps it will enlighten me... There's no way that the Three Vessels of Unspoken Words that the Master gave me won't be able to see through this clearly.'

A sparkle appeared in Cang Lan's eyes, and she mumbled a few complex strings of words in a low voice.

These words were spoken stiffly and were difficult to understand. Anyone who heard it would have been baffled, and if they listened to it for a longer period of time, they would have been confused.

Time trickled by. After the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, a dim light begun to shine in Cang Lan's eyes.

The three beast bones before her instantly flew up and started turning rapidly before the center of Cang Lan's brows. Slowly, she closed her eyes and her body quickly faded out until she eventually seemed to disappear into the tower. A large space distortion appeared where she had been sitting.

Yet this situation only lasted for the span of three breaths, and a drastic change immediately happened!

'This... This... This isn't 50 years!'

Cang Lan's body immediately returned to its original state from its faded out form, and a terrified look that was rarely seen on her usually calm face appeared. Amidst that terror was shock and disbelief as well.

'This isn't 50 years... This is...'

The three bones before the center of Cang Lan's brows let out a bang and shattered, as if an indescribable force had come forth and

put an end to Cang Lan's actions.

The moment the three bones shattered, muffled booms reverberated in the air and all the stone made items within the tower crumbled to dust. At the same time, the entire tower let out a groan and started cracking inch by inch until it eventually turned to ashes.

Cang Lan coughed out a mouthful of blood and staggered backwards a few steps. Her petite face was pale, and she stood there stunned, as if she had lost her soul.

The sudden change caused the entire Tranquil East Tribe to be taken aback. All of them focused their gazes towards the tower, and they saw a few long arcs charging through the air. Some of the long arcs even came from the summits in the distance.

The tribe leader of Tranquil East was the first to arrive. Beside him was an old man wearing a blue robe. The old man's eyes were bright, making all those who looked into his eyes lower their heads, not daring to look at him again.

"What happened?"

Fang Shen approached with anxiety on his face as he looked at Cang Lan.

The old man frowned instead. He looked at his surroundings closely before his expression suddenly changed and became grave.

"There is... an indescribable presence here... Han Cang Zi, what happened here?"

Cang Lan stood in the midst of the tower's ruins and slowly closed her eyes. She only reopened them after a long while, consciousness returning into her eyes. She looked at her surroundings. The tower was once part of the mountain. Now that it was ruined, it looked like a hole was dug out in the mountain. Numerous cracks appeared on the edges of the mountain, as if the mountain was no longer stable.

Her heart trembled. She fell into momentary silence and looked into the distance with a complicated expression. Over there, she saw Mo Su in the crowd with Fang Mu. It was clear that the drastic change just now caught his attention.

"It's nothing. I just saw something I shouldn't have... Brother, I'm begging you, please let him become a guest in Tranquil East Tribe."

Cang Lan did not give any explanation, but made a request instead. Once she finished speaking, she did not even look at the old man in blue robes before turning away and walking towards Su Ming standing in the distance with an exhausted air.

Fang Shen was stunned. This was the first time he heard Cang Lan using that tone. He fell into silence before he whispered a few words to the baffled old man beside him.

Regarding 先言禾, translated as Sage's Genesis:

先 has the meaning of before, initial, ancestral.

言 has the meaning of words.

禾 has the meaning of grain.

先言 combined together can mean ancestral words, or wise words left by the ancestors.

I can't really use Sagely Grain though, so I went for synonyms for grain, which led to seed, which led to Genesis. As for Sage, it was a tossup between sage and ancestral, but since this Art is one that looks into the truth, sage seemed more appropriate, hence Sage's Genesis.

Chapter 143: What Have I Forgotten..?

Su Ming stood in the distance. He was just about to leave with Fang Mu to his temporary abode in Tranquil East Tribe when his attention was caught by the sudden resounding boom that came from where the tower was. When he saw the people of Tranquil East Tribe rushing over with shocked looks, together with Fang Mu, who also rushed back with anxiousness and agitation, Su Ming followed them back.

He saw the tower turning to ashes, and the woman amidst the ruins. She was looking at him with a complicated gaze, and then started walking towards him.

Su Ming had the black mask on his face. Everyone else could only see his eyes shining through the slits in the mask from underneath the black robe. They could not see his expression.

As Cang Lan walked over, the people of Tranquil East Tribe standing around Su Ming greeted her respectfully.

Su Ming's gaze was collected as he looked at the petite and pretty woman before him. She was very beautiful, and there were no signs of time be seen on her face, causing people to be unable to guess her age.

"Aunty," Fang Mu quickly greeted respectfully from his place beside Su Ming.

Cang Lan did not seem to hear him. She looked at Su Ming with a

complicated look, seemingly wanting to speak, but at the same time not. That strange expression made Su Ming wary.

After a long while, Cang Lan spoke in a low tone, and there was a hint of frailty in her voice. "Brother Mo, could you tell me your real name?"

A light crease appeared on Su Ming's brows. He did not speak.

"If someday, you remember something... you can come to Freezing Sky Clan to look for me..."

Cang Lan lowered her head and bowed slightly towards Su Ming. She cast a deep look at him once more, but here was no longer a complicated look in her eyes, just pity. She turned around and left.

"What do you mean?"

Su Ming was still frowning. The woman's strange words had not only baffled him, but for some unknown reason, an empty feeling arose in his heart.

Cang Lan did not turn back, disappearing into the distance instead. She did not answer Su Ming's question. Perhaps she was still confounded by it herself.

"Senior Mo, She... She is my aunt, Fang Cang Lan. Ten years ago, she successfully challenged the Chains of Han Mountain and became the disciple of Freezing Sky Clan..." Fang Mu whispered

after a slight hesitation.

Su Ming nodded. As he looked at the place where Cang Lan had disappeared, a bewildered look appeared on his face hidden under the mask.

Tranquil East Tribe was huge. Even if Su Ming was only on this particular summit, he could still feel just how big Tranquil East was. Fang Mu originally intended to familiarize him with Tranquil East Tribe, but due to Cang Lan's appearance, a strange agitation rose in Su Ming's heart. He went straight back towards the lodgings given to him by the tribe and fell into silence, wanting to be alone.

Fang Mu knew that Su Ming was eccentric and loved silence. Once he had people send in food and fruits, he bid respectfully farewell and left.

The room was not big. Since the tribe was built on the mountain, it was not humid. Sometimes, gusts of wind would blow through, making people feel refreshed. Yet Su Ming ignored all these as he sat on the stone bed. The image of Cang Lan's pitying look came to his mind unbidden. That gaze made him puzzled, and at the same time, it also made him increasingly agitated.

He could not control his agitation. For some reason, he had a feeling that Cang Lan had not told him everything.

‘When I was with Fang Shen in the tower, that woman should have also been there... Once I left, something happened, causing

the tower to collapse. The woman was also injured...

‘Her expression did not seem fake, and... with her status, there’s no need for her to pretend before me.

‘Just what did she mean..? If someday I remember something I can go and find her in Freezing Sky Clan... What will I remember?’

Su Ming could not understand it no matter how hard he thought about it. His eyes shone, and he fell into a contemplative silence.

‘Remember something... If I turn it around, then it means I forgot something, that’s why she spoke about remembering things. But what have I forgotten?’

He closed his eyes. His mood should not have been affected by the woman’s words, but for a reason that even he did not understand, due to that sentence and that pitying gaze, he became agitated, as if he had suddenly lost his voice when he wanted to shout loudly.

Su Ming closed his eyes and carefully went through everything that he could recall. He started with his slightly fuzzy memories of childhood to his memories of now. After a long while, he opened his eyes.

‘Just a ton of lies!’

Su Ming laughed coldly. He was still agitated, but he forced himself to not think about it any longer and gradually immersed

himself in his meditation so that he could calm down.

Time passed by, and it was soon nighttime. Due to the fog outside, Tranquil East Tribe was no longer lively as it usually was at night; it was silent instead.

During this night, Su Ming tried multiple times to enter a meditative state, but only when dawn was almost upon him did he manage to calm down his heart and get rid of the agitation caused by Cang Lan's words. However, even if he did manage to calm down, the things that happened that day were buried in his heart like a seed.

Sunlight should have graced the morning on the second day, but it was concealed by the thick fog, causing the land to be shrouded in darkness.

Fortunately, due to the unique location of Tranquil East Tribe's summit, a person could still see clearly as long as he was on the mountain and was not looking too far away.

When morning arrived, Fang Mu came. He brought with him a piece of news from his father.

Su Ming was allowed to become a guest of Tranquil East Tribe and enjoy all the benefits given to the guests of Tranquil East. He would also join the group entering the tunnel of Han Mountain.

"Senior Mo, you don't actually need to enter the tunnel of Han

Mountain... I heard that the place is very dangerous. There are only few people from the three tribes going in, and most of them are guests.

"You'll usually be battling for your life in there. The three tribes may appear to be in a harmonious relationship, but in truth, we scheme against each other a lot. It's especially so within the hidden grounds of Han Mountain..."

Fang Mu led Su Ming to the top of the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe where his father and the other leaders of the tribe waited so that they could send the next batch of people into the hidden grounds of Han Mountain.

"Every single time the fog of the Day of Eternal Creation comes and the tunnel of Han Mountain is opened, a lot of people will die. You can tell me what herbs you'll need and I'll ask my father to arrange people to get them for you."

As Fang Mu led Su Ming to the top of the mountain, he continued mumbling lowly. There was restlessness on his face. Though his concern was linked to his own well-being, it was still precious.

A gentle look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. This young lad before him had entered his good graces during the past four years.

"It's fine. I'll be careful when I go in."

Su Ming's voice was no longer aloof. He lifted his hand and

patted Fang Mu's head, just like how the elder would pat his head when he was younger.

Fang Mu was stunned by Su Ming's actions. Clearly, Su Ming's indifference and unsociable attitude over the years left a deep impression on him, making him rather unused to it. When he heard Su Ming's reply, he quickly overlooked what had just happened and let out a light sigh.

"If you've already made your decision, then I won't try to persuade you any longer. But senior, you have to be careful of the guests of the other two tribes. No one who enters the tunnel of Han Mountain is weak..."

While speaking, Fang Mu brought out a scroll of bamboo slips from his bosom and gave it to Su Ming.

"Senior, you've helped to heal my injuries over the years. Besides searching for herbs for you, I couldn't do anything else in return. These bamboo slips have some information pertaining to the guests in Lake of Colors and Puqiang. I hope it'll be of some help to you."

When Su Ming heard the words, he took the bamboo slips. Once he opened them and looked, he saw densely written words. There were also some portraits.

Some wooden shards also remained on the bamboo slips, signaling that they were carved not too long ago.

"Also, all the guests who enter the tunnel of Han Mountain from Tranquil East Tribe can choose a counterfeit Berserker Vessel. My father told me to tell you that when you choose the Vessel later, remember to choose a whip."

Fang Mu soon brought Su Ming to the top of the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe, his low voice never stopping for a breath.

The ground was flat here, as if the top had been sliced off. The fog in the area was rather thick, though nine figures could be vaguely seen sitting cross-legged at the center of the place.

Seven of them sat surrounding two people in the middle. Their faces could not be seen clearly, but the presence of Qi could be felt coming off them.

Once he sent Su Ming to the place, Fang Mu took a few steps back and took a stand in the distance. With how strict the tribe was in regards to statuses, even if he was the son of the tribe leader, he still could not get closer in these sorts of situations.

Su Ming appeared collected while walking towards the nine people. As he got closer, a serious look appeared in his eyes. All of the nine people here were powerful Berserkers.

It was especially so for the old man sitting right in the middle of the circle of the seven people. This man wore a blue robe and his hair was white. Even if he had his eyes closed as he sat there, his presence was mighty like that of a dragon or a tiger, causing Su Ming's heartbeat to immediately beat faster.

To the old man's left was the tribe leader of Tranquil East. The man built like an iron tower looked at Su Ming with brilliant eyes, and a smile appeared on his face.

To the old man's right was another strong looking man, but that man was not built tall. Even if he was sitting, he was still slightly shorter than Fang Shen, though the presence coming from him was not weaker than that of Xuan Lun's. It was clear that he had already reached the Transcendence Realm.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the group. Among the seven people sitting in a circle, besides the old and the slightly short man, there was also another person who had reached the Transcendence Realm. This man was also an old man. He wore a black robe and had his back facing Su Ming.

‘Tranquil East Tribe is amazing. From what I can tell, there are already three people who are in the Transcendence Realm... That old man in the blue robes is also giving me a feeling that he has surpassed Xuan Lun... The Qi from the others is also great. They most likely all have above 800 blood veins.

‘Also, this shouldn't be the full strength of Tranquil East... Are the two people in the center the guests who will enter the tunnel of Han Mountain with me?’

Without even batting an eyelid, Su Ming stopped once he got closer.

"You're Mo Su?" a cold voice travelled forth slowly.

The person who spoke was a middle-aged man in red robes sitting beside the short man in the Transcendence Realm. This person had an aloof expression on his face. Even with the fog in-between them, the chill in his voice could still be heard as it traveled to Su Ming.

"Yes," he replied calmly.

"So you're the person who wanted to become a guest and joined Tranquil East Tribe halfway-through, the one that made that ridiculous request to enter the tunnel of Han Mountain? Even if the tribe leader has agreed to this, a person who suddenly arrives like that must definitely have ulterior motives. He's even wearing a mask, what a joke! Unless he can prove his worth, then I won't agree to it!"

The middle-aged man let out a cold laugh. After his initial glance at Su Ming, he ignored him, choosing to stare at the tribe leader of Tranquil East sitting across him instead.

Chapter 144: Allow Me To Take A Look

The middle-aged man's words were sharp and echoed around the quiet mountaintop. Beside him, even though the short man who had reached the Transcendence Realm had a blank look on his face, a faint smile appeared on his lips.

The others did not seem to have heard the words. All of them remained silent. As for the old man in blue robes sitting right in the middle of the circle, he continued to have his eyes shut, as if he was not at all concerned with what was happening.

As for the other two people who were surrounded, they were just as Su Ming had guessed – they were not from Tranquil East Tribe. They were the third batch of guests that were going to be sent into the tunnel of Han Mountain.

One of the two people was an old man with red hair. The other was a man in his thirties. Their expressions were still, and they had their eyes closed, refusing to even acknowledge what was happening.

"Head of the Guards, what sort of right should he have? My word is all the right he needs!" the tribe leader of Tranquil East said slowly.

"With your acknowledgement, I trust that he doesn't harbor ill will towards Tranquil East Tribe, but only a limited amount of people can enter the tunnel of Han Mountain. Because of him, Zhou Yue was taken out of the agreed upon list of three people who

could enter. If he can prove himself stronger than Zhou Yue, then I will agree to this."

The middle-aged man still refused to look at Su Ming, looking instead at Fang Shen as he spoke darkly.

He did not wait for Fang Shen's answer when he let out a low shout.

"Zhou Yue, if you can win against this man, then no one can stop you from entering the tunnel."

The moment the middle-aged man finished speaking, a long string of laughter appeared from the other side of the stage, which was soon followed by a big, ugly man which was about ten feet tall walking from the end of the stage, laughing ferociously. This man did not wear a shirt, his strong body in the open for all to see.

As he got closer, a strong presence of Qi radiated off him, making a lot of fog around them to scatter away. His appearance made the tribe leader of Tranquil East frown.

Even the two guests who were sitting cross-legged in the circle opened their eyes and looked towards the guest with grave expressions.

With each step he took, the man's feet thundered against the ground. Once he came, he stood beside the smiling short man in the Transcendence Realm and wrapped his fist around his palm in

greeting towards the old man sitting in the middle of the circle. His voice traveled out like a roaring wave.

"Greetings, Elder, Chief of Battle¹, Head of the Guards."

While speaking, the man bowed towards the short man in the Transcendence Realm and the middle-aged man in red robes.

The old man in blue robes still had his eyes closed, ignoring him.

Yet Zhou Yue did not dare to mind. He knew about the man's status. If the Elder of Tranquil East really opened his eyes and gave him a nod, he would have been taken aback.

"Zhou Yue, this is the person who took your place. Go and fight against him," the Head of the Guards of Tranquil East, the middle-aged man in the red robes told sullenly, pointing at Su Ming.

"Head of the Guards, I'm afraid I can't control myself if I attack, if I accidentally kill him..."

A fierce light appeared in Zhou Yue's eyes, and he stared at Su Ming as if he was looking at a dead person, laughing viciously.

"It's fine. I believe the tribe leader won't mind. After all, if both parties fight against each other and no one ends up dead, we can't tell whether the fight was genuine."

This time, the one who spoke was not the middle-aged man in red robes, but the short Chief of Battle in the Transcendence Realm.

"Mo Su, you told me before that you learned the Berserker Art of killing. Allow me to take a look at it today!"

Tranquil East tribe leader's face became sullen. They had already spoken and agreed upon what they would do about Su Ming the previous day, but now that they were about to start the ritual, his opponents suddenly counterattacked.

Su Ming fell silent and did not speak. Zhou Yue was stomping towards him. His body was incredibly tall, and his height far surpassed a normal person. As he came forward, it gave people the feeling of a small hill pressing down upon them. His ugly and ferocious face coupled with the blood veins in his body expanding turned into a great pressure. The fog in the mountain was dyed red under that flashing red light.

Compared to him, Su Ming, who was frail to begin with, was far too different in height compared to the man, even with the black robes concealing his body. The two of them standing together would give people the feeling that the battle was unfair.

"How dare you steal my place? Die!"

With a low growl, Zhou Yue took one huge step forward and leapt at his opponent. He raised his right fist and banging sounds came from within his body as if his bones were clashing against

each other. A shocking force erupted from his body. As he rapidly closed in on Su Ming, he threw a punch forward with a ferocious laugh.

He had prepared this punch for an entire night to make sure that the moment his opponent was struck, he would have no room to counterattack. His body would explode, his flesh and blood would scatter, and Zhou Yue would enjoy the feeling of this person bursting apart under his fist. In his experience, there were far too many people who died under his great strength. This frail looking person before him would be the same.

In fact, to prevent any accidents from happening, Zhou Yue used his full strength the moment he struck. Behind him, a gigantic illusion appeared. This illusion was that of a black ape roaring soundlessly, charging towards Su Ming along with Zhou Yue.

‘Zhou Yue has become stronger again!’

The eyes of the man surrounded in the circle flashed, and his expression became solemn.

The old man beside him had a similar grave expression on his face. As he looked at Zhou Yue charging forth with that ferocious laugh, a pensive look on his face.

The Head of the Guards from Tranquil East, the middle-aged man in red robes, looked towards the two fighters coldly. He did not think Zhou Yue had the ability to kill Mo Su with one punch, but in his mind, Mo Su would still struggle to avoid the attack. He

would let this person know that in Tranquil East Tribe, besides the Elder, no one, including the tribe leader, could make the sole decision.

The Chief of Battle beside him, the short man who was still smiling, had a different thought compared to the man in red robes. He did not have any intention to stop Zhou Yue. He could not grasp the true level of this mysterious person called Mo Su and hence wanted to use this chance to gauge his true ability.

All of them harbored different thoughts. Even the people who remained silent looked over.

Yet the moment Zhou Yue closed in on Su Ming, something shocking happened!

Not only did Su Ming not avoid the punch, he firmly took one step forward and shortened the distance between him and Zhou Yue. The moment Zhou Yue's fist rushed towards him filled with killing intent while the man laughed maniacally, fully intent on enjoying the instant Su Ming's flesh and blood exploded, Su Ming lifted his right hand and hurled his fist against Zhou Yue's.

A gigantic boom erupted forth. Zhou Yue's body descended down from midair, while Su Ming, in his black robes and black mask, stood his ground, his clenched right fist in opposition to Zhou Yue's punch.

Rumbling sounds resounded instantly. Zhou Yue saw blood, but that blood came from his own body. His right hand exploded, and

he screamed in pain. His ferociousness turned into bafflement and his vicious laughter turned into fear. His face was aghast. He could clearly feel a fierce presence coming from Su Ming's fist. That presence was like a force effortlessly rushing up his right hand, as if it was splitting apart a bamboo. Once it shattered his entire right arm, that force rushed into his body.

The moment the force spread out, his legs lost all sense, his left arm and his entire body seemed to have disappeared, his vision was filled with red, and within that red, he saw Su Ming pulling back his right hand to sweep the black robes on his body.

This was the last scene he saw. After that, everything in his world froze forever.

The breathing of the two guests surrounded by the people immediately turned rapid, their eyes going wide. What happened just now was too quick for them. In an instant, Zhou Yue's gigantic body crumbled inch by inch before the stranger, and a living person was gone just like that.

This frightening sight made them sink into disbelief, and their gazes towards Su Ming became respectful instantly.

'He did not dodge, but chose to return the attack with a punch, and he even crushed Zhou Yue's body. This is...'

'He did not use a lot of Qi, nor did his footing change. It's clear that killing Zhou Yue is nothing to him!'

No matter the place, powerful Berserkers were respected. At this moment, Su Ming obtained this respect with his actions.

A flash appeared in the eyes of the tribe leader of Tranquil East. A smile slowly lifted the corners of his lips, but he was also shocked. He knew that Zhou Yue had the blood of the remnants of Towering Mountain Tribe, and he had great strength. He might have only had around 700 blood veins, but with his natural strength, it was still a relatively difficult task for those with more blood veins to win against him.

More importantly, Su Ming only used one punch!

The pupils of Head of the Guards from Tranquil East shrank, he felt as if he had just been humiliated in public. He hadn't expected that Zhou Yue would not even be able to handle a single punch from his opponent.

He believed that even if he could withstand Zhou Yue's punch and fight back, at most, he could only force Zhou Yue back, he could not... instantly kill him!

The smile on the Transcended Chief of Battle's lips beside him instantly froze. His pupils shrank, and a serious expression appeared on his face. His power was at the Transcendence Realm, he could see some things that other people missed.

'Fine control... and a power that belongs to a Berserker Vessel... This person...'

The Chief of Battle's eyes shone, but he gave up on the idea of trying to understand the stranger's strength.

Su Ming dusted his robes, and he looked at the red robed Head of the Guards of Tranquil East indifferently through the mask. The moment the man in red robes met Su Ming's gaze, a chill swept his heart. The moment he felt that, Su Ming abruptly bounded forward.

He moved so quickly he closed the distance of less than 100 feet between them in an instant. Right before the eyes of the man in red robes, he disappeared.

The man was momentarily stunned and knew that something terrible was about to happen. He quickly stood up, but the moment he did so, he froze, and his pupils shrank. He looked at Su Ming, who appeared before him at some unknown point of time, and who had his right index finger placed at the center of his brows.

He could only see the mask on Su Ming's face. At that moment, he no longer found that mask hilarious. His heart was shaken, and a dumbfounded look appeared on his face.

He was not the only one shocked. The Transcended Chief of Battle was also taken aback. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he immediately circulated his Qi.

"Mo Su, what are you doing!"

Even the tribe leader of Tranquil East was stunned, standing up quickly. He did not see how Su Ming had appeared before the Head of the Guards.

The others were also astounded, and all their gazes were trained onto Su Ming.

Su Ming's right index finger was on the center of the Head of the Guards' brows, whose face was currently pale. Su Ming's eyes were aloof as he looked at the person before him.

"Have I the right now?"

"You... you..."

The heart of red robed Head of the Guards from Tranquil East was currently trembling. He rarely felt such an incredible sense of danger, incoming death. The pressure exuded by Su Ming's finger made him feel as if his body and mind were about to crumble, giving him the false impression that he was facing the Elder.

The cold look in Su Ming's eyes also made him indubitably certain of the killing intent that would burst forth at the slightest provocation.

"You have the right!" an old voice slowly traveled forth.

The Elder of Tranquil East opened his eyes for the first time and looked at Su Ming.

Chapter 145: Him!

There was a profound look in his eyes, which looked like the stars in the sky at night. The moment Su Ming met his gaze, a booming sound instantly resounded in his head, and he staggered a few steps backwards, allowing the Head of the Guards of Tranquil East to move forward quickly. Once he left Su Ming's control, he stood beside the Elder of Tranquil East with a pale face. There was fear in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

"Alright, Mo Su, from now onwards, you are our guest in Tranquil East Tribe. Fang Shen, give him the plate," The Elder of Tranquil East said languidly and averted his gaze from Su Ming.

Su Ming was stunned, but his gaze remained calm and collected.

As Fang Shen looked at Mo Su, praise appeared in his eyes. When Su Ming killed Zhou Yue, he was only slightly shocked by the power within that punch, but he was not too surprised.

Yet his speed made Fang Shen stunned. He could not even see Su Ming's body clearly. The pressure that came from that one finger especially made him reevaluate his new guest's power.

The moment he heard the words, Fang Shen laughed boisterously and brought out a plate from his bosom. The plate was completely white, and there was a number on it – 15.

Just as he was about to hand the plate to Su Ming, the Elder of Tranquil East suddenly lifted his right hand and grabbed at the air.

The plate flew towards the Elder and he seized it. The number 15 was erased with his left hand, and he carved a new number onto the plate.

Three!

The moment they saw the number, a barely unnoticeable glint appeared in the Transcended Chief of War's eyes. The tribe leader of Tranquil East simply smiled, but the people around them, especially the two guests, looked at Su Ming once again.

Su Ming was slightly confused, but he had an inkling of what was going on. When he saw that no one was going to explain anything to him, he did not ask. He took the plate from the Elder of Tranquil East's hands instead and put the plate away in his bosom.

"Kindred Mo, please come sit within the circle. We will now open the tunnel of Han Mountain and send the three of you inside," the Elder of Tranquil East said without hurry, looking at Su Ming.

The title of "Kindred" was a title given to the guests within a tribe as a sign of friendliness.

Su Ming wrapped his fist around his palm as thanks and walked into the circle. The two guests quickly stood up and arranged themselves with Su Ming as the head. They only sat down once Su Ming did so.

"My three fellow Kindred, we are not outsiders. Kindred Mo has

just joined Tranquil East Tribe, so there are some things he must know. Fang Shen, tell him."

The Elder of Tranquil East closed his eyes.

Fang Shen nodded in agreement and swept his gaze across Su Ming and the others. His expression was grave as he spoke in a low tone.

"Brother Chen and brother Dong Fang have some form of understanding towards the tunnel of Han Mountain, but brother Mo's knowledge towards it should be limited. The tunnel of Han Mountain leads to the canyons under Han Mountain City. The area is quite big and there are a lot of strong seals within them.

"These seals will only be weakened when the fog of the Day of Eternal Creation arrives.

"Centuries ago, Han Mountain City belonged to Han Mountain Tribe. This tunnel was built by Han Mountain Tribe, and the canyons are the grave of the Han Mountain's ancestor!

"The power of Han Mountain's ancestor is shocking. I believe all of you should have heard of it before. Laugh all you want, but Tranquil East Tribe was once affiliated to Han Mountain Tribe. We may now be the rulers of Han Mountain, but we have yet to fully explore the ancestor's grave.

"This has to do with the seal and the short amount of time we are

allowed in there. More importantly, the people of Tranquil East, Lake of Colors, and Puqiang are affected by the seal inside and our powers are limited. Every single time we enter, only one of our own may enter from each tribe.

"If two of us enter, one of us will definitely die on the spot.

"Yet if outsiders without the blood of the three tribes enter, they will not have this limitation. This is the reason why Tranquil East Tribe is taking in so many guests. Over the years, many guests have entered the place. Some have died, and some have found serendipities for them to increase their power.

"A person's life and death is governed by his destiny, just as the heavens decide whether a person should be rich or poor.

"You are all guests in Tranquil East Tribe. We provide for all of you, and we also give you this chance. Everything that you obtain within, we will not interfere with, but there are two rules you must adhere to!

"One, you must obtain at least one of the items from the list we will give you! If you can bring more of it, then we will reward you greatly. The approximate locations of these items are recorded on the bamboo slip. Choose one on your own."

As Fang Shen spoke, the people by his side brought out three pieces of bamboo slips and handed them to Su Ming and the other two.

"Two, this place is after all, the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor. There are two seals inside. One of them is weakened due to the fog that comes during the Day of Eternal Creation, which allows you all to enter the place, but the second seal is located right at the center of the canyons, and there is a tomb there.

"There are three towers outside the tomb. The white tower belongs to Tranquil East Tribe. You can go there and insert all your Qi into the tower. You do not need to worry about danger after you insert your Qi. Once you do it, you will be absorbed into the tower and transported back.

"Tranquil East Tribe won't do anything that harms you. After all, this is something that will continue on for some time. Once we break the rules, no one will be willing to help us anymore.

"There are only two rules. As for the rest, everything that you obtain and the serendipities you gain lie with your fate. I can tell you that there are a lot of burial items belonging to Han Mountain's ancestor scattered in the canyons. Whether or not you can obtain them depends on your luck," Fang Shen said sternly in a low voice.

"You are the third batch of people who will enter the canyons. With our agreement made with the other two tribes, we can only send 10 guests into the canyons every single time we open the tunnel. A few more people will enter the place after you a few days later.

"The danger in the canyons stems not only from the seal on you that limits your power, but also from the other two tribes. Take

care of yourselves."

Fang Shen cast a look at Su Ming. He lifted his right hand, and three gentle balls of light flew out from his sleeve.

There were three Berserker Vessels floating inside those balls of light. One of them was a grey, dried up twig, one was a white bone blade with numerous soundlessly screaming souls of the wronged surrounding it, and the final one was a black whip. The whip was coiled together and looked like a poisonous snake.

"Tranquil East Tribe will reward all those who enter the tunnel of Han Mountain. These three items may only be counterfeit Berserker Vessels, but their might is great. Once the three of you have made your choice, we will open the tunnel and send you into the canyons."

While speaking, Fang Shen glanced at Su Ming once again.

The black mask on Su Ming's face allowed no one to see his expression as he sat in his spot. They could only see the cold look in his eyes. The other two people beside him hesitated for a moment before the old man smiled and wrapped his fist around his palm before he saying, "Brother Mo, please choose first."

"That's right. Brother Mo, please choose first."

The other guest, the man whose surname was Chen, also spoke with a smile.

"If that's the case, then I thank you."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the whip that looked like a poisonous snake. The whip immediately shuddered and charged towards Su Ming, coiling around his right hand as it let out faint waves of heat.

Once the old man and the man named Chen chose their Vessels, the Elder of Tranquil East opened his eyes and lifted his hands before slamming them down on the ground. At the same time, the other people did the same thing. Even the Head of the Guards of Tranquil East who had grown fearful of Su Ming returned to his post and took a deep breath before slamming his hands against the ground.

Once everyone pressed their hands to the ground, the entire mountain immediately trembled and gusts of white mist came out, charging towards them. In an instant, the stage at the top of the mountain was surrounded. When Su Ming focused his gaze on the white mist, he saw that it was quickly gathering up before a large bundle of it abruptly turned into a gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers!

The statue of the God of Berserkers was around 1,000 feet tall, and it floated in the air. It was not in the shape of a person, but a gigantic bull! On its horns were two bells. One of them was black, and the other white. As it materialized and moved, bell chimes echoed in the air.

The moment the white bull appeared, the tribe members of Tranquil East Tribe knelt down on the ground and worshipped the bull in the sky. Mumbling sounds also spread through the air.

Cang Lan knelt on one knee on the ground among the crowd when she lifted her head and looked at the white bull. She knew that this was one of the four statues of the God of Berserkers of their tribe – Heaven Bull!

Even if she had become a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan and saw the many statues of God of Berserkers within the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, she was still respectful towards the statues within her own tribe. Yet at that moment, besides the respect she had towards this statue of the God of Berserkers, she also had a complicated and pitiful feeling towards Su Ming when she saw him performing the ritual at the top of the mountain.

‘You forgot your own memories... or perhaps... someone erased them...’

A shudder ran through Cang Lan’s body. She remembered what she saw and her face became pale once again.

The people of Tranquil East Tribe who were on the mountain were not the only ones worshipping. All the people from the various mountains belonging to the tribes in the territory of Tranquil East Tribe walked towards the bull and worshipped it.

The gigantic Heaven Bull lifted its head and let out a roar towards the heavens. A strong light immediately flashed at the top of the

mountain where the Elder of Tranquil East and the others were.

The light lasted for the span of a few breaths before gradually disappearing. Su Ming and the other two people disappeared with it.

After a long while, the Heaven Bull turned back into a bundle of white mist, dissipating into the air, and everything returned to normal.

On the stage at the top of the mountain, the seven people, including the Elder of Tranquil East, lifted their arms and remained silent. A few moments passed by before the white haired Elder of Tranquil East spoke with a hoarse voice.

"I know what all of you are suspecting... This person called Mo Su killed Zhou Yue with the power of the Berserker Vessel within him. Right till the end, I did not feel that he used any spirit stones. He should have no connection with the remnants of Han Mountain."

"As long as he doesn't have any connection with the remnants of Han Mountain, then it's fine. But this person's power is strange. He hasn't Transcended, yet he already has an Origin Berserker Vessel, the Art of fine control that belongs to a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm... and his speed..."

The person who spoke was the Chief of Battle. He was baffled by what had happened.

"Cang Lan once said that this person might have reached the Transcendence Realm before, but due to an accident, his level of cultivation fell," Fang Shen said calmly, interrupting the Chief of Battle's words.

The Chief of Battle cast Fang Shen a look before he fell silent.

"Han Cang Zi's judgment is the same as mine. This person might very well be just as she said. Oh well, no matter where he came from, as long as he doesn't have any ulterior motives, we can let him stay. You can all leave now."

The Elder of Tranquil East spoke unhurriedly, a profound look in his eyes, as if there was an emotion hidden within that no one else knew about.

The people obeyed and left.

"A person who caught Han Cang Zi's attention... besides him, another one appeared... I wonder if this Mo Su will be as astounding as he was... Also, I can feel his presence... from this Mo Su..."

The Elder of Tranquil East stood alone on the stage and mumbled as an enigmatic smile appeared on his lips.

Chapter 146: Reencountering Xuan Lun

On the Day of Eternal Creation, fog covered the Land of South Morning. It was thickest at the center of the Land of South Morning and would spread outwards from that spot. The fog that spread out may be slightly thinner, but it would still cause a person's vision to be clouded.

Han Mountain City was shrouded in fog. Those who stood at the top of the mountain city and looked down would not be able to see the canyons that were once visible. They would only see a sea of fog. In fact, if they looked at the fog for an extended period of time, they would sink into the false impression that they were stepping on it.

Right underneath the mountain of Han Mountain City was a gigantic chamber. The chamber was about thousands of feet in size, but there were few who knew about it.

Stacks of bonfire were burning dimly and quietly around the chamber, and they looked as if they would continue burning forever. It caused the place to flicker in various shades of light, giving the room an eerie feeling.

Gullies covered the floor, forming a giant circular picture. That picture looked rather complex and had an aged feeling to it. It was clear that it had been there for a long time.

The place was quiet. Besides the light crackling sounds coming from the burning fires, there were no other sounds. Three tunnels

could be seen connected to the walls of the chamber, looking like three silently gaping black mouths.

At that moment, a white light suddenly flashed on the gigantic picture on the ground. The light became stronger, and in the span of a few breaths, the firelight in the room was overwhelmed, the entire chamber having been engulfed in white light.

After a moment, when the white light reached its brightest, three human figures could be seen materialising as they gradually appeared within the light. When the three figures appeared, the light shining from the picture faded away, causing the chamber to fall into the darkness once again.

Among the three figures was a man in his thirties. This man was the guest from Tranquil East Tribe by the name of Chen. His face was pale as he fell to his knees and began dry heaving, but nothing came out. Yet it was still clear by how his body trembled that the relocation process was incredibly harrowing.

Beside him, while the old guest by the name of Dong Fang may not have been dry heaving, his face was similarly pale. Sweat formed on his forehead and he stumbled a few steps forward to the borders of the picture on the ground. Once he did so, he immediately sat down cross-legged. Just as he was about to recover his breathing, he saw Su Ming.

Su Ming stood at the center of the picture. Since he wore a black mask, no one could see his face.

At that moment, he had his eyes closed while his heart raced against his chest. A strange red flush appeared on his face under the mask.

Coincidentally, he opened his eyes at the very same moment the old man looked towards him. When their gazes met, the old man was stunned. In his eyes, Su Ming remained aloof, completely unaffected by the transportation, as if he did not suffer during the process of relocation.

"Please recover your breathing, I will protect you," Su Ming said calmly.

The old man immediately forced out a smile and after nodding towards Su Ming, he closed his eyes and started meditating.

The man named Chen also struggled up to the old man's side with harsh pants and smiled wanly before starting to recover his breathing.

Su Ming did not say a word. He walked out of the picture on the ground and stopped not too far away from his two companions. A pensive look appeared in his eyes as he observed the picture on the ground.

The picture was incredibly complex, causing the people who look at it to feel mystified.

"Brother Mo, your power is extraordinary to be able to withstand

the pressure of the relocation. I'm impressed... Thank you for protecting us.

"The picture was carved by the tribe members of Han Mountain Tribe with the will of Han Mountain's ancestor. There are few who know the details of its functions. After the three tribes conquered Han Mountain City, they used the power of their statues of the God of Berserkers to modify it so that it became a relocation circle when the seal in the hidden grounds becomes weaker during the Day of Eternal Creation," the old man explained after opening his eyes..

"You're welcome. Since we're here, we'll have to take care of each other. I've only just become a guest of Tranquil East and there are many things I don't understand. I will need to trouble the two of you to explain things to me."

Su Ming averted his gaze from the picture on the ground and looked at the old man.

The old man looked at the man named Chen beside him. When he saw that he was still recovering his breathing and would be unable to recover within a short period of time, he wrapped his fist around his palm politely towards Su Ming, and with a smile, said, "I am Dong Fang Hua. Brother Mo, you may only have just become a guest in Tranquil East, but since the Elder of Tranquil East gave you a plate with the number three on it, it's clear that the tribe places a lot of value on you. In the future, there might even be times where I have to trouble you."

"A plate with the number three?"

Su Ming had made some guesses about it previously. Now that he heard the old man's words, he became even more certain of his theory.

"That's right. Brother Mo, the numbers on the plates given to the guests in Tranquil East Tribe are ranks based on our power."

As Dong Fang Hua spoke, he brought out a plate from his bosom.

"This number on this plate of mine is seven. It means that before me, there might be six other people whose power surpass mine." Dong Fang Hua pointed towards the man meditating beside him and said, "Brother Chen's number is 11, as for Zhou Yue, his number was eight."

"Then who was the one who had the plate numbered three before me?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

"I'm not entirely sure. The people with the top three numbers don't usually mix with us..."

Dong Fang Hua laughed bitterly.

"Brother Mo, I know some things about this."

The man named Chen took a deep breath and opened his eyes. He got up and wrapped his fist around his palm as a salute to Su Ming

before speaking in a low voice.

"There aren't many guests in Tranquil East Tribe, the number is maintained around twenty something guests. The person who had the plate numbered three before you should have died, and he most likely died here, or else the Elder of Tranquil East wouldn't have modified the plate.

"The dangers and serendipity in this place coexist. The tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe did not lie to us. If we're lucky, then we may find serendipities here that cannot be found outside. This is also why we became guests and are willing to do things for Tranquil East.

"Brother Mo, it's best not to travel alone in this place. Once you're left behind and the guests from other tribes find you... it'll be dangerous."

The man named Chen's facial parlor returned to normal and he looked at Su Ming as he spoke in a low tone.

"Alright, since brother Chen has recovered, let's leave this place quickly. We're the third batch of people who entered this place, but we don't know what has happened here. There should be guests from Tranquil East receiving us outside the tunnel. We have to meet up with them quickly. The third batch of people from Lake of Colors and Puqiang will be here soon as well. The three tribes are wary of each other and that is why the guests from the three tribes are sent to locations close to each other. There might be a seal in the transfer circle that prevents the remnants of power from spreading out before we leave the tunnel, and the three tribes

have prohibited us from fighting against each other to prevent accidents, but it's still best to avoid them," Dang Fang Hua urged them forward.

When the man named Chen heard it, he nodded his head and wrapped his fist around his palm towards Su Ming before briskly moving towards one of the tunnels that looked like a gaping mouth. Su Ming followed behind him quietly with Dong Fang Hua at his side.

At the very moment he and the other two were about to enter the tunnel, the picture on the ground in the chamber suddenly flashed brightly. Yet this time the light was not white, but dark. It illuminated the chamber in an instant.

The expressions on Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen's faces changed.

"It's Puqiang Tribe!"

Su Ming's pupils shrank and he looked over subtly. The dark light only lasted for a short moment, then quickly disappeared. In the chamber, three people appeared.

The person leading the team wore purple robes and had a dark expression. He had his hands behind his back and looked incredibly relaxed. In an instant, his eyes fell upon Su Ming and the other two people. Once he swept his gaze past them, he gave Su Ming a scrutinizing look before letting out a cold harrumph, no longer taking note of them.

"Xuan Lun!"

"The chief guest of Puqiang Tribe? I didn't expect him to be in the third batch and not the first!"

Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen were both stunned and instinctively took a few steps backwards. Their gazes were respectful as they looked at Xuan Lun.

The two people behind Xuan Lun both looked to be in their forties. As of then, their faces were pale and they struggled out of the picture on the ground with Xuan Lun, sitting down immediately to meditate once they reached the side.

Xuan Lun stood by the side with his hands behind his back, frustration evident from in-between his brows. He had been searching for He Feng and the man named Xu for a long time, but had no clues. His temper grew worse, and he would kill with just the slightest provocation.

When he saw the three guests from Tranquil East Tribe, he would have killed them if it were not for the wave of power that would be activated on the seal from the transportation circle if someone was killed. If any accidents happened, even he as the chief guest of Puqiang Tribe would not be able to withstand it.

"Get lost!" Xuan Lun barked out harshly.

Even if he was not looking at Su Ming and his two companions, they understood who it was meant for.

Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen did not dare speak. They lowered their heads and quickly retreated.

Su Ming was behind them. He was just about to leave with Dong Fang Hua.

"Wait! I've seen all the guests of Tranquil East Tribe before. Who are you? Take off your mask."

Xuan Lun pointed at Su Ming.

Dong Fang Hua's footsteps faltered, forcing the man named Chen to stop as well.

Su Ming frowned, and He Feng's alarmed voice immediately appeared in his head. "Master, don't leave immediately. From what I understand about Xuan Lun, he's not testing you. He's just throwing the question out of frustration. You can put on an arrogant air. He won't think too much into it if you do that."

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He stopped and turned to meet Xuan Lun's gaze with aloof eyes.

"If you want me to take off my mask, you'll have to win against me."

Su Ming's words were spoken coolly. Once he finished speaking, he turned and walked into the tunnel. The hearts of Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen trembled when they heard Su Ming's words. They looked at each other and hesitated for a moment before quickly following after.

Xuan Lun's eyes shone when he heard the words. He laughed coldly, but did not speak again. However, the murderous look in his eyes became clearer.

Su Ming and his two companions moved quickly through the tunnel. Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen widened the distance between them and Su Ming on the way. They had wanted to invite Su Ming to explore the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor, but after what happened with Xuan Lun, they changed their minds.

Not much time passed before they reached the end of the tunnel. There was a crack at the end of the tunnel, and dark light shone through it. The hidden grounds of Han Mountain City were outside.

Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen were about to walk out when Su Ming's eyes glinted and he stopped.

"Brother Dong Fang, you said before that there would be guests from Tranquil East receiving and protecting us once we got out of the tunnel?" Su Ming asked coolly.

Chapter 147: That Starry Sky

"That's right. This is an agreement made in Tranquil East Tribe to avoid any accidents from happening. We'll all... hm?"

Dong Fang Hua was stunned. As he was making his explanations, his pupils shrank and he looked carefully out of the crack.

It was quiet outside, and it was clear that no one was there to receive them as per the agreement.

"Something's wrong!"

The man named Chen's face became dark, and he took a few steps forward before placing his right hand on the wall by the side of the crack. He closed his eyes and reopened them after a while.

"There's no ambush outside, but... the guests that should be receiving us aren't here either."

As he spoke, he channeled power into his right hand and dug out a mountain rock. Then he bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood on the rock before throwing it out of the crack.

The moment the rock crashed on the wall, it turned into a silhouette who looked exactly the same as the man named Chen. It went out of the crack cautiously and walked around before it returned.

"There's no ambush lying around, but why aren't they here..?"

The man named Chen looked at Dong Fang Hua while speaking in a low tone.

"Wait a bit more!"

Dong Fang Hua frowned as he looked at the silhouette formed by the Berserker Art outside the crack.

After the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the silhouette loitering outside turned into blood mist and became a piece of rock once more.

Su Ming saw this, and became cautious of the man named Chen.

"Brother Mo, brother Chen, there's something wrong. When we go out later, it's best that we don't separate from each other. We have to rush northwest. I remember that place to be Tranquil East Tribe's gathering place."

There was a hint of alarm on Dong Fang Hua's face when he hissed out the words. When he saw Su Ming and the man named Chen nodding, he took a deep breath and gritted his teeth before charging out.

The man named Chen followed suit with Su Ming behind him. The three men charged out of the crack, and a gust of wind with the smell of blood rushed towards them, lifting Su Ming's hair.

The area was dark with a thin layer of mist, but otherwise empty and desolate. Black mist rose from the ground and gathered in the sky above.

Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen turned into long arcs as they dashed northwest. Su Ming originally wanted to follow, but the moment he charged out, he instinctively looked at the sky in this place. The moment he did so, he suddenly trembled, and the calmness and aloofness in his eyes were instantly replaced by shock. He stopped.

"Brother Mo?"

The man named Chen running ahead was stunned and turned back to look at Su Ming.

"Don't bother about him! Something must have happened here, we can't stay!" Dong Fang Hua quickly spoke, and without any hint of stopping, he ran ahead.

The man named Chen hesitated for a moment before hastily leaving as well. Gradually, these two people disappeared ahead without a trace.

Su Ming stood where he was, dumbfounded as he looked at the stars in the sky. Even if He Feng was calling out to him in alarm in his head, he did not seem to hear his voice. It was as if he had forgotten about everything around him.

As he looked at the stars in the sky, bafflement filled his eyes.

He had gone through the devastation in Dark Mountain, the feelings of disorientation in the Land of South Morning, the loneliness in the past few years, and the things that had happened with He Feng - all of them had made him used to staying calm, familiarising him with indifference and keeping his silence.

Although such an expression of shock might not be rare on him, it was still uncommon. He was also currently in the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor.

In a place filled with danger, his mind became blank for a span of a few breaths due to shock.

He looked at the sky. It might have been shrouded by fog, but his eyes could see through it and to the stars glimmering in the black sky. If it were not because the four manmade cracks in the sky which made the fog continue slipping through, Su Ming would have not been unable to differentiate whether the starry sky was real or fake.

"It's fake..." Su Ming mumbled.

He looked at the four cracks. Their existence told him clearly that the starry sky was fake and created by man. It... did not exist.

But he had seen this piece of starry sky before.

"Su Ming, remember this sky..."

The elder's voice echoed in Su Ming's head like a desolate wind.

He stood there, unmoving, as his face filled with bafflement. He looked at the sky and his eyes became blank. The area was quiet, but there was a voice mumbling in his heart.

‘Why did the sky the elder told me to remember appeared in this place..?’

‘Why do his treasures incite feelings of familiarity within me..?’

‘Why couldn't He Feng take out that treasure, but when it saw me, it fused into my body..?’

‘Why did the sword open a path of flesh and blood once it entered my body? This path of blood also gave me a feeling like it had originally existed within me, but was sealed up...

‘Why does the red meadow of Han Mountain's ancestor absorb other people's Qi when they use it, but is completely different when I use it..?’

‘Why...?’

‘Han Mountain's ancestor, where did you... come from..? Did you come from the place where this piece of starry sky belongs? Then

where did I come from..?!'

The voice in Su Ming's heart eventually turned into a roar, but it was only in his heart and no one else could hear it. They would only be able to see that he was standing stunned outside the crack, as if he'd lost his soul while looking at the sky, with a dumbfounded expression.

Thousands of feet away from Su Ming was a small hill. There were two people sitting cross-legged there. One of them was an old man in black robes. His eyes flashed when he pressed two fingers on his right eye.

"From the three people of Tranquil East Tribe, Dong Fang Hua and Chen Nuo are heading northwest, most likely to Tranquil East Tribe's gathering place. We don't have to bother about those two. If they go there, they're just rushing to their deaths.

"There's one person left. He's staring at the sky unmoving, like in a trance. His power... is no more than 800 blood veins! I've never seen a person like this in the information provided about the guests of Tranquil East Tribe."

"If he doesn't even have 800 blood veins, then we can just take his head and get enough blood from him. Our tribe has been preparing for this for many years. It's impossible that Tranquil East Tribe took note and planned for it. This might be a new guest they took in. Lin Dong, attack," a man in his forties said coolly.

"Do it quickly. We still have to ambush the gathering place of

Puqiang Tribe."

The moment the man in his forties finished speaking, he closed his eyes. He was dressed in red robes, and the face of a woman loomed on his clothes. These type of clothes were only given to the tribe members of Lake of Colors Tribe in Han Mountain City.

It was clear that this man was a blood descendant of Lake of Colors Tribe!

The old man in black robes called Lin Dong nodded once he heard the words. He lowered his left hand from his right eye and stood up, then dashed forward so quickly that he disappeared without a trace before long.

Su Ming continued standing on the spot with a baffled look in his eyes. He had a strong feeling that there must be something in common between him and Han Mountain's ancestor that was incredibly similar!

Yet it was as if there was a veil before him that obscured his view when he wanted to see clearly. He could only make guesses regarding everything about this.

'I have to go to his tomb... I have... to see him!'

Su Ming closed his eyes and lifted his right hand abruptly before slamming it down on an empty space beside him.

There was a muffled boom, and ripples immediately appeared in the space beside him. An old man in black robes materialised with a pale face. Once he showed up, blood flowed out of his mouth. There might have been shock in his eyes, but he did not retreat. He seized the air with his right hand and immediately black mist surrounded his hand, turning into a black claw, which he swiped at Su Ming.

Su Ming might have still been in a baffled state, but the moment he stepped out of the crack, he had activated the Branding Art. Everything in the area of 2,000 feet could not escape from his senses, not even the grass moving in the wind.

He had sensed the stranger the moment the old man in black robes appeared.

Su Ming did not even look at the old man rushing towards him with the black claws. Instead, he lifted his head to look at the small hill not far in the distance. At the very moment he cast his gaze at the hilltop, virescent light suddenly flashed before the old man that was closing in on him at a fast speed. A virescent light appeared out of nowhere and pierced through the center of his brows, bringing with it a trail of blood that splattered behind the old man.

The old man widened his eyes in disbelief. The light in his eyes faded out, and he fell 30 feet away from Su Ming. His body convulsed on the ground a few times before he lost his breath and died.

This had happened too quickly. The man in red robes abruptly

stood up on the hilltop. His expression changed, and shock appeared on his face. He did not pay too much attention to this fight because he knew Lin Dong's power well. He might only have 800 blood veins, but his Berserker Art was mysterious. He could make his body fade away and it would be difficult to notice him as he quietly approached other people. With this Berserker Art, Lin Dong had built a name for himself.

Thus, the man in red robes did not expect Lin Dong to die so easily. He did not even manage to see the entire process clearly, only seeing the person staring at the sky in a trance hurling out a fist.

Lin Dong might have been forced back after suffering that one punch, but he still continued trying to kill him, and at that moment, Lin Dong suddenly died...

A shudder ran through the heart of the man in red robes. Coincidentally, the moment he stood up was the exact moment Su Ming turned his gaze in his direction. Their gazes met.

"Retreat!"

The man in red robes was taken aback. Su Ming at that moment was shrouded in mystery in his eyes. As a tribe member of Lake of Colors, he did not want to take the risk. As he spoke, he quickly withdrew and was just about to leave.

"Don't even think about it!"

Su Ming's eyes were cold and he bounded forward at full speed. He turned into a long arc that stuck close to the ground as he charged towards the hill.

The moment he saw Su Ming's speed, the man in red robes was alarmed. The hill was 4,000 feet away from him, but as the masked man closed in, the distance between them rapidly closed up. Even if he wanted to escape, that person would still catch up to him before long.

‘This person killed Lin Dong with ease. He must be a powerful Berserker who hid his true power. I’m no match for him!’

A resolute look appeared on the face of the man in red robes as he retreated. He quickly brought out a palm-sized red box from his bosom. Once he crushed it, a spherical stone appeared in his palm.

The stone was entirely red, and there were dense marks covering its surface, forming a complex picture. The moment the man brought out the stone, a strong red light appeared on the surface of the stone, which swiftly spread outwards. The man in red robes gradually faded out, and as he stared at Su Ming closing in on him, still 3,000 feet away, a cold smirk surfaced on his face.

‘Lin Dong might have died, but we discovered another powerful Berserker in Tranquil East Tribe. We can consider this mission a success... You want to kill me? Hmph!’

Chapter 148: Within Sight

"Relocation!"

He Feng's sharp voice resounded in Su Ming's head with disbelief.

Su Ming did not make a sound. He continued closing in on the man in red robes. He had already seen the red stone in his right hand and the person's body fading out rapidly, even the cold smirk on his lips.

3,000 feet, 2,700 feet, 2,400 feet... the moment there was only 2,000 feet between them, half of the man's body had faded away, and he had become so indistinct that there was just a moment before he would disappear completely under the bright red light. Su Ming then lifted his head and a chilliness entered his eyes.

He was never weak-hearted towards those who wanted to kill him. This was what the elder had taught him—he must kill all of those who posed a danger to him. If a beast showed its fangs and threatened him, then it must pay the price!

When there was only 2,000 feet between them, the mark of the small sword at the center of Su Ming's brows activated and turned into a ray of virescent light that could not be seen clearly with the naked eye. With a sharp whistling sound, it charged towards the man in red robes.

The man was already almost completely transparent. The red

light was flashing brightly as it enveloped his body. Disdain appeared in his eyes, and he closed them. In his mind, when he reopened his eyes, he would not see the man who killed Lin Dong, but the people of his tribe.

Yet at the very instant he closed his eyes, a shudder racked through his body. He opened his eyes quickly to see a small virescent sword closed in on him, cutting across his transparent body.

A sharp and pained scream ran through the air, and the man's body was split in half. His upper was transported out of the place under the flashing red light, but his lower body was sliced in half by the small virescent sword, forcefully made to stay here.

Blood splattered everywhere. Half of the body of the man in red robes fell to the ground.

The red light gradually faded away and the surroundings returned to normal. The only proof of what had just happened was the body sliced in half lying on the ground.

Su Ming came forward and swept his gaze across the body.

"He Feng, what did you say?"

There was a hint of fatigue on Su Ming's face. The power of the small virescent sword was too great, and the price to use it was just as great. Su Ming had almost used up a seventh of the spirit power

stored within the path of blood when he activated the sword.

Yet Su Ming could feel that the spiritual aura that could be absorbed in this place was much thicker compared to the world outside, which allowed him to recover much more quickly. It made his desire to see Han Mountain's ancestor even stronger.

"Master, the man in red robes just now was a tribe member from Lake of Colors. He's definitely not a guest. I don't know what was that stone he held just now, but it's definitely used for relocation!

"The markings carved onto the stone should be... a Relocation Rune! It's just like how you were sent in with the power of the statue of the God of Berserkers. But Tranquil East Tribe needs the help of the statue, and they must use the Relocation Rune in the tunnel. It's a forced relocation.

"But the person from Lake of Colors was different. He held a smaller Relocation Rune in his hand, and with that, he can use that stone to relocate himself anytime he wanted. He would be able to reappear in a few set locations in Lake of Colors Tribe!

"This... this proves that Lake of Colors Tribe has discovered the essence of relocation!"

He Feng had already calmed down and was analyzing the situation in detail for Su Ming.

"Not even Han Mountain Tribe had been able to fully understand

the framework of the Relocation Rune left by the ancestor. We could only use what was left behind and could not make new ones...

"Lake of Colors Tribe took away a jade scroll. There are some Arts my ancestor used in there. It also has some records regarding the changes and placements of the Relocation Rune..."

"Lake of Colors Tribe must have obtained a great breakthrough in their research!"

"Master, this trip is dangerous! The guests from Tranquil East Tribe did not come as promised; something must have happened to them when they were here. You mustn't go! Dong Fang Hua and the man named Chen must have fallen into their trap since they left as well!"

As He Feng continued with his analysis, his words came out faster and faster.

Su Ming fell into momentary silence before he suddenly spoke. "You once said that when the people of the three tribes come here, they will face a great pressure because they are the slave tribes of Han Mountain..."

A thought arose in He Feng's mind and he immediately said, "Master, I understand what you mean. Lake of Colors Tribe must have an incredibly wild ambition this time. They must have sent a lot of people from their tribe. Besides their guests, most of them are definitely the people of their tribe. I may have never seen the

man in red robes, but I could feel that the limitation on him wasn't great...

"If that's the case, could it be that Lake of Colors Tribe has found a way to counter the limit?"

"It should be a temporary resistance."

Su Ming's eyes fell on the broken corpse of the man in red robes. The corpse was gradually withering away with cracking sounds. The bones were being crushed in a strange fashion, more of the cracks appearing as time passed. As the body withered, wisps of black mist spread out.

"This time, Lake of Colors Tribe will definitely take great action... They might really have enough power this time to open the path to my ancestor's tomb that they've never managed to crack before, and all right under Tranquil East Tribe and Puqiang Tribe's eyes." He Feng mumbled.

He Feng must have thought of something, since he immediately said, "The situation in Han Mountain City is about to change... Master, we have to stop this!" Yet the moment the words left his mouth, he regretted them.

Su Ming left the place and went towards the corpse of the old man in black robes. Once he got closer, he fumbled through the body and found a few items, which he put away in his storage bag. He did not bother with He Feng.

"Master, I..."

When He Feng saw Su Ming's actions, the thoughts in his heart grew lively.

"I won't stop Lake of Colors Tribe, nor do I have the ability to do so."

Su Ming stood beside the corpse of the old man in black robes and spread out the Branding Art in an area of 1,000 feet before walking into the distance.

"But Master, if Lake of Colors Tribe opens the tomb of the ancestor, they will become the masters of Han Mountain City, and your safety will be affected, also..."

Su Ming looked around silently. The hidden grounds underneath Han Mountain City seemed to be formed naturally. It was dark all around them, and there were multiple barren hills that rose up from the ground. There was also fog everywhere, creating a gloomy atmosphere within the silence.

"Besides, it's unknown why Lake of Colors Tribe wants to enter the tomb of the ancestor. But once they obtain the ancestor's legacy, their power will definitely increase exponentially. Still, I think those treasures should belong to you. Master, you've already obtained the virescent sword and the beast skin. With my help, within a few years, we could enter the ancestor's tomb alone. I..."

He Feng had no choice. His heart was filled with anxiety, and he could only place his hopes on Su Ming, praying that he could persuade him.

"He Feng, what else are you hiding from me?" Su Ming asked calmly while walking forward.

The moment his words left his mouth, He Feng immediately swallowed his original words.

"Master, I'm not hiding anything from you. I'm worried about the goal of Lake of Colors Tribe. If they obtain the legacy of the ancestor..."

He Feng was just about to explain when he was cut off.

"You don't know the goal of Lake of Colors Tribe? Are you sure you don't know the goals of the tribes of Lake of Colors, Puqiang, and Tranquil East?"

Su Ming's speed was incredibly quick. While speaking, he had already arrived at the top of one of the barren hills. He stood there and felt the melancholy breeze against him as he looked into the distance.

There were a lot of barren hills in this place, and as they rose from the ground, a large number of valleys were also formed. Su Ming saw a plains surrounded by multiple valleys as far as his eyes could see.

The plains were a land filled with sand. There was a sandstorm stirring up that connected the heavens and earth. Deep within the sandstorm, Su Ming could see the vague contours of a gigantic building.

It seemed quite far away, and if he walked there, he would find that the place was located even further away than what it looked like.

At the moment, at the end of where Su Ming could see, he could vaguely glimpse three stone altars nearly 1,000 feet tall, built around the gigantic building deep within the sandstorm.

The three altars were built far apart from each other, and their colors were clearly different from each other as well. They were black, red, and white respectively.

Behind the gigantic building was the red stone altar. Right now, there were dozens of people in red robes sitting on top of the altar. The differences in their status could also be seen by how they seated themselves around each other.

The one sitting at the top of the circle was a young married woman who looked incredibly pretty. Her eyes were closed and her hair danced in the air. There was a red mole at the corner of her lips, causing this woman to have a charming air around her.

If anyone looked at the woman, they would recognize that her face was almost exactly the same as the looming face in the red

mist surrounding Lake of Colors Tribe.

This woman was the owner of the voice Su Ming had heard a few years ago in Han Mountain City and whose face he did not manage to see. She was the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe Xuan Lun spoke of – Yan Luan!

Behind Yan Luan were two people. One of them was Yan Fei Zi. This woman was also wearing a red robe at the moment, but there was still a veil covering her face, the icy expression.

Beside her was a man. He did not seem to have reached his thirties and had a dignified air around him. He was built big and tall, and when he occasionally looked at Han Fei Zi by his side, a loving look that could not be concealed would appear in his eyes.

These people sat on the altar quietly, as if they were waiting for time to pass by. Yet at that moment, red light suddenly gathered on the altar. When the people looked over, a shrill cry resounded out of nowhere, and as it echoed around the altar, a blurred outline of a person formed.

This person only had his upper body as he quickly materialized from a faded out state. When his body became clear, the person who appeared before the crowd was the man in red robes who was sliced in half by Su Ming.

The man's face was pale, and when he appeared, he fell to the ground, trembling. There was no trace of his body below the waist. Only half of his body remained, and his life was rapidly

disappearing. His mouth was filled with blood. He opened it, as if wanting to say something, but could not make a sound.

His appearance made most of the expressions of the people in Lake of Colors Tribe change, including Han Fei Zi's.

Yan Luan, the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, focused her gaze on the man in red robes and pointed towards him. Immediately, a gust of red mist charged forward and crawled in through the man's ears, eyes, nose, and mouth, causing him to immediately regain some liveliness.

"Tribe leader, Tranquil East Tribe has a new guest. That person killed Lin Dong instantly..."

The man in red robes only managed to utter out a sentence before his face became dark—the blood flowing out of his body instantly gathered together and flew out of the body. It floated in midair for a second, then turned into a figure of a person made of blood.

The features of the man of blood were very clear. It was Su Ming with his mask on.

Chapter 149: Han Mountain's Ancestor Is Not Dead!

"Tribe leader, it's him! Take revenge for me!"

The moment the man in red robes let out his final sentence, he fell to the ground dead, unable to hold on any longer. His corpse quickly withered and turned into ashes that were swept away by the wind blowing around the altar.

"I will take revenge for you."

Yan Luan looked at Su Ming's figure formed from the man's blood floating in the air and nodded her head.

Han Fei Zi frowned as she focused her gaze on the person. There was something familiar about him, but she could not tell where that feeling came from.

"Tribe leader, let me handle this person. He killed my people, I will bring him here," Han Fei Zi said softly with her usual cold voice.

"Alright, but you will only have two days. Don't be late."

The married woman smiled faintly and tucked away her hair that were being blown by the wind as she spoke softly.

Her actions held an indescribable allure, causing the tall man beside Han Fei Zi to stare at her, but he quickly lowered his head, not daring to look at her any longer.

"Yan Guang, go with her. If this new guest in Tranquil East can instantly kill Lin Dong, then it means he must have some power."

Yan Luan turned her back and looked at the man who had his head lowered. She lifted her right hand and caressed his face.

A shiver ran through Yan Guang's body, and he quickly stood up, obeying.

"Go. The man of blood will guide you to him."

Su Ming looked at the sandstorm and the blurred out gigantic building in the distance. He might not be able to see the building clearly, only its faint contours, but he could feel a strong pressure coming from within the sandstorm.

He lifted his right hand and tapped at the area above his heart. Immediately, his flesh and body began trembling and a dim mist was forced out of his body. It turned into a small person the size of his palm. It was He Feng.

"You don't know?"

Su Ming averted his eyes from the sandstorm and looked at He Feng. His eyes were not bright, but when his gaze fell on He Feng,

it made the little person's heart tremble.

He knew that he had been too anxious and in turn had caused Su Ming to be suspicious. He also no longer looked down on Su Ming after the things that had happened to him. At the same time he grew to respect him, having a feeling that he was seen through as the other's intelligence grew.

"I really don't..." He Feng started to answer cautiously, but he only managed to utter half of his sentence. Under Su Ming's calm gaze, he found that he could not continue with his sentence.

"The goal of Lake of Colors Tribe might perhaps be the legacy left behind by your ancestor from Han Mountain Tribe, but... they're aiming to dissolve the brand of the slave tribes. Puqiang Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe have opened the tunnel of the canyons over the centuries without any care of consequences for this as well.

"I can understand if the others don't know about this, but if you don't..."

Su Ming smiled, but in He Feng's eyes that smile was cold.

"Master... you have great vision and intelligence! These were just my guesses. About that... because I wasn't sure, that's why I didn't say it."

He Feng licked his lips. Understanding and respect appeared on his face as he looked at Su Ming and quickly spoke.

Su Ming looked at He Feng. He had never seen He Feng speaking this way and putting on this sort of expression before.

He Feng blinked nervously under Su Ming's gaze. He was just about to speak.

"I know what you're hiding," Su Ming suddenly said, and his words made He Feng's heart tremble.

Su Ming averted his gaze from He Feng's body. He looked at the sand plains surrounded by the valleys in the distance and at the building that was shrouded by the sandstorm that connected the heaven and earth. He could not hear the sounds from the sandstorm from where he stood, but he could feel the shocking power coming from within it.

"I'm not hiding anything from you, please don't be suspicious of me. This is... I'm really not hiding anything from you. I've already told you everything that I could. My life is also in your hands, I wouldn't dare hide anything from you.

"Besides, Master, you're intelligent and powerful, you can see through my thoughts with just one glance, I wouldn't dare..."

He Feng immediately laughed bitterly, but he was laughing coldly in his heart, thinking that he had seen everything in his years. There was no way he would fall for Mo Su's lie.

"Han Mountain's ancestor is not dead," Mo Su mumbled while looking at the building in the sandstorm.

He Feng's heart trembled violently. He wanted to originally hide this fact, but Su Ming's words were like a bolt of lightning striking down on him, causing everything that he had been hiding to completely crumble, revealing the true secret that he had been hiding within his heart.

This secret was his everything. It was his most important secret, and Su Ming had just mumbled it out. More importantly, Su Ming did not speak as if he was asking a question, he did not even ask He Feng, he was simply talking to himself.

"Mas... Master, are you joking... How... How could this be?"

He Feng took a deep breath. His expression might have changed drastically, but this was not proof of his guilt. He could use disbelief to cover for himself.

"How could the ancestor not have died? If the ancestor hasn't died, then how would the three tribes dare to rebel? If the ancestor hasn't died, then the three tribes would be in a state of fear and wouldn't dare to stay in Han Mountain City..."

Disbelief filled He Feng's face. When he saw that Su Ming was not paying any attention to him and had his eyes fixed on the building within the sandstorm in the distance, he knew that Su Ming knew that place was the tomb of the ancestor.

"I got it. Master, you must be thinking that the three tribes are still slave tribes and are still affected by the limits set on them, that's why you think the ancestor hasn't died. If that's the case, you're wrong. I know from the ancient scrolls that the ancestor took the blood from the three tribes and gathered it on the three stone altars in the past. If the stone altars aren't shattered, then the three tribes will forever remain as slaves.

"The three altars are connected to the ancestor. If the ancestor hasn't died, then with just one thought, he could cause the destruction of all the blood descendants of the three tribes. How could they still be around if that was the case?"

A baffled look appeared on He Feng's face and he quickly explained, though with a certain hesitation, as if he was making his explanations while thinking at the same time. He did not reject Su Ming's words immediately, but through his words, he was hinting that he was thinking and analyzing the possibility of whether this could be true.

"He Feng, I can feel his presence," Su Ming said slowly, eyes closed.

He did not lie to He Feng. As he stood there and looked towards the building in the sandstorm, he could feel a thick spiritual aura coming from inside it.

He would not have been able to sense that spiritual aura before the path of blood in his body was formed, but right now, he could sense it clearly. The small virescent sword in his body was also acting slightly differently.

The spiritual aura flowed out powerfully, and it was filled with endless signs of life. This was definitely not a tomb!

His words made He Feng's heart tremble once again, and the latter fell silent.

"Just how long are you going to hide it from me!"

Su Ming opened his eyes and within them was indifference and killing intent. He stared at He Feng floating before him and closed in on him with a step.

He Feng trembled and was just about to retreat when a virescent light flashed and the small sword flew out of the center of Su Ming's brows. It circled around He Feng once, which not only prevented him from retreating, but also stopped him from moving in any direction as it froze with its tip pointing at his forehead.

Cold air blasted out from the sword and threw He Feng's mind into a state of chaos. Under the fear caused by the might of the sword, he slowly began to laugh bitterly.

"Master, you have great vision. I was too anxious, and I gave my game away... Indeed, the ancestor is not dead."

He Feng's expression was complicated as he spoke bitterly in a low voice.

"This is the greatest secret of Han Mountain Tribe. An accident happened to my ancestor when he was training, hence he built this tomb and isolated himself inside... He once said that if he could egress within 100 years, then it meant that he reached a breakthrough, but if he did not, then we, his descendents, were not allowed to bother him.

"As time passed by, rumors that the ancestor died gradually spread. Once the three tribes prodded this a few times, they suppressed the limit of the slave tribes placed on them with the help of outsiders and took over Han Mountain Tribe.

"Yet even then they could not tell whether the ancestor had died. Over the centuries, they've opened the tunnel to the canyons multiple times to indeed get rid of the brand of the slave tribes, but they also wanted to check whether the ancestor was truly dead...

"I've been investigating in secret behind the three tribes' back, and I found traces of Freezing Sky Clan helping them. I believe that Freezing Sky Clan helped during the rebellion in the past as well. Since the three tribes are controlled by three different factions in Freezing Sky Clan, it's only natural that they're hostile to each other.

"This time, Lake of Colors Tribe has mastered the Relocation Art, and their ambition grew. If they could open the ancestor's isolation grounds... It would be fine if the ancestor had truly died, but if he had not..."

When He Feng spoke to this point, his expression fell and he paused.

"If Han Mountain's ancestor hasn't died, then with Lake of Colors Tribe's actions this time, the power in Freezing Sky Clan behind would definitely also learn about it. And if that's the case, then they will appear and kill Han Mountain's ancestor," Su Ming stated languidly.

He Feng silently agreed to his words. After a moment of hesitation, he looked at Su Ming as if he made his decision and spoke in a low tone.

"Master, I have a method with which you can enter the ancestor's isolation grounds without needing to break the seals. If you can go in earlier, perhaps you can gain more benefits than Lake of Colors Tribe."

Su Ming's gaze landed on He Feng. He did not speak.

"Fang Mu's aunt, Fang Cang Lan, is a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan. If she can return at this moment to Tranquil East Tribe... then the power behind Han Fei Zi and Lake of Colors Tribe can also send people here..."

"No wonder Han Fei Zi asked to defer even though she could already enter Freezing Sky Clan. It's highly likely that it's related to this place."

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He looked at the obscure building in the plains surrounded by the numerous valleys. He took one move, but he did not move towards the plains

in the distance, but rather to his left instead.

"A change will definitely happen in this place. If I go to the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor too early, it'll cause a lot of trouble... Even if Han Mountain's ancestor really hasn't died, the subsequent moves that will be taken by Lake of Colors Tribe against me for entering the place will be difficult to handle enough by themselves, and that's not accounting for the troublesome fact that I'll have to explain that I didn't enslave the three tribes.

"It's better if I search for Sky Flute Branch first and gather all the herbs necessary to create Spirit Plunder before making my decision."

Su Ming fell silent and spread out the brand to an area of 2,000 feet, then disappeared into the mountain range.

Time passed by. An hour later, a white cloud appeared within the fog in the sky, whistling past.

Han Fei Zi had her face covered with the veil, but her eyes held an air of elegance and lightness. Behind her was the tall man called Yan Guang. Before them was a person of blood, their guide.

Han Fei Zi lifted her hand and pointed at the person of blood with her eyes closed. After a moment, she opened her eyes and spoke coolly.

"This person stopped here an hour ago..."

Chapter 150: Pursuit

The area surrounding the place which may be the grave or the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor could be said to be hidden hundreds of thousands of feet in the deep canyons under Han Mountain City, but it could also be said to be connected to the city with a secret tunnel. It was a strange dimension that was created by people.

This place was not too big, but if someone wanted to travel through this entire place, they would still need at least ten days even if they traveled with Su Ming's speed.

This place was covered by mountain ranges, but it was not too humid. The air was incredibly dry, but there was an extremely thick spiritual aura within it that normal people would not be able to feel clearly.

This spiritual aura enveloped the entire place, and Su Ming could feel it tumbling around like waves in the air. As for the others in this place, they would feel refreshed to the point they could almost forget their fatigue.

Perhaps it was precisely because of the spiritual aura in the air why there were a lot of plants growing in the mountain ranges. These plants also seemed to be more spirited and livelier compared to the plants in the world outside. There were even some precious herbs here that would be difficult to find in the world outside.

The locations of some of the precious herbs were stated clearly in

the list that was given to every guest in Tranquil East Tribe, and the map of the place was also drawn alongside the list.

This map, it would prevent people from getting lost in the place.

Su Ming held the bamboo slip given to him by Tranquil East Tribe and memorized everything drawn on the slip in his heart. Then he dashed forward cautiously along the mountain ranges.

As he traveled, Su Ming spread out the Brand and kept an eye out on all the movements in the area. He knew clearly that something had happened in this place and he might run into danger at any moment. This danger came from Lake of Colors Tribe, and he did not know whether Tranquil East and Puqiang had formed an alliance. If they did not, then this place would eventually fall into chaos.

‘Among the guests of Tranquil East, the strongest is the chief guest, Nan Tian... This person has already Transcended, and he was best described in the bamboo slip Fang Mu gave me.

‘He was among the first batch of people who had entered the place. I wonder where and how he is now... Tranquil East Tribe’s Nan Tian, Puqiang Tribe’s Xuan Lun, and Lake of Colors Tribe’s Ke Jiu Si... These three people are the strongest guests among the three tribes.’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. His feet made no sound as he traveled, and after the time it takes to burn an incense stick, he saw a gigantic ravine that looked as if it was formed by a mountain that

was split in half.

‘Serene Spirit Grass is here!’

In the list of herbs Su Ming had memorized from the bamboo slip Tranquil East Tribe had given him, nearly a seventh of the herbs were that he did not know about, and in that list, besides Sky Flute Branch, the other herbs were useless to him at that moment.

However, since he was already here, Su Ming did not want to give up the chance to collect a much wider variety of herbs. After all, they might prove useful when he needed to create other pills that would come after Spirit Plunder.

As he looked at the ravine in the mountain, Su Ming became more cautious. When he approached the place, he focused the Branded area of 2,000 feet and scanned it multiple times. Once he did so, he charged forward and turned into a long arc that stuck close to the ground. With a flash, he rushed into the ravine.

The ravine was very deep, its end impossible to see, which made it seem like it went down to the very center of the earth. Su Ming touched one of the walls when he was in the ravine and took a deep breath.

‘This is manmade... By the looks of it, it’s as if it was sliced in half by a person using a blade... Just what level of cultivation did the person have to reach to be able to do this?!’

Su Ming quietly walked down the ravine, and as he moved, he calculated the distance he traveled.

After a while, he stopped. He saw a crevice within a rather deep part of the ravine. That crevice was not big but dark inside. It looked as if it had been a tunnel once, but was cut apart by this ravine.

‘This is the place.’

Su Ming walked forward carefully and spread out the Brand before slowly making his way into the crevice. He took a step forward, and the moment his foot landed, a faint white mist spread out from inside. That mist appeared out of nowhere and immediately enveloped Su Ming.

He did not dodge, but immediately brought out Tranquil East Tribe’s bamboo slip. The descriptions given regarding the location of the various herbs were very detailed. These herbs were gathered and planted by Tranquil East Tribe in certain locations over the years of entering this place.

They also protected these herbs and did not take them all out in one go. They would instead allow the herbs to grow in these locations before they came and collected them next time.

The bamboo slip was necessary for locating and entering the place. With this item, he could open the seals Tranquil East Tribe had placed over the locations where they grew the herbs. Yet over the centuries, it was unavoidable that there would be times when

Tranquil East Tribe's bamboo slip would be snatched away by the other two tribes.

However, cases where Tranquil East Tribe snatched away the other two tribe's bamboo slips also happened. With this happening often enough between these three tribes, almost a ninth of the places where the herbs were planted were known to all the three tribes.

However, to avoid the herbs going extinct over all the fighting and snatching, a strange balance was formed between the three tribes. Besides a few locations where incredibly rare herbs grew and it was necessary for the three tribes to fight over them, the rest of the locations were divided equally amongst the three tribes before they opened up the hidden grounds.

The white mist tumbled before Su Ming, and once it touched the bamboo slip in his hand, it gradually dispersed and the path inside was revealed. Su Ming lingered around for a moment before he went in cautiously.

He did stay inside for long before charging out of the crevice in a flash. He dashed towards the exit of the ravine and soon arrived outside. He stood by the edge as a glint appeared in his eyes. After a moment of pensive silence, he lowered his head and looked at the ravine underneath his feet once again before making his decision.

He did not leave, but rather charged into the ravine once again. This time, he did not go into the tunnel in the crevice, but went down at a rapid speed. It was dark deep below in the ravine, but with Su Ming's Branded area, he could still sense the things around

him, even if his eyes could not see.

Time trickled by. After a moment of running, the ravine before him started narrowing down, though the end still could not be seen. In fact, there were a lot of places that were so narrow he needed to position his body sideways before he could go through.

At that moment, Su Ming saw something within the Branded area.

‘I knew it!’

Su Ming stopped before he started moving towards the object he had sensed through the Branded area. Before long, a corpse without a head appeared in front of him.

It was stuck in-between the walls of the ravine. He did not have a head, and he wore a blue robe. Many wounds covered his body, and there was one slice on his chest that had almost cut through the body.

There was a plate on his waist, and it was one belonging to a guest of Tranquil East Tribe!

Su Ming observed the corpse for a few moments, then searched his body, but there was nothing left behind. However, he could tell that this person had only died a few days ago from the signs on the corpse.

‘He lost his head and his blood...’

Su Ming stayed silent, then charged forward. Very soon, he left the ravine. He did not stop, but quickly moved further into the distance.

A few hours passed by, and Su Ming had already gone to five of the locations where the herbs grew, his expression growing darker. As he stood by a gigantic mountain rock, he touched the bamboo slip in his hand and fell into contemplative silence.

‘All of these places have herbs!’

This was not a good thing for Su Ming. This meant that the two batches from Tranquil East Tribe that had come to the hidden grounds before him did not have much time to collect the herbs. Even if they did manage to find them, they ended up like the person in the ravine – as corpses.

Su Ming’s eyes flashed. After a moment of pensive silence, he made his decision. He was just about to continue onward when the whistling of a sword echoed in his ears. He turned around abruptly and immediately saw a white cloud charging towards him from the distance.

There were two people standing on the white cloud. One of them—the one with the alluring body—was Han Fei Zi!

Su Ming’s pupils shrank and without further ado, he

immediately withdrew and hid behind the mountain rock. He did not want to meet Han Fei Zi. In his mind, her presence in this place was not exactly a surprise, but if he could, he still wanted to avoid her.

As the white cloud whistled through the sky and got closer to him, its speed gradually slowed down. The person of blood floating before Han Fei Zi suddenly let out a piercing red light.

The moment the person of blood let out that red light, it instantly caught Su Ming's attention. He thought Han Fei Zi was just passing by, but the speed of the white cloud under her feet was slowing down as if it was going to stop. He also saw the person of blood letting off that red light. When he trained his eyes on it and saw its face, Su Ming's heart trembled. It was him when he wore the mask!

‘This is bad!’

Su Ming immediately knew that Han Fei Zi's presence here was not an accident. She was using a strange, unknown Berserker Art as a guide to look for him!

‘It must be that man in red robes from Lake of Colors Tribe!’

Su Ming immediately retreated, yet the moment he withdrew less than 30 feet, the mountain rock he was previously hiding behind instantly let out an oppressing chilling air. A few rumbling sounds resounded, and the rock was instantanly covered in frost. In the blink of an eye, it turned into an ice block.

The ice block exploded with a boom and turned into countless ice shards that charged towards Su Ming.

At the same moment, a chilling glint appeared in Yan Guang's eyes, who was the tall man standing behind Han Fei Zi on the white cloud in the sky. He took a large step forward and turned into a long arc using the force of his descent from the sky to charge towards Su Ming.

"Guest from Tranquil East Tribe! You killed one of my people, now do you dare fight against me?!"

Yan Guang's voice was clear as it spread through the area. As he closed in, a piercing sound rose up and a long spear materialized in his hand. That spear was entirely blue and let out a mysterious light. He held the spear in his hand and charged down with it. In an instant, he closed in on Su Ming.

'The later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm, around 850 blood veins!'

As Su Ming retreated, he saw through the man's power from behind his mask. If he had encountered this man alone, he had the confidence that he could win, but Han Fei Zi was right beside him.

Su Ming could afford to not be bothered by the man, but he had fought against Han Fei Zi before. This woman had a lot of skills and tricks. If they both attacked at the same time, he would have no way of fighting back.

Various thoughts passed thorough his mind in a flash while he dashed backwards. He lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards Yan Guang descending from the sky.

At the same time, a black snake appeared in Su Ming's left hand. That snake hissed and charged out towards the ice shards closing in on him from the front.

The moment Su Ming's fist connected, his body immediately trembled, and he staggered a few steps back. His face, which was hidden behind the mask, became slightly pale. Yan Guang, who was still in the sky, was in an even worse shape. A strong force came crashing towards him as he descended, causing him to tumble hundreds of feet back before he managed to stop himself.

Chapter 151: Counterattack

Booming sounds echoed in the air and the shards shattered. Yet with a shudder, cracks also appeared on the black snake's body. The moment the cracks appeared, Su Ming retreated once again. His gaze was freezing as he spat out one word.

"Fog!"

The black snake Berserker Vessel he had just obtained immediately let out a large amount of black fog. It instantly spread outwards, causing the area to be shrouded in black.

The expression on Han Fei Zi's face immediately changed. The instant the black fog spread out, she instantaneously lifted her right hand and pointed towards Yan Guang. The white mist cloud instantly appeared around Yan Guang's body, who through his shock, had a grave expression on his face in the black fog. The white mist cloud formed a tight defence around his body.

Once she helped Yan Guang with his defence, a golden light flashed outside Han Fei Zi's body. It was the same light that had appeared when she faced Su Ming previously - the strange Art that allowed her to remain largely unscathed even after the numerous ambushes Su Ming had laid on her.

The moment Han Fei Zi made her moves, Su Ming's eyes flashed in the black fog. The mark of the sword of virescent light charged out. Its target was not Yan Guang, neither was it Yan Fei Zi, but the person of blood standing right before her.

That person of blood was Su Ming's target. If that thing was not destroyed, he knew that even if he managed to escape, there was still a possibility that he would be chased down. If that was the case, then it would be better if he destroyed it!

The virescent sword sliced through the air and turned into a strong pressure as it charged towards the person of blood floating before Han Fei Zi with a might that could even make those in the Transcendence Realm shudder in fear. Han Fei Zi's heart immediately trembled. She could not see that viriscent sword, but she could feel a terrifying presence closing in quickly from the fog before her. It even gave her the false impression that she was under the threat of death.

Her expression changed once again. Han Fei Zi quickly retreated and once she did so, she surrounded her body with mist clouds. The golden light shone through the mist clouds, and an ancient mirror about the size of her palm appeared in her hand. As light shone from the mirror, it let out banging sounds and six other mirrors apparated around her body, situated on her sides, her front and back, and the top and bottom of her body, protecting Han Fei Zi inside.

Just as she retreated, the small viriscent sword closed in on the person of blood under Su Ming's control with the Brand and sliced through its head. The moment the sword slashed down, the person of blood let out a piercing cry as if it possessed intelligence and split in half beforeshattering and crumbling apart.

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was just about

to control the small virescent sword to charge at Han Fei Zi when his heart suddenly jumped and his face instantly darkened.

A red mist spread out from the two halves of the crumbling person of blood and turned into a complex red picture that was about 100 feet in size. The moment it appeared, a piercing red light flashed. That red light contained a pressure that made Su Ming tremble, and when it appeared, it caused the black fog in the area to fade out. In an instant, the black fog was gone without a trace.

At the same time, the red picture started shifting and turned into a face of a woman. This woman was incredibly beautiful. She had her eyes closed, and as her eyelashes fluttered, she opened her eyes.

The instant she did so, the small virescent sword immediately trembled as if it could not get closer. A dim light shone from within the woman's eyes and a tinkling chuckle echoed in the air. There was a strange force within that chuckle, making those who heard it feel like their hearts shook like endless rippling water. It made people restless.

As the chuckles echoed in the air, the woman opened her mouth and blew at the small virescent sword. Her breath was like fragrant air, and the moment it touched the small sword, it let out a sharp, sword whistle. The sword trembled and tumbled back towards Su Ming before quickly entering his body.

A red flush immediately colored Su Ming's face. When the fragrant air rushed into his face, a mystified look appeared in his eyes. He could see a blurred figure of a beautiful young married

woman. That woman's beauty gave the feeling as if his heart was going to race out off his chest. It was a feeling that made him think that if she just said the word, he would give his life for her.

The woman was looking at him with a bewitching look at that moment, as if she was calling him to go to her.

Su Ming's expression under the mask was one of bewilderment. Yet at that moment, the mysterious black piece of debris hanging over his chest let out a chilling presence into his body, just like the time when he was stunned when the Fallen God of Berserkers descended. Su Ming's body jolted, and immediately, his eyes became clear.

The moment he regained consciousness, Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood and the light in his eyes became dull. Shock appeared on his face, and he immediately retreated without any hesitation.

This might have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but it only lasted for an instant.

"Hm?"

Interest appeared in the giant face of the woman in the air. As she watched Su Ming hasty retreat, she suddenly laughed.

"Fei Er, Yan Guang, I want this person alive. Go. He is already heavily injured, he won't be able to do much... Bring him to me."

As the giant face spoke softly, it gradually disappeared.

Yan Guang immediately complied. Han Fei Zi did not speak, but remained frowning while looking in the direction Su Ming had escaped in. She still felt that there was something familiar about Su Ming, yet she had only managed to cross hands with him for a short period of time. She could not find any clues from him.

Su Ming held his chest, the part where it hurt the most at the moment. It was as if his heart had been broken. Blood continuously flowed from his mouth, and the mark of the small sword at the center of his brows also became dull because of it. There was a looming red mark on the sword.

‘That’s Yan Luan!’

This was not the first time Su Ming had seen the gigantic form of the woman’s face. He had seen this woman before, when He Feng challenged the Chains of Han Mountain a few years ago.

‘She’s definitely not any common powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm! The Berserker Art she cast just now could definitely kill a person without anyone even realizing it!’

Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood, and as he staggered forward, he brought out South Asunder with his right hand from his bosom and placed the pill in his mouth before continuing charging forward.

Han Fei Zi and Yan Guang were pursuing him nonstop at full speed behind him.

"Master, Yan Luan's power should be around the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm... She's one of the very few tribe leaders from all the tribes in the world that has power that surpasses the Elder of her tribe.

"Lake of Colors Tribe is also very distinctly different from other tribes. The Elder is not the head of the tribe, the tribe leader is! To think that she's here as well..."

There was obvious fear in He Feng's voice.

When Su Ming heard He Feng's words, his face became darker. He gritted his teeth and continued dashing forward without regard for his injuries. As he ran, he continued taking in a large amount of South Asunder, which allowed him to maintain his speed, but due to this continuous charge, he could not calm down and heal his injuries quickly.

Han Fei Zi and Yan Guang became increasingly more stunned as they pursued him. The both of them had thought that with Su Ming's grave injuries, he would not be able to run too far away or for too long, yet four hours had already passed by, and this guest from Tranquil East Tribe was still dashing forth at an incredibly fast pace.

Su Ming's face was pale under the mask. Even with the help of

South Asunder healing his wounds, the hours of escaping still made it hard for him to recover because he did not have time to sit down and meditate to heal. It was especially so for the sharp pain in his chest. Not much of it had went away.

As he continued running, it even became much more painful, as if his heart was about to break completely.

‘Lake of Colors Tribe!’

Su Ming carved the name of the tribe into his mind, but he could not stop. He was worried that Yan Luan would appear once again. Once she did, he would have a difficult time escaping.

"Master, I think Yan Luan won't appear again!"

He Feng's cautious voice echoed in Su Ming's mind with an anxiety that could not be hidden. He did not want Su Ming to die. If Su Ming died, it would be difficult for him to survive as well.

"Continue!"

Su Ming knew that his intelligence and experience could not compare to He Feng's. When he heard He Feng's words, a vague but important thought appeared in his head.

"Yan Luan's power is so incredible it's shocking. If she could appear at anytime she wanted, then none of the guests from the other two tribes who entered the hidden grounds would have been

able to survive. In fact, there would be no need for them to send people to investigate the place at all..."

He Feng's mind moved at an incredible pace, and he spoke as he continued with his analysis.

"But since she sent Han Fei Zi and Yan Guang to kill you, and since we met the man in red robes and the other person when we came out of the tunnel, that means..."

"This means that either Yan Luan's power is largely limited in this place, or there's something else that's forcing her to be constantly in one place and she cannot leave. She can only use the method like just now and attack through apparitions," Su Ming immediately said.

"Incredible, Master! Also, the attack from Yan Luan's apparition was not simple, or else, she could just summon the apparition again and you wouldn't have been able to escape for such a long time," He Feng first praised Su Ming before he spoke his thoughts.

A sparkle appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew he could not last much longer. He might still have an ample supply of South Asunder, but if he left that sharp pain in his chest alone any longer, his body would not be able to withstand it.

'He Feng, I know you still have some tricks hidden up your sleeve. If I die, you won't be able to survive either. Don't hide anymore. Can you hold Han Fei Zi and the other person for a while?'

Su Ming took a deep breath and sent his thoughts to He Feng.

He Feng fell silent for a moment, as if he making his decision.

"Master, with my current condition, I can only stall them for half the time it takes to burn an incense stick..."

"That's good enough!"

Su Ming stopped and immediately sat down cross-legged on the ground. He brought out a few pills of South Asunder and placed one in his mouth before closing his eyes and immediately starting to circulate his Qi.

Time passed by. Very soon, a white cloud whistled through the sky behind Su Ming. When the white cloud was 1,000 feet away from him, a dim light flashed around his body, and He Feng's small form dashed out.

His face was obscured. He did not want Han Fei Zi recognizing him, which would only cause Su Ming to be displeased with him and in turn suspect him. Once he appeared, He Feng lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards the white cloud approaching from the sky.

Ripples appeared between where Su Ming sat and the approaching white cloud. The ripples quickly spread out. He Feng charged out swiftly, and the dim light around his body spread

outwards.

The dim light instantly enveloped an area of 500 feet around Su Ming. He Feng sat down cross-legged in midair with his eyes closed. His entire body blended together with the light, and he disappeared without a trace. With this method, he could stop Han Fei Zi and Yan Guang to gain some time for Su Ming.

A thunderous boom appeared in the air. It was Yan Guang, who had a murderous look on his face as he continuously attacked the dim light with the long blue spear in his hand, causing the dim light to waver, looking as if it was about to be torn apart at any moment.

In just one glance, Han Fei Zi saw Su Ming sitting within the dim light. A strange light appeared in her eyes and she took action. White clouds surrounded the dim light and closed in with a great pressure, causing the area enveloped by the dim light to continuously shrink.

Chapter 152: Could Not Understand This Woman

400 feet, 300 feet, 200 feet... When the area enveloped by the light shrunk to just 100 feet, the screen formed by the light became incredibly dull. At that moment, Yan Guang let out a low growl and the long spear in his hand flashed with a bright blue light before he stabbed the dim light screen with the spear.

The light screen immediately shattered and turned into countless shards that tumbled backwards. They gathered in midair and turned into the He Feng who had his face obscured. He Feng shuddered. The moment he appeared, the spear in Yan Guang's hand let out a sharp whistle as it charged towards Su Ming.

Han Fei Zi's eyes were cold as she stood beside him. She lifted her hand and the mist clouds surrounded each other before turning into a giant hand of mist clouds that plowed forth.

He Feng was overwrought with anxiety. He understood full well that if Su Ming died, he would immediately die with him. He gritted his teeth and let out a roar. Dim light shone from his entire body once again, and it gathered in an area of 30 feet around Su Ming's body. The moment it crashed against Yan Guang's long spear, it exploded once again, unable to withstand the force.

This was He Feng's limit. His body immediately became dull, as if he was about to scatter away. He let out a broken laugh. The moment he fell into despair, a strong absorbing force spread out from within Su Ming and enveloped He Feng's body, pulling him inside in an instant.

The same moment, Su Ming opened his eyes. A chilling glint flashed briefly through his eyes, and killing intent appeared!

The moment he opened his eyes, a red light appeared under Su Ming's feet, and a red meadow spread out swiftly. As the meadow covered an area of 100 feet, it formed a layer of protection that blocked Yan Guang's long spear and Han Fei Zi's giant hand of mist clouds.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the sky and Yan Guang's long spear was fended off. The moment it stopped, Su Ming stood up swiftly and took one step forward. He ignored Han Fei Zi and charged towards Yan Guang so quickly he closed in on him in an instant, hurling his fist towards him.

Yan Guang clashed fists with him, growling softly. With a boom, he staggered back and coughed out blood.

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He charged forth to chase the man down and kill him.

When Han Fei Zi saw the red meadow, she was momentarily stunned. For some reason, she thought she'd seen this meadow before. Yet the things that had happened within the cave in the rainforest happened too quickly that day, hence she did not see everything clearly.

She was just about to take action after recovering from her shock when Su Ming swung his right hand towards her and that black

snake immediately appeared once again, turning into a small layer of black fog. The head of the snake appeared within that fog and launched itself towards Han Fei Zi with its mouth wide open to swallow her.

All of this happened in an instant. Han Fei Zi revealed a cold smirk and the golden light flashed around her entire body. She did not pay any heed to the snake formed by the black fog. Instead, she took a step forward and charged into the fog with the intention of preventing Su Ming from killing Yan Guang and then capturing him alive along with her partner.

"He Feng, you were the one who lured her here and you're still not attacking? How long are you going to wait!"

Su Ming's eyes flashed brilliantly. He had to kill Yan Guang first, before he could deal with Han Fei Zi. He could not let these two people join hands. When he saw Han Fei Zi charging through the fog without care, he immediately made his decision and said those words in a hoarse voice.

The moment the words were spoken, the calm look on Han Fei Zi's face immediately changed. She instinctively stopped and lifted her head. With an explosive bang in her head, the answer as to why she had the sense of familiarity when she faced this man appeared.

Yet there was a price to be paid for this answer. This price was Yan Guang's life!

The moment Han Fei Zi was taken aback by Su Ming's words and faltered, he caught up to the backpedalling Yan Guang. The mark of the sword at the center of his brows flashed, and the small virescent sword let out a whistle as it charged out towards Yan Guang. It traveled so quickly that it closed in on Yan Guang in an instant and pierced through the center of his brows.

The man let out a shrill and pained cry.

There was a bang in the air, and Yan Guang staggered a few steps back due to the remnants of the charging force from the small sword before he fell to the ground with his legs convulsing uncontrollably. His breath left his body and he died.

Su Ming panted harshly, and sweat appeared on his forehead. Blood also came from his mouth. His face was pale, and the pain in his chest grew stronger.

The chain of actions Su Ming had taken used up a large amount of his energy. When he killed Yan Guang, he almost used up all the spiritual power stored within the path of blood in his body.

Right now, he held a red spirit stone in his hand, and the red meadow traveled with his feet to cover an area of 100 feet around him. Within Su Ming's body, the souls of the Wings of the Moon spread out and surrounded the area as they let out soundless roars.

The small virescent sword became dull. There were even some red spots on the body of the sword, looking as if they had seeped into the sword itself. It was a terrifying sight to behold. As of now,

the sword floated beside Su Ming, letting out a faint and weak sword aura.

Han Fei Zi stood hundreds of feet away from Su Ming. As she stared at him, a vicious look appeared in her eyes. She had been searching for the person before her for a long time but had been unable to find any clues. She did not expect to meet him now, in this place.

"You are Tranquil East Tribe's guest... then that small person in the dim light just now should be He Feng! As for this thing..."

A flash appeared in Han Fei Zi's eyes, and she stared at the small virescent sword.

"This should be He Feng's great treasure. Who knew..? Xuan Lun and I have been fighting over it for such a long time, and you were the one who obtained it in the end! This is the second time we meet, and your powers have changed drastically. You should not be some insignificant person. Who are you?"

"Tranquil East Tribe's guest, Mo Su," Su Ming said hoarsely as he looked at the veiled Han Fei Zi through his mask.

"Mo Su..."

Han Fei Zi looked at Su Ming, silent.

Su Ming did not speak either. He could only pant harshly as he

stared at Han Fei Zi.

"You're gravely wounded. I'm a seventh of a chance certain that I can kill you here."

After a dozen breaths passed by, Han Fei Zi spoke softly.

"I am also a seventh of a chance certain that I can take you down with me!" Su Ming stated coolly. The small virescent sword beside him let out a light sword whistle.

"I trust you."

A smile suddenly appeared on Han Fei Zi's face. Even if her smile was concealed by the veil, it could still be seen vaguely. It looked as if her face that was covered by the veil contained an unparalleled beauty with the addition of her smile.

"Now that I know who you are, it's enough for me. I'll give you a chance. I won't reveal your identity, but if you can walk out of this place alive, then you will have to fulfill one request of mine."

Han Fei Zi laughed softly. She did not even ask whether Su Ming agreed to her words before she floated into the air with the white cloud underneath her feet. Her clothes danced in the air as she disappeared into the distance languidly.

Su Ming frowned. He could not understand this woman before him.

When Han Fei Zi disappeared into the horizon, Su Ming momentarily fell into a pensive silence. He cast a glance at Yan Guang's corpse and searched through his body. Once he found his things, he took the blue long spear and quickly left the place.

Two hours later, Su Ming sat down cross-legged in a secluded area within a mountain range. The pain in his chest had become stronger. At this moment, he closed his eyes to meditate and took South Asunder to heal his wounds. He had to heal quickly. This place would only become more dangerous.

That piece of starry sky still dominated the sky in the isolation grounds belonging to Han Mountain's ancestor. Daylight would never arrive. However, this place was not dark. There was a gentle light in the area that was no different from daylight in the eyes of a Berserker.

Su Ming woke up from his meditation a few hours later and let out a shaky breath. His face was still pale underneath the mask, but his injuries had mostly healed. The most grievous injury on his body was on his heart.

If it were not for the protection of the mysterious debris, Su Ming's heart would not have been able to withstand the laughter of the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, which had been part of her Berserker Art. His heart would have shattered into pieces. He might have recovered somewhat now, but he could still feel the pain in his heart.

As he sat there, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pressed against the center of the mask's brows. Immediately, a green light flashed on the center of his brows and the small virescent sword appeared. Su Ming brought it before his eyes. There were three small red spots on the sword that had corroded its body, causing the aura of the sword to become corrupted and its might to be greatly reduced.

"A powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm..." Su Ming mumbled.

He lifted his left hand and tried wiping away the red spots. After a long while, he let out a long sigh. He could not wipe the red spots off.

In his silence, Su Ming's expression suddenly changed. He felt someone moving closer to him in his Branded area.

'It's him!'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

It was quiet in the mountain range. Dong Fang Hua moved forward cautiously. His body was laden with injuries and his robes were soaked in blood. His face was pale, and as he moved forward panting harshly, he would continuously turn his head back with a lingering fear in his eyes.

"This accursed place! Who would've thought Lake of Colors Tribe would attack on such a large scale... Ah, the excavation this time is

far too dangerous. It's a good thing I found some herbs. I should be able to obtain protection now."

Dong Fang Hua laughed bitterly and moved forward quickly but cautiously.

As he walked forth, a calm voice suddenly reached his ears.

"Brother Dong Fang!"

"Who is it?"

Dong Fang Hua's expression changed. He did not stop as he spoke, but instinctively ran a few steps forward. Only then did he realize that the voice he had heard just now was rather familiar.

"Brother Mo?"

Dong Fang Hua was momentarily stunned. He stopped, but remained alert. As he looked around his surroundings, his gaze fell upon a person walking towards him from the distance.

Su Ming walked unhurriedly to Dong Fang Hua and stopped 100 feet away from him. He looked at the currently miserable looking old man. It was clear that the old man did not have a safe trip after he entered this place.

When Dong Fang Hua saw Su Ming, he let out a breath of relief

and a bitter smile appeared on his face.

"Brother Mo, I embarrassed myself when you suddenly spoke because I was too nervous. Please excuse my poor behavior."

"It's fine. This place has been taken over by Lake of Colors Tribe and it's very dangerous. I acted too rashly just now."

Su Ming shook his head. He could understand Dong Fang Hua's fear.

"Brother Dong Fang, why are you alone? I remember that Brother Chen was with you." Su Ming looked at Dong Fang Hua and spoke in a collected tone.

"Brother Chen... Ha... He was killed. Brother Mo, this isn't a good place to talk. We can't stay here for long. If you don't have another place to go, why don't you come with me to the gathering place? With your power, you won't need to be like me and gather herbs to get protection from Sir Nan Tian," Dong Fang Hua quickly said.

"Gathering place? Alright, I'll go with you."

Su Ming was moved by the idea and nodded his head. Under Dong Fang Hua's lead, the two of them quickly left the place and charged into the distance.

"More than half of the guests of Tranquil East Tribe died. Right now, besides you and me, there are only two other survivors left."

One of them is Sir Nan Tian, Tranquil East Tribe's chief guest.

"The other person is Chou Nu. He has a short temper and is Sir Nan Tian's follower. He's also Tranquil East's guest. When brother Chen and I went to the gathering place, we ran into trouble. Brother Chen died, and I was saved by Chou Nu when I was in danger."

On the way, Dong Fang Hua spoke to Su Ming in a low voice of the things he had experienced once he arrived to this place.

Chapter 153: Sir Mo Su

"Sir Nan Tian is injured and needs the herbs in this place to recover. Chou Nu is protecting him, that's why he can't come and search for the herbs himself. He saved me so that I can look for the herbs out here.

"He promised me that if I take the risk and find enough herbs, then he'd bring me to meet Sir Nan Tian. He also promised that once Sir Nan Tian's power recovers, they'll escort me out of this place safely," Dong Fang Hua told his story softly.

He knew that Su Ming was incredibly powerful and made the decision to follow him in his heart, since they were currently in a dangerous place. That was also why he told Su Ming everything he knew in detail.

Su Ming nodded. He Feng's soul had fallen into deep sleep in his body due to his previous exertion. He would not be able to wake up any time soon. And without He Feng to help him analyze situations and make judgments, Su Ming had to rely on himself for everything.

The two of them charged forward for four hours under Dong Fang Hua's lead. On the way, they found three groups of people from Lake of Colors Tribe and hid themselves beforehand with the help of Su Ming's Branding Art. Once they avoided these people, they arrived outside a valley.

The valley was not big, and it was so secluded the area was

covered in silence. There was not a hint of sound.

"Brother Mo, this is the place. Chou Nu promised me that once I brought the herbs here and called out to him, he will appear," Dong Fang Hua said softly and looked at Su Ming, seeking his opinion.

When he saw Su Ming nodding his head, he took a few steps forward and stood outside the valley, using his Qi to send his voice forward as he hissed out, "Brother Chou Nu, are you there?"

The valley was silent. After about the time it takes for half of an incense stick to burn later, Su Ming suddenly noticed something and turned his body to look back. The sounds of footsteps appeared in the air, attracting Dong Fang Hua's attention as well, and he quickly looked over.

A big man walked over from the distance outside the valley. That man was half-naked and built like an iron tower. He took big slow steps until he was 100 feet away from Su Ming and Dong Fang Hua before he stopped and stared coldly at Su Ming.

This man had a hideous appearance. His face was marred with scars, and he had neither a nose nor lips. Just seeing his face would make people terrified. His eyes, however, shone with a brilliant light.

"Dong Fang Hua, how dare you! How could you bring outsiders here!"

The man's voice was like a tidal wave, and as he spoke, his words held a chilling and frightening tone.

Dong Fang Hua's expression changed, and he quickly opened his mouth to explain, but the man refused to listen to him. He stared at Su Ming instead and pointed at him with a finger.

"Who are you?"

"Tranquil East Tribe's guest, Mo Su," Su Ming answered slowly.

"I've seen all guests in Tranquil East Tribe. Why have I never seen you?" the man asked with a cold sneer.

"Brother Chou Nu, don't be angry. This is a misunderstanding. Brother Mo just became a guest recently. We were both in the third batch and came together but were separated later. I saw him today when I came back, that's why I invited him to come with me. I had indeed acted too rashly, I hope you don't mind," Dong Fang Hua quickly explained.

"Oh? Take out your guest plate."

Chou Nu's expression warmed up slightly as he looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming did not waste any time with pleasantries. He took out his plate and with a swing, threw it towards Chou Nu. The man lifted his right hand and caught the plate without even moving an

inch, remaining completely unaffected as he withstood the force of Su Ming's throw imbedded in the plate.

He lowered his head and scrutinized the plate for a moment before a pensive look appeared on his face, but he soon threw the plate back to Su Ming.

"I can't be certain of your identity yet. Gather ten herbs and come back here to see me. As for you, Dong Fang Hua, did you get the herbs?"

Chou Nu looked towards Dong Fang Hua.

The called man quickly brought out a number of various herbs from his bosom. After a moment of hesitation, he said softly, "I only managed to find so much. There are quite a number of people from Lake of Colors Tribe here. If I continued searching for more, I might have run into them, then I wouldn't have been able to bring a single one back. I'm worried about Sir Nan Tian, that's why I came back earlier."

That man had been glaring when he saw that the herbs were not enough, but when he heard the old man's words, he hesitated for a moment before he nodded his head.

"You pass. Come with me. With his protection, we can escort you safely out of this place."

As Chou Nu spoke, he turned around and started moving back,

completely ignoring Su Ming.

Dong Fang Hua hesitated for a moment, then he looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming's expression remained passive. He stood where he was and wrapped his palm around his fist, bowing in the direction where the man was heading.

"I am Mo Su. Sir Nan Tian, may I come see you?"

Su Ming's voice was not loud, but his voice was manipulated with fine control. As it echoed in the area, his voice formed rings upon rings of invisible ripples that spread out.

Dong Fang Hua was momentarily stunned by Su Ming's actions. As for Chou Nu, he turned around and looked at Su Ming spitefully as a vicious glare appeared in his eyes.

"Shut up. If you're not gone within three breaths, then today, you'll..."

Before Chou Nu could finish speaking, a gentle voice suddenly reached them languidly and cut his words off.

"Chou Er, don't be rude towards Sir Mo Su.

"If an important guest is here, then it is only natural that I meet

him. However, I am currently healing my injuries and cannot come forth to welcome you personally. Brother Mo, I hope you don't mind."

"Brother Nan, it is my pleasure."

Su Ming smiled. He had infused his voice with the power of fine control when he spoke just now. Berserkers in the Blood Solidification Realm would not be able to sense it. Only those who have Transcended would be able to feel the change in his voice.

"Sir... Mo Su?"

Chou Nu was stunned. He could hear the implications in those words. Besides, he could tell that Nan Tian was speaking amiably towards this man, as if he was addressing an equal. His heart instantly trembled and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing deeply towards Su Ming.

"I have been disrespectful towards you, Sir Mo Su. Please punish me."

"It's fine. Do lead the way," Su Ming said coolly.

"Thank you, sir... This way, please."

Chou Nu's expression was extremely respectful, his attitude completely different from before. At that moment, he had his body slightly bowed as he acted as Su Ming's guide by his side.

Dong Fang Hua sucked in a deep breath. After remaining stunned for a moment, his gaze when he looked at Su Ming became even more respectful. His estimation of Su Ming's power was originally high enough, but he did not expect that with just one sentence, he could make the chief guest of Tranquil East Tribe, Nan Tian, reply to him like an equal.

He quickly followed behind Su Ming. By the looks of it, he looked as if he wanted to become the other's follower.

The three of them did not walk too far as Chou Nu led them into a valley nearby. Su Ming saw a middle-aged man sitting on the ground.

The man was very handsome. He wore a white robe and looked calm. Six black beast bones were floating and turning slowly by his side.

Every single time they took a turn around him, a wisp of black mist would seep out of the man's mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, which would then be quickly absorbed by one of the beast bones.

The moment Su Ming stepped into the valley, the man opened his eyes and looked at Su Ming with a profound gaze.

Su Ming too looked at this man. Their gazes met in the air and a baffled look appeared on the man's face. Once he observed Su Ming, he lifted his right hand and the six beast bones by his side fell to the ground.

"Brother Mo, your powers are a little strange."

The man smiled and spoke with a gentle tone. With just one glance, he could tell that Su Ming had not Transcended, yet he still addressed him as an equal. He could feel a dangerous presence coming from Su Ming. This threat was not because the man harbored any ill will against him, but from the mutual awareness they had of each other.

The only people who made him feel as if he was in danger were either those who had reached great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm or those who had reached the Transcendence Realm.

Chou Nu took a few brisk steps forward and stood by the man's side respectfully, with his head lowered, a typical picture of a follower. Dong Fang Hua hesitated for a moment, but did not follow him. He stood behind Su Ming like Chou Nu instead, with his head lowered and with a respectful expression.

Su Ming smiled and sat down with his legs crossed. He was also observing the chief guest of Tranquil East Tribe - Nan Tian.

This person's level of cultivation was similar to Xuan Lun's, yet Su Ming could feel a calm and relaxed air around him. It was different from the sullen air around Xuan Lun.

"Brother Nan, aren't you worried that Lake of Colors Tribe will come here when you're healing your injuries?" Su Ming asked with

a smile.

A smile appeared on Nan Tian's face and he shook his head, saying, "Those who can make it here will eventually arrive. Instead of hiding around, why don't I sit here and see whether Lake of Colors Tribe would come?"

"If they want my life, then they'll have to pay a price!"

A cold glint appeared in Nan Tian's eyes. Of course, that cold look was not aimed at Su Ming, but Lake of Colors Tribe.

"You aren't injured. You have absolutely no need to hide," Su Ming said slowly, smiling faintly.

Nan Tian's eyes focused on Su Ming, and he laughed after a moment.

"I can't hide anything from you, Brother Mo. You're right, I'm not injured... But I'm one against many. I don't want to get into this mess and a world of trouble.

"Aren't you here because you had the same thoughts, Brother Mo?"

"If that's the case, then this place will become even livelier in the next few days."

Su Ming fell into a moment of silence before he laughed.

"Talking with you is a pleasure. You're right. I leaked my current location and had no intention of hiding myself to tell Lake of Colors Tribe to not provoke me. If they don't come, I won't stick my nose into the affairs of the three tribes either.

"I was also telling the other guests that they could come here to avoid trouble. But they have to pay a sufficient price to avoid trouble. I was originally waiting for Xuan Lun. If he came here, then this place would become much safer.

"But it's also a joyous occasion that you're here. We might be able to get a much better gain from the trip this time."

Nan Tian spoke languidly with a smile. He stole a look at Dong Fang Hua standing respectfully behind Su Ming and continued speaking with an insipid tone.

"Since Dong Fang is your follower, then I won't receive his price. As for the others who will come later..."

Nan Tian smiled. He looked at Su Ming and kept his silence.

Su Ming had come into contact with a lot of powerful Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm. He was no longer as emotionally affected as when he first met Wind Stream's Jing Nan.

At that moment, when he saw Nan Tian looking over at him once

he finished speaking, he fell into a momentary silence before lifting his right hand. The souls of the Wings of the Moon in his body flew out in their invisible forms and spun around the area rapidly until they turned into an invisible sandstorm.

Chou Nu and Dong Fang Hua could not feel that sandstorm clearly, but Nan Tian could sense a power that was equivalent to that of Transcendence. However, this strength was only similar to Transcendence. It was not the source of the danger he felt earlier.

‘If that’s all...’

Nan Tian frowned slightly, but the moment his brows creased, a sharp pain appeared in his mind. That pain came without warning. It made his expression change, and he also saw an enchanting look that seemed to be able to capture all those who looked into Su Ming’s profound gaze.

This feeling only lasted for a moment before it disappeared. Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them once again, everything returned to normal.

"Let’s share equally. What do you say, brother Mo?" Nan Tian said with a smile, his spirits lifted.

When he saw Su Ming nodding, that smile grew wider.

"Brother Mo, are you interested in the legacy of Han Mountain’s ancestor?"

Chapter 154: God Of Berserkers!

"Brother Nan, what do you mean?"

Su Ming looked at Nan Tian, remaining seated.

Dong Fang Hua's face was filled with respect as he stood by the side with his heart racing against his chest. He knew that he had just obtained a huge chance. That chance was not of him obtaining any treasure, but it came from Mo Su sitting right before him.

'He actually made Sir Nan Tian treat him as an equal. By how Sir Nan Tian is acting, he's definitely treating him very courteously. This person... if I can follow Sir Mo Su, then it'll be serendipitous for me.'

Dong Fang Hua took in a deep breath and a determined look appeared in his eyes.

"Brother Mo, our forces are thin, and it'll be difficult for us to fight against Lake of Colors Tribe. But if Xuan Lun comes here as well, the three of us will obtain great power in this place.

"Lake of Colors Tribe has sent all of their forces here. Before this, they covered up their tracks and did not reveal any clues, which means that Tranquil East and Puqiang are most likely in the dark. This is a chance for us!

"It'll be a waste if we don't obtain something good from the grave

of Han Mountain's ancestor, no?"

Nan Tian looked at Su Ming with a polite smile.

"There is room for discussion about this."

Su Ming fell into momentary silence. He did not immediately agree to it.

Nan Tian only smiled when he heard Su Ming's reply. He nodded his head and no longer spoke. Instead, he closed his eyes, and the beast bones lying around his body rose into the air once again, spinning around his body slowly. By his side, Chou Nu sat down as well to protect him.

Silence gradually fell upon them. There was a faint breeze blowing in the valley. As it blew past, the wind would lift up strands of their hair, which would tickle their faces, causing them a faint itch.

While Su Ming remaining seated, he lifted his head and looked at the starry sky over the valley. His expression was calm as he became troubled by his thoughts.

"Sir... Sir Mo Su, these are the herbs I found when I was outside."

Dong Fang Hua looked at Su Ming at his side. There was a calming effect coming from Su Ming, but for some unknown reason that Dong Fang Hua himself could not explain, he could

sense a hint of sorrow from that tranquility.

Dong Fang Hua brought out almost all of the herbs on his body before he placed them respectfully before Su Ming.

"I can't promise you that you can leave this place safely," Su Ming said dully.

Dong Fang Hua let out a sigh before he spoke softly. "It's fine. Staying here is at least better than being outside."

Su Ming did not speak any longer but chose to look at the sky instead as he healed his wounds in silence. The injuries on his chest were the worst, and he would not be able to heal them within a short amount of time. However, he could still absorb the spiritual aura around him and store it into the path of blood in his body.

Yet when he made it flow around his entire body, the flow would be slightly jerky when it arrived at the center of his brows. He could feel that the three spots on the small virsecent sword were the reason why the flow of the spiritual aura had slowed down.

Time trickled by. The four people in the valley fell into silence. No one spoke. As followers, until Nan Tian and Su Ming spoke, Chou Nu and Dong Fang Hua would also maintain silence.

It was about 20 hours later. Another day almost passed by, yet the starry sky stayed up and did not change. Su Ming continued

looking at the sky. These stars had already been carved into his mind.

"Brother Mo, you seem to be very interested in this piece of sky."

Nan Tian broke the silence. He had been observing Su Ming discreetly for a long time. He could tell that Su Ming had not Transcended, yet that sense of danger did not diminish even one bit. It caught his attention, that was why he had been observing silently.

"This piece of sky does not belong to the night sky of the Land of South Morning," Su Ming stated slowly.

"Of course. This sky was created by Han Mountain's ancestor by using an Art. From what I know, this sky has a direct connection to the mysterious place Han Mountain's ancestor came from.

"It's said that Han Mountain's ancestor came from another world. Perhaps the stars in this sky belong to the other world," Nan Tian said in a low tone, seemingly moved by the story.

"Other world..." Su Ming mumbled.

"I heard that the other world is a mysterious and strange place. I've never been there, but I've heard some rumors about it. Brother Mo, if you're interested, I can tell you about it to spend time."

Nan Tian smiled and a deep emotion seemed to be stirred within him.

"When I first came here a few years ago, I was also taken aback by this sky. When I went back, I searched through a lot of ancient scrolls that spoke about this, and I gradually grew to understand it somewhat.

"If we speak about the other world, we must also talk about the God of the Berserker Tribe... the God of Berserkers!

"The God of Berserkers is the most powerful person in the Berserker Tribe. He is worshipped by all of us in all our tribes. He is our deity and our protector... There is also a legend that says that the power of the first God of Berserkers has reached a level that is unimaginable by our standards. At that time, the entire Berserker Tribe was at its most glorious time...

"He led brave warriors from an innumerable amount of tribes and left our world. It was also at that moment that we obtained news of another world. There were a lot of other places outside other than the land that belonged to us Berserkers...

"I can't imagine it, and a part of me still doesn't believe... the things about the legendary era that were described in the ancient scrolls."

There was a hint of uncertainty on Nan Tian's face, but there was also excitement.

"Brother Mo, I read this in the ancient scrolls. There was one sentence that described that legendary era and the age where all detailed records were gone...

"‘The worship of all worlds!’"

Su Ming’s heart lurched. He lifted his head swiftly to look at Nan Tian. He was not the only who did so. It was clear that this was the first time Chou Nu heard about it as well. Only Dong Fang Hua had his head lowered, his expression impossible to be seen.

"The worship of all worlds..." Su Ming mumbled.

Those simple five words held a domineering and mighty force that seemed to lift a veil off a canvas in his mind. On that canvas, he seemed to see the legendary era. The God of Berserkers floated in the sky, and an uncountable amount of people from other worlds knelt down and worshipped him.

"I find it unbelievable, but I also regret not being born during that era." Nan Tian laughed bitterly. "But all glorious moments would eventually fade out. The first God of Berserkers died mysteriously, causing this worship of all worlds that is described within the ancient scrolls to only be a short moment of glory.

"Yet after many years went by, the second God of Berserkers appeared. His appearance immediately brought forth a disastrous event. It is said that the land of the Berserker Tribes was divided into five parts because of him!

"He died and his body was divided into five parts, which were buried in the five continents of the Berserker Tribes... His head was taken away by those in the other world, and we have no idea where it went... That's how the Day of Eternal Creation came by. It is said certain people could hear a roar from far away in the land of the Berserker Tribes on the last day of the Day of Eternal Creation. That is the mournful cry of the second God of Berserkers.

"The fourth God of Berserker might come from among those who can hear the roar. All of us Berserkers have been waiting for the fourth God of Berserkers...

"But those are just legends. I've never heard the roar, and neither has anyone around me heard it," Nan Tian said in a low tone.

"What about the third God of Berserkers?"

"This is what I'm curious about. Perhaps my power is not enough for me to obtain more ancient scrolls, but among the records I found that spoke about the Gods of Berserkers, the third God of Berserkers is missing.

"It's only said that he died not long after he appeared. The only records about him are regarding the land where he came from – the Great Yu Dynasty, the Central Land of Berserkers."

Nan Tian shook his head.

When Su Ming heard it, light shudders ran through his body. He

could not control these shudders. Nan Tian immediately noticed and gave him a questioning look.

"Brother Mo, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing." Su Ming closed his eyes to hide his shock... and fear.

'So there's not just one God of Berserkers, but there were generations of them... but why didn't he mention the Fire Berserkers? Which God of Berserkers sealed the Fire Berserkers, which generation did he belong to..?'

'Why didn't Nan Tian speak about the big event that shocked all Berserkers... Perhaps this is a difference between regions. It must be...'

Panic rose in Su Ming's heart, a sight that was rarely seen.

He did not know why, but Cang Lan's pitying and complicated gaze as she looked at him appeared naturally in his head.

"If someday, you remember something... you can come to Freezing Sky Clan to look for me..."

Su Ming opened his eyes, which became filled with a lot of red in the span of a few short breaths. He turned his head to look outside the valley.

An almost unnoticeable glint appeared in Nan Tian's eyes. He felt that something was wrong with Mo Su. While he was mulling over it silently, his expression suddenly changed and he lifted his head to look outside the valley, which was soon followed by a shock in his heart, and he looked at Su Ming from the corner of his eyes.

‘What shocking senses. He should have been affected by my words just now, but even so, he sensed that there were people outside the valley before me... If he had been calm... I should establish a good relationship with him,’ Nan Tian decided in his heart.

At that moment, a ghastly and cold voice that seemed to tear through the space outside the valley forcefully traveled in, "Nan Tian, I, Xuan, am here!"

That voice was like a rumbling thunder. As it traveled inside, two people appeared outside the valley and walked in. The person walking in front was Xuan Lun. His face was dark, and there was a frown between his brows. Behind him was an old man. That old man was covered in fresh blood. There were many wounds on his body, and his face was pale. It was clear that the fights he had endured until he reached this place had been incredibly devastating.

"I'm honored that you could come here."

Nan Tian smiled and stood up, wrapping his fist in his palm towards Xuan Lun.

Xuan Lun's face had been dark since the time he came to this place. As he walked towards them, his gaze fell on Su Ming, and a freezing glint appeared in his eyes.

"You were spreading out your presence without care here. You gained the courage to do so not just to tell Lake of Colors Tribe you're here, but also to tell me you're here, no?"

"How could you be so sure that Lake of Colors Tribe won't find you first and kill you?" Xuan Lun let out a cold harrumph.

"Besides those in Lake of Colors Tribe, if I was the only one who reached the Transcendence Realm, I wouldn't dare to do this, but with you here, I would naturally have the courage to do so."

Nan Tian smiled, not at all bothered by Xuan Lun's tone.

"We can talk about your schemes later. This isn't a bad place, but there're too many people here. You, either you take off your mask, or leave!"

Xuan Lun's tone was terrifying and cold as he looked at Su Ming. He just found this person to be an eyesore. It did not matter whether it was during the first time he met him in the tunnel or just now when he met him in this place. That feeling of dislike was still there.

Nan Tian was momentarily stunned. His eyes went back and

forth between Xuan Lun and Su Ming, who remained seated. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke to Xuan Lun in a low tone.

"Brother Xuan, do you have any personal grudges against brother Mo?"

Chapter 155: There Are Some Words That Should Not Be Heard

"No, I just can't stand people who hide their identity."

A glint appeared in Xuan Lun's eyes. He suddenly took a step forward and strolled towards Su Ming.

As he walked over, murderous intent immediately appeared from the old man behind him. He glared at Su Ming and went forward as well.

Su Ming did not move but remained seated in his place. Beside him, Dong Fang Hua gulped, his heart racing. Instinctively, he wanted to retreat and avoid this, but when he saw the calm look on Su Ming's face, he remembered his decision and gritted his teeth despite his hesitation.

He knew that he could not run away from this. If he did, then it would be impossible for him to become Mo Su's follower. He might even lose the right to stay in this place.

'I'll risk it! I have to risk it!'

Once he made his decision, Dong Fang Hua clenched his fists. The blood veins in his body erupted forth and he stood beside Su Ming without any signs of retreat.

"You want to fight against me?"

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Xuan Lun walking over. There was a deepness in his eyes, which shone with a strange light as he spoke slowly.

Xuan Lun stopped and his pupils shrank. The moment his gaze met Su Ming's, a sense of danger rose within him abruptly. This sense of danger came suddenly, but it could still be felt clearly.

That profound look in Su Ming's eyes was like stars. When Xuan Lun saw it, he was shocked.

If he reacted this way, then it was even more so for the old man behind him. The moment the old man saw Su Ming's eyes, a thunderous rumble immediately appeared in his head and there was a baffled look on his face, as if he had just lost his consciousness.

"I may have been injured by the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, but if you want to fight, then so be it," Su Ming said unhurriedly.

His words were spoken slowly, so slowly that it gave people enough time to think about the meaning of his sentence.

"Yan Luan, the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe? She's here too?" Nan Tian's expression immediately became serious and he asked with a growl.

"I don't know whether she is physically here. The people who fought against me were Han Fei Zi, Yan Guang, and the face that was formed by a small part of Yan Luan's Berserker Mark," Su Ming calmly said and lifted the robes over his chest.

There was a pink picture over his heart. If anyone took a closer look, they would see that the picture formed a vague face of a woman.

The moment they saw the picture, Nan Tian's pupils shrank while Xuan Lun's eyes flashed.

"You escaped from the apparition of Yan Luan's face? Brother Mo... I respect you!" Nan Tian said gravely.

He knew the might of Yan Luan's Berserker Art and that if he ran into her, even if he escaped from her, he would be gravely wounded. He would not be like Mo Su, who could still fight.

"Brother Xuan, the only people who have the battle power equivalent to that of Transcendence is the three of us. If we fight among ourselves, then we might very well die here. I didn't think Yan Luan would be here as well. Wasn't she trying to break into the later stage of the Transcendence Realm?"

Nan Tian's expression was incredibly sour. He now knew that he had not thought through his previous act of spreading out his presence. When he thought about it, cold sweat broke out on his skin.

Xuan Lun fell silent. He stared at Su Ming for a long moment before he let out a cold harrumph.

"How should I address you?"

"Mo Su," Su Ming said in a dull tone.

Xuan Lun gazed at Su Ming with a scrutinizing look before turning around and going to the other side to sit down. He did not talk about fighting anymore. This place had become dangerous due to Lake of Colors Tribe, and Xuan Lun did not have enough confidence to kill him without getting injured. If it was simply because he was an eyesore, then he would not fight with him under these conditions.

"Brother Xuan, brother Mo, there are still seven days left before this place closes. Unless Yan Luan comes personally from Lake of Colors Tribe, then the three of us will be safe here.

"But I think that Yan Luan must be aiming for something big since she appeared in the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor. As long as we don't get involved, she won't attack us.

"After all, she might be in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm, but if she fought against all three of us, it would be impossible for her to not be injured. This will put her in a disadvantage if she wants to obtain the legacy of Han Mountain's ancestor."

Nan Tian fell into pensive silence for a moment before he swept his gaze across Su Ming and Xuan Lun.

"Nan Tian, what are your plans? Just say it," Xuan Lun said with a low voice.

"With our power, it would be impossible for us to join the three tribes for empty fame, common herbs, and Berserker Arts. I won't hide my thoughts from all of you. I joined Tranquil East for the legacy of Han Mountain's ancestor. The reputation of Han Mountain's ancestor was too great in the past. His legacy is highly valued and sought after by the three tribes. I'm not a talented person, that is why I want a portion of his legacy.

"It might be dangerous here, but this might perhaps be our last chance..." Nan Tian's eyes sparkled as he spoke quietly. "I know of a few secret tunnels... that will lead to the plains. If brother Xuan and brother Mo have the same thoughts as I do, then we can try taking this risk! We can share what we obtain equally."

"Secret tunnel? Yan Luan is definitely at the altar in the plains. If we go there, it'll be difficult escaping her notice. We might as well be marching to our deaths!"

Xuan Lun frowned.

"I have the confidence to not be discovered by Yan Luan. These tunnels might lead to the plains, but they branch out within. One of these branches lead straight into the tomb of Han Mountain's

ancestor!

"I went there once, but I could not open the seal, that was why I had to give up. This time, Lake of Colors Tribe has definitely obtained the way to open the seal to the tomb, that's why they're making the move. When the seal is broken, we can enter the tomb secretly.

"Besides, due to the seal, unless Yan Luan's level of cultivation reaches the Bone Sacrifice Realm so she can connect with the heavens and earth, then she won't be able to detect us."

"Oh? If such a tunnel exists, you could go there on your own. Why are you telling us this?"

Xuan Lun's expression remained passive, but he was moved. He instinctively looked towards Su Ming, who remained silent.

"Brother Xuan, I won't hide it from you. Even if I couldn't open the seal, I could still feel a pressure coming from within the tomb. There is a great threat in the tomb belonging to Han Mountain's ancestor. With my own power, it'll be difficult for me to walk to the end...

"After all, no matter how great the treasures are, our lives are more important. But if we work together, we can cover each other's weaknesses. We might even be able to obtain serendipities. I've told you the truth of my plans. What will you choose, to stay or to hide? It is up to the two of you whether you want to leave this place safely seven days later or to take a risk," Nan Tian explained

unhurriedly.

The valley gradually fell into silence. Xuan Lun was quiet. He had his eyes closed, as if he was thinking about something.

Su Ming lowered his head and a glint appeared briefly in his eyes. He might want to see Han Mountain's ancestor, but he wanted to see his corpse and where he died, not an ancestor who was alive and kicking.

‘This small virescent sword of mine belongs to Han Mountain's ancestor, the meadow too... belongs to this person... It would be fine if he died, but if he's truly not dead... then everything that I do will be useless before him.’

This was the biggest reason for Su Ming's hesitation. It was also the main reason why he did not choose to use He Feng's method when he said that he knew of a way to enter the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor.

‘But this might be a chance. These two people will be with me, and Lake of Colors Tribe come in force to enter the place. Even if Han Mountain's ancestor hasn't died, he'll be busy taking care of himself.

‘Should I go, or should I not... Nan Tian is saying all these because he saw that Xuan Lun and I are not amicable towards each other...’

Su Ming frowned. He could not make up his mind.

He previously wanted to enter the place because he wanted to find an Art that could allow him to absorb the spiritual aura from the world more quickly. At that time, he had been under the belief that Han Mountain's ancestor was dead. Yet the moment he stepped in, a lot of things changed, and after experiencing those things, that desire was no longer as strong.

As Su Ming remained silent, Xuan Lun's gloomy voice traveled into his ears.

"We don't have to make our decisions immediately. It still won't be too late for us to choose once we enter that secret tunnel you speak of and see the seal that leads to the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor."

Nan Tian nodded. All he had was empty words. He could understand why Xuan Lun was being cautious. After all, people would only believe after they saw the truth with their own eyes. He shifted his gaze towards Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, what are your thoughts?"

"I am injured. Even if I want to go, I'm afraid I won't be of much help."

Su Ming did not reject him. Instead, he spoke slowly in a roundabout manner.

Xuan Lun did not speak, but a chill seeped into his eyes.

Nan Tian fell silent for a moment as he stared at Su Ming. In truth, it was risky for him when he spoke of those words. If everyone went, they would be safe, but if one of them did not, then they would face the risk of being exposed.

"This isn't a problem. Yan Luan's Art disturbs the mind and injures the eclectic energy in your heart. Brother Mo, your injury seems to be mainly on your heart's eclectic energy ..."

As Nan Tian spoke, he pointed at the black beast bone floating before him. That bone charged towards Su Ming, stopping before him.

"Brother Mo, I'll use this bone to heal you. It can reduce the pain you feel in your heart."

Su Ming looked at the beast bone before him for a long while before he nodded. His expression remained passive, but he grew cautious. He focused the Branding Art on the bone.

When Nan Tian saw that Su Ming agreed to it, he lifted his right hand and bit his finger before he pressed it against the center of his brows. The moment his finger touched his skin, the black bone before Su Ming instantly let out a dim light. Wisps of pink mist seeped out of Su Ming's chest and were absorbed by the bone.

After the time it takes to burn half an incense stick, the black bone turned pink. Nan Tian lowered his right hand from the center of his brows and pointed at the bone. The bone immediately withdrew and flew back to Nan Tian's side.

Su Ming took in a deep breath. He could distinctly feel that the injury over his heart had become much better and the pain had lessened.

"Brother Mo, can you go now?" Nan Tian asked in a low tone and narrowed his eyes.

Xuan Lun smiled coldly and looked at Su Ming.

"Going there won't be a problem," Su Ming said calmly, not affected by the proceedings.

"Great!"

Nan Tian smiled. He understood Xuan Lun and knew just how greedy he was. As long as you gave enough incentive to these people, they would be moved.

Yet Nan Tian did not understand Su Ming. Unless he absolutely had to, he did not want to become enemies with him. He only did what he did after he saw that Xuan Lun and Su Ming were not in good terms with each other. That was why that thought appeared in his mind and he said those words. He believed that Su Ming would not reject him once he used such a forceful method.

There were some words that should not be heard. Once you heard them, then you must join.

"We shouldn't dally. We must leave now! This trip is dangerous. If we want to obtain serendipities, then we must be honest. I will open the path. Brother Xuan, brother Mo, please protect me."

Nan Tian stood up and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Xuan Lun and Su Ming.

"We are not too far away from the tunnel. With our speed, we should be able to arrive in four hours. As for our three followers..."

"Let them follow in case they leak our plans," Xuan Lun stated coldly.

Dong Fang Hua and the other two people did not dare speak up. They merely nodded their heads and obeyed.

The six people left the place in a hurry under Nan Tian's lead.

In the distance were the plains surrounded by mountain ranges. Fog obscured the building that Han Mountain's ancestor had chosen for his isolation grounds. It looked like a giant looming mouth that seemed to be waiting for them to arrive...

Chapter 156: There Are Some Things That Should Not Be Said

The starry sky where day and night would never arrive made people lose all sense of time. They could only count it silently in their hearts so that they would not lose track and prevent accidents that they could not control from happening.

Four hours later, Nan Tian and the other five people arrived unannounced at one of the numerous valleys located outside the fog covered plains in the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor.

Their arrival in this currently clandestine place might have been noticed by others, but at the same time not.

"This is the place, brother Xuan, brother Mo. I discovered it by accident in the past. It was originally a place where herbs grew, but I subtly stopped the herbs from growing here. After that, people rarely came here."

Nan Tian stood outside the inconspicuous valley and spoke gently to Xuan Lun and Su Ming beside him.

"Go take a look."

Xuan Lun's gaze fell into the valley. There was a thin layer of fog inside that enveloped the entire area, causing others to be unable to see clearly. As Xuan Lun spoke, the old follower hesitated for a moment before he gritted his teeth and charged into the valley.

When he saw how cautious Xuan Lun was, Nan Tian smiled. His gaze fell upon Chou Nu. Chou Nu had been following him for years and hence could understand Nan Tian's thoughts. Once Chou Nu gave him a nod, he went into the valley with Xuan Lun's follower.

Dong Fang Hua still followed behind Su Ming. At that moment, he was looking at Su Ming uncertainly. When he saw that Su Ming remained passive and his mannerisms did not change, he found that he could not figure out Su Ming's thoughts. Yet since he had already decided to follow Su Ming, he had to do something to show his worth.

Dong Fang Hua took a deep breath. He was about to head into the valley along with the other two people with a grave expression to investigate the area, but the moment he took his first step, the ground suddenly shook. Muffled rumbling sounds came from afar, causing the ground to seem to rise and fall. At that moment, it seemed like the earth was moving and the mountains were shaking.

The rumbling sounds reverberated in the air for a long time and did not disappear even after a long while. Some stones broke off from the numerous mountains around them and fell. The sudden tremors made Nan Tian and Xuan Lun's gazes travel towards one similar direction - a place that lay far in the distance.

"Sir Mo Su, the fourth batch of guests has arrived... This is the aftermath of the activation of the relocation in the tunnel," Dong Fang Hua explained in low voice.

Su Ming nodded his head slightly. His eyes were calm.

"Interesting. None of the people from the tribe came with the first three batches from Tranquil East Tribe. With the limits set in this place, only one from Tranquil East Tribe can come here. This time, the person who came is most likely Han Cang Zi!"

A smile appeared on Nan Tian's face as he spoke amiably.

"Puqiang Tribe has already sent their tribe member with the first batch. He has already died. I have no idea who came with the fourth batch..." Xuan Lun said darkly after retrieving his gaze from the distance.

"No matter who it is, I now understand why we didn't face any obstacles on our way here and why we didn't meet any guests from Lake of Colors Tribe. Looks like they've all gone to the tunnel."

Nan Tian smiled.

At that moment, from the valley, Chou Nu and Xuan Lun's followers charged out and whispered in Nan Tian and Xuan Lun's ears.

Su Ming remained as usual. Dong Fang Hua might not have been able to go in with them, but Su Ming's Branding Art covered an area of 2,000 feet. He had seen everything within the valley.

"Brothers, this way!"

Nan Tian cast Xuan Lun and Su Ming a glance before he walked into the valley with a smile. Xuan Lun and his follower followed suit. Su Ming remained silent, but he went in nonetheless.

The valley was not big, but there were dozens of giant cracks on the walls, giving them a desolate look. Nan Tian took a few steps forward briskly as his gaze swept past these cracks. He took a deep breath and raised his right hand to push at the air. Immediately, the black bones that spun around him spread out and a strong dark light shone brilliantly outwards.

Under this dark light, Su Ming immediately saw eight cracks on the right wall twisting like ripples in the water. Gradually, these eight cracks disappeared one by one until there was only one left.

The only crack left on the right wall was not too big, just large enough for a person to enter. It was dark inside, and no one could know where it led to.

Xuan Lun's eyes flashed. The old follower behind him sighed. He took a step forward and charged quickly into the only crack on the wall to their right.

Dong Fang Hua did not have time to explore earlier. He was about to follow suit, but the moment he was about to take a step forward, Su Ming, who was standing before him, raised his right arm and blocked his path.

"Sir Mo Su?" Dong Fang Hua was stunned.

When Xuan Lun saw this, a light crease appeared on his brows, and he looked towards Nan Tian.

Nan Tian blinked and a bitter smile appeared on his face. He let out a sigh towards Xuan Lun and spoke with a helpless tone, "Brother Xuan, your follower was too impatient..."

"Nan Tian, what's the meaning of this!"

Xuan Lun's face grew dark, and when he spoke, his voice became terrifyingly cold. Almost at the same time he uttered his words, a shrill, pained cry traveled out of the only crack on the right. The voice was quickly cut off.

Xuan Lun's expression instantly changed and he glared at Nan Tian. However, he was a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm, which meant that he had great self-preservation and would not lose his temper without reason. He spoke coldly instead.

"Give me a reason to not attack you!"

"Brother Xuan, I didn't say that this was the crack. The crack on the right is a trap to prevent others who stumbled upon this place from discovering my setup.

"This crack is fake. Anyone under the Transcendence Realm who enters will die without fail..."

As Nan Tian smiled wanly, a hint of apology appeared on his face and he moved a few steps towards where Su Ming stood.

The moment he took those steps, Xuan Lun's pupils shrank almost unnoticeably. He was regretting his decision at this moment. He should not have revealed his killing intent and showed a hostile attitude when he saw Su Ming.

Xuan Lun was not a simple man. He could already tell that Nan Tian had used his influence to form a pressure on Mo Su so that he had no choice but to join them.

Right now, he was using Mo Su to create pressure on him, causing him to be unable to hold Nan Tian accountable even though his follower had died. After all, Nan Tian did not tell them to walk into the crack.

"If we aren't supposed to walk into the crack, then why did you open it?" Xuan Lun growled, forcing down his anger.

"Brother Xuan, don't be angry. Ah... this is my fault. I did not explain this to you beforehand. I didn't have time to stop your follower after I casted the Berserker Art. But there's a reason why I opened the crack on the right wall. If I didn't, then we wouldn't be able to go into the real tunnel."

Nan Tian wrapped his fist in his palm towards Xuan Lun and bowed, his face laden with regret.

Cold sweat broke out on Dong Fang Hua's forehead. He was not young, and he had an abundance of experience. At this moment, he saw the complicated relationship that surrounded the three men. He remembered Nan Tian's slyness, remembered Xuan Lun's ruthlessness, and remembered Su Ming stopping him. Gratitude appeared in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

Xuan Lun glared at Nan Tian, then at Su Ming. As a powerful Berserker of the Transcendence Realm, he seldom met something that made him so aggrieved, and what was more, he could not even say anything about it, because everything that happened was due to his own doing.

In his silence, veins gradually popped up on Xuan Lun's face. He glared at Nan Tian and narrowed his eyes.

Nan Tian maintained a regretful look and bowed with his hands folded before him.

"You..."

Xuan Lun took a step forward, but he only managed to utter one word before he was cut off by Su Ming's aloof voice.

"There are some words that should not be said. Once you say it, you will commit wrong, and you must pay the price for your wrongdoings.

"Xuan Lun, your follower might not be dead as well. After all, we

haven't seen his corpse."

Xuan Lun stopped and his expression changed, but a moment later, he took a deep breath and wrapped his fist around his palm towards Nan Tian.

"Brother Nan, I acted too rashly just now. Please lead the way."

Nan Tian smiled and quickly returned the greeting. He made a few more explanations with an apologetic look and subtly glanced at the calm Su Ming. Uneasiness boiled in his heart.

‘This person saw that there was something wrong and prevented his follower from going in. From this I can tell that he’s a careful person and is not one to let his people take risks... and he could also use this to obtain his follower’s gratitude. This is something I can do as well.

‘But did he truly see that there was danger here, or is he as I guessed, just cautious..?

‘I can put this aside first. From what he said before, I can tell that the murderous intent between this person and Xuan Lun from before is not fake... But he was clearly reminding Xuan Lun just now. This is the second time he used my actions in this matter to warm up his relationship with Xuan Lun, which unknowingly increases the probability of the two of them cooperating...

‘Damn it, this completely disruptes the next steps I set up for

Xuan Lun, and my plans to win him over. In fact, this will make Xuan Lun become even more wary and hostile towards me, and Mo Su will just be an outsider in this...’

Nan Tian did not reveal any of his thoughts. He smiled and nodded towards Su Ming once more before he looked at the seven cracks on the wall to the left. With one single move, Nan Tian charged towards the third crack.

Chou Nu followed quickly and entered the crack after him.

Xuan Lun looked at Su Ming. After a moment of hesitation, he nodded towards Su Ming and stepped into the crack.

Su Ming followed after them calmly. He did not manage to see through Nan Tian’s thoughts. He simply thought that before they went into the tunnel, Nan Tian would not want to cause any arguments that would be detrimental to his plans.

Yet an accident like this had happened—it was something that was worthy of second thoughts. Su Ming could not guess what Nan Tian was thinking, but he could destroy it.

‘Compared to Xuan Lun, I should be more cautious of Nan Tian’s calculative nature.’

Su Ming was quiet as he followed behind the crowd, walking into the third crack.

The crack was narrow and long. No one spoke on the way, and they moved forward silently. After a long while, a small tunnel appeared before them. This tunnel expanded to the deep depths of the ground, the path twisting around like a serpent. There were ample clues lying around everywhere that hinted that the path was manmade, making it clear that the path was hewed out by people.

"This path would not appear unless a unique method is used to open the cracks on the right side of the valley. Even if someone entered this place accidentally, a maze like path would appear in this place. It would be difficult for them to find the correct path.

"This is the unique Art that belongs to my tribe – Lost Clouds Tribe," Nan Tian explained softly.

"This path is connected to the tomb of Han Mountain's ancestor. There is a seal blocking our path at the end. Once the seal is broken, we will then be able to enter his tomb."

As Nan Tian spoke, he moved forward quickly.

The path was dark, but when Su Ming and the others looked in, they did not see darkness. Their vision might have been slightly obscured, but they could still see rather clearly.

What caught their attention the most was the ground in the tunnel. It was red, which was completely different compared to the path in the crack connected to the tunnel.

It was as if these two places were two completely different worlds.

An unnoticeable glint appeared briefly in Su Ming's eyes when he saw the red patch on the ground in the tunnel. He moved forward, but the moment his foot landed on the red patch of ground...

"You... are... finally... here..."

Chapter 157: Aloof Eyes

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body and a boom immediately echoed in his head. That voice was aged with the endless vicissitudes of life, as if it contained eternity, as if it had been floating in the rivers of time for many years, as if it reverberated in the soul itself.

It made Su Ming's soul tremble. In an instant, his eyes became clouded with perplexity.

The hoarse and aged voice lingered in his mind and spread throughout his entire body like a layer of ripples, causing his body to freeze momentarily.

"You... are... finally... here..."

‘Han Mountain’s ancestor!’

Su Ming's expression immediately changed. It was fortunate that he was currently wearing a mask and had his head lowered, so no one noticed his strange behavior. That voice continued reverberating in his head until it eventually sounded like thunder rumbling, causing Su Ming's face to pale as if he was experiencing nightmares.

"Sir Mo Su?"

Dong Fang Hua's anxious voice traveled into Su Ming's ears from

his side. Dong Fang Hua was the first who noticed Su Ming's peculiar behavior. He saw him becoming still the moment he stepped onto the red ground as if he had frozen up.

"It's nothing... The ground in the tunnel is just a little strange."

Su Ming took a deep breath and moved forward on the red ground. Before him, Nan Tian and the others were looking at him with a questioning look.

Nan Tian narrowed his eyes and took a close look at Su Ming. He did not believe in his words completely, but could not find any clues about anything wrong either.

"This is your first time here, so it's natural that you're baffled. The ground becomes even redder the further we go into the tunnel. It'll be as if we're looking at blood.

"It's highly likely that it'll be the same when we arrive in the tomb of Han Mountain's ancestor."

As Nan Tian spoke, he turned around and continued onward.

Dong Fang Hua followed beside Su Ming with his heart racing against his chest. He was standing closest to Su Ming just now, that was why he could feel something that Nan Tian and the others did not sense. During that instant, he seemed to have seen Su Ming's hair floating without wind. There were also some strange changes on the mask over his face. He could not explain that feeling, but it

was as if the mask had suddenly come to life.

He did not dare say more. Instead, he followed behind Su Ming, moving forward cautiously.

Su Ming did not say a word during the entire journey. He did not even need to ask. Dong Fang Hua, Nan Tian, and Xuan Lun's expressions alone were enough to tell him that they did not hear the aged voice just now. He was the only one who had heard it.

It was faint, but Su Ming could feel a weak sensation as if he was being summoned. That sensation traveled slowly towards him from the end of the tunnel. As he got nearer, that sensation as if he was being summoned became stronger.

‘I knew it. Han Mountain's ancestor is not dead. That voice definitely belongs to him, but why did he say... finally...?’

Su Ming clenched his right hand. His fingernails dug into flesh, and it hurt.

Yet compared to the confusion that was brought by the huge mystery that existed in his heart, that pain made him feel that he was real, that he existed.

He needed pain so that he did not feel empty.

He did not want to think about Han Cang Zi's pitying and her complicated gaze. He did not want to explore why Nan Tian did

not mention the God of Berserkers who sealed away the Fire Berserker Tribe with the Eternal Creation Art.

He especially did not want to ponder why that aged voice said ‘finally’...

‘Just what happened to me? What have I forgotten? I didn’t forget anything, but..!’

Su Ming tightened his fist even further.

It was just as Nan Tian had said. As they moved forward, the red ground became more vivid until it eventually reached a startling shade. It was as if they were walking on a dried up sea of blood.

Nan Tian might have come to this place many times before, but every single time he walked on the red ground, a feeling that was akin to terror would arise uncontrollably in his heart. Even if he knew that there was no danger within the tunnel, he could not help but stay on full alert and be incredibly vigilant.

Behind him, Chou Nu’s face was pale, his heart thumping against his chest. The red ground gave him a vague sense of agitation, but he could still resist it.

Xuan Lun was the same as Su Ming. This was also the first time he came to this place. He tried not looking at it, but when he walked further into the tunnel, he found that he could not ignore the red ground. A vicious look appeared on his face as he continued

looking at it. It was faint, but he seemed to see an innumerable amount of murdered souls emerging from the surface of the ground screaming at him in hatred.

Xuan Lun let out a cold harrumph, clearly unbothered. He was cruel by nature and had killed far too many people in his life. He made his decision. He wanted to see just how many illusions would appear on this path.

"You must focus when you travel on this path... It won't cause any real harm to us. This place is strange in the sense that it'll create different illusions in everyone's eyes, though they aren't powerful illusions. I've experienced this many times before, just bear with it, and it'll soon be over."

Nan Tian's voice traveled into their ears as if it came from a far distance, through thousands of mountains and rivers.

A smile appeared on Dong Fang Hua's face. It was an incredibly complacent smile showing a hint of obsession. He walked past Su Ming with huge steps, and as he looked at the red ground, the smile on his face grew wider.

On the red ground, he saw himself successfully reaching Transcendence. He saw himself successfully sacrificing the 13th piece of his spine, reverting it into a real Berserker Bone, then continuously reaching breakthroughs until he reached the Berserker Soul Realm.

He saw himself standing between the heavens and earth laughing

with his head thrown back at the sky once he became a Berserker Soul. He saw countless people from all sorts of Berserker Tribes kneeling and worshipping on the ground. These people looked at him respectfully. They were watching him, Dong Fang Hua, creating his own statue of the God of Berserkers the moment he reached the Berserker Soul Realm!

Su Ming walked silently onward. There was a dazed look in his eyes. As he continued forward, the red ground allowed him to see his tribe and the familiar Dark Mountain.

He saw Lei Chen laughing boyishly. He saw Liu Di leaning against a house with his eyes closed as he played a song with his xun.

He saw Chen Xin holding Bei Ling's hand with a beautiful smile on her face. Bei Ling's back was positioned towards him with the wind blowing against his hair...

He saw Wu La. The girl who was not considered very beautiful had her face covered in blood as she laid in his arms mumbling Mo Su's name.

He saw a little girl holding onto Pipi. She was blinking, and with the naïve voice of a child, she whispered into his ears, "Big brother Su Ming, I have a secret. Once you're back, I'll tell you."

He saw the elder...

He saw Bai Ling standing alone in the snow and wind... He saw

her hair gradually turn white. She was looking at a fang in her hands. The snowstorm was too great and it blocked his vision, but it did not manage to cover his eyes from seeing the tears on Bai Ling's face.

Su Ming bit his lips as he took in those sights. All these wonderful and sad moments were shown to him one by one on the red ground. At that moment, he suddenly shuddered. He saw a giant black hand descending from the sky on the sights on the ground. With one mighty swing, all those familiar people and familiar sights turned into smithereens.

Behind the broken shards was a dark void, and within that void was a pair of eyes.

Those eyes were looking at him coldly. They were heartless, as if all the emotions that existed in the world did not exist within them. There was also an aloofness that seemed to belong to a ruler.

"You truly... disappoint me..."

Su Ming's mind trembled. A wave of anxiety that he had never felt before surged forward, causing him to instantly wake up from his stupor. He was still on that path, and the ground was still red underneath his feet.

Nan Tian had his eyes closed as he stood unmoving. His expression was incredibly strange. Sometimes, he would smile, at other times, a twisted look would appear, and occasionally, he would look incredibly smug, as if he was enjoying the fruition of

his schemes.

Xuan Lun leaned against the wall with a vicious look on his face. There was a hint of cruelty within that look, but also a hint of powerlessness.

Chou Nu knelt on the ground and could not stop panting harshly. The murderous gleam in his eyes seemed to say that he was burning with anger, but there was also a hint of weakness within that rage.

Dong Fang Hua seemed to have gone mad. He was walking back and forth repeatedly with his arms outspread as he laughed loudly with a satisfied and boastful look on his face. He was immersed in his own world and did not want to wake up.

As he looked at these people, an urge rose in Su Ming. If he attacked them now, he could kill all these people without a hitch, including Xuan Lun and Nan Tian.

‘Nan Tian would not allow himself to sink into a hopeless situation, but right now, he lost his awareness and sank into the illusion... He came to this place many times before. He wouldn’t make such a mistake...

‘If that’s the case, he’s either doing this on purpose, or... a change that he doesn’t know about has come to this place.’

Su Ming closed his eyes. He remembered the aged voice that had

appeared in his mind when he first stepped on the red ground.

He also remembered the things he saw when he was trapped within the illusion, all of which eventually came to a stop when that pair of aloof eyes appeared within the darkness along with the words that seemed to have come from a distance.

‘Did the change in this place happen because of me..? Han Mountain’s ancestor, for what reason did you do this..?’

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked before him. They were already at the end of the tunnel. Right in front of him was a smooth stone wall. A complex picture carved out by numerous ravines covered the wall.

Waves of dark light shone out of the stone wall. When Su Ming looked at it, he felt a strong repelling force coming from it.

"This should be the place where the seal is," Su Ming muttered.

He swept his gaze over Chou Nu, Dong Fang Hua, Nan Tian, and Xuan Lun. Somehow, he kept having the feeling that there was something within the four people’s expressions and attitudes.

‘They’re the same as me. They saw something unique to their sights from this red ground...’

Su Ming fell silent. That pair of eyes and the words left behind a deep impression in his mind.

"You truly... disappoint me..."

There was no hint of emotion in that voice. It was cold, like ice that would never melt.

‘Those words, and that gaze... why did they appear in my illusion... Why did I become nervous after I heard those words..? I was really nervous... and very afraid...’

Su Ming did not choose to kill. He stood there instead and looked first at Dong Fang Hua. He watched him walking back and forth with a distinctly complacent look on his face.

‘What we see is different, but what we experience is the same. Perhaps I can find an answer from them...’

Chapter 158: Destiny!

Dong Fang Hua was pacing back and forth before Su Ming. His loud bursts of joyful laughter were completely different from his usual careful demeanor and acts of relying on the strong. As of then, it seemed like he had become another person. That prideful look on his face and sparkling eyes revealed the secrets in his heart.

"Today, I have arrived at the Berserker Soul Realm. Since you have all come to attend my ceremony, then I will let you see how a Berserker of the Berserker Soul Realm creates his own personal statue of the God of Berserkers!"

Dong Fang Hua spoke loudly and lifted his arms, flinging them around wildly.

Su Ming looked at Dong Fang Hua quietly. He did not have a deep understanding of this person, but from the contact they had during the past few days, Su Ming could tell that this was a nobody who was as cautious as Su Ming was. He wanted to become stronger, and at the same time had the desire to be praised by those weaker than him.

‘His actions right now reflect his true self... but what about this is similar to the illusions I saw just now..?’

Su Ming quietly observed Dong Fang Hua. After a long while, he shifted his gaze to Chou Nu.

Chou Nu knelt on the ground as he panted harshly with a ferocious look on his face. His low growls gave people the feeling that he was in a bout of raging madness, but the weakness and flickering light in his eyes clashed against his expression.

"If what we show here reflect our true selves, then Chou Nu... I wonder if he was born with the word Nu (T.N. meaning anger) in his name. If it's not, then it means that he believes that he needs this sort of rage the most...

"Since he needs it the most, then it means that he lacks that rage..." Su Ming mumbled.

He had a feeling that he had caught onto something, but it was still vague, as if the thought was still covered by a veil.

‘What do I need the most...?’

Su Ming closed his eyes and only opened them after a long while to look at Nan Tian.

Nan Tian was standing with his eyes closed. His expressions constantly changed. Pride, disgust, sullenness, cold sneers, these expressions fused together, but most of the time, his face showed pride.

"This is a person who likes scheming and plotting against others... I haven't been around him for long, but from the things that happened, I can tell that he is a person who is very confident

of his intelligence. He always feels that he can control others with clues that he discovered about them. They would have to follow his will, and they would have no choice but to do so."

Su Ming looked at Nan Tian and the expressions on his face as he mumbled to himself.

"And him..." Su Ming's gaze fell on Xuan Lun. "He is a cruel person. This is evident from when he brought out the souls of He Feng's family and crushed them one by one when He Feng challenged the Chains of Han Mountain.

"He's cruel, ruthless, and would kill others when opinions don't match. He's a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm, way above those in the Blood Solidification Realm. With his personality, he must have killed a lot of people in his life..."

Su Ming saw ruthlessness on Xuan Lun's face, as if he loved killing and was passionate about slaughter. Yet underneath that ruthlessness was an unexpected hint of helplessness.

"I understand now..." Su Ming mumbled under his breath bitterly.

He was highly intelligent to begin with. There was in no way he would not find the answer he was searching for when he combined all the expressions and actions showed by the four people.

"Whatever you brag about the most is what you lack the most.

"Whatever it is that you want others to know that you own the most of is what you want to possess the most.

"Xuan Lun is cruel and ruthless. His thirst for blood is ingrained within him. This is what he is proud of and also what he wants others to know about. Yet in truth, this is what he lacks the most. He might have killed a lot of people, but all of these are to cover up his helplessness. He doesn't have a sense of security.

"He doesn't feel secure, that's why he feels that he needs to boast about his kills and let others know that he loves killing so that they'll know that he is cruel. It helps him to cover up the fear he feels in his heart.

"He needs cruelty, that's why he saw cruelty. He is afraid and desires safety, that's why there's also a hint of helplessness on his face," Su Ming mumbled under his breath bitterly.

He understood now.

"Nan Tian flaunts about and wants others to know about his shrewdness and intelligence the most. Yet in truth, that is what he lacks the most...

"He wants others to know that he's very calculative, but this also shows that this is what he desires.

"Chou Nu's name has the word anger in it. He also presented

himself as a person with a violent temper. This is what he's prideful about and wants others to know... it's also what he desires, because in truth, he's very weak and faint in heart."

Su Ming looked at the terror hidden under the angry expression on Chou Nu's face as he mumbled.

'I truly understand now. Through them, I know what's on my mind.'

Su Ming leaned against the stone wall by his side and smiled wanly as he looked at the roof of the tunnel.

'I've always been aloof and made myself remain calm. This is what I lack and desire... I've always refused to think about the tribe, using indifference as a cover, but in truth, this is the most fragile memory within my heart.

'Perhaps I've truly forgotten some of my memories... The illusions I saw on this path of blood, the eyes that appeared at the end and the words I heard, why did they make me so nervous, so aware, so afraid..? Perhaps this is what I don't want others to discover the most in the depths of my heart...

'Just like Xuan Lun's fear and Chou Nu's weakness.

'Then what do I need the most..?' Su Ming asked himself, but he found the answer very soon, because when he asked himself that question in his head, the image of the eyes and the words appeared

in his mind.

"You truly... disappoint me..."

‘So this is the real me... Then I want to know whose gaze that belonged to... Why did he say those words..? What are the memories I lost?

‘In fact... if I truly lost some memories, then could my memories have also been altered by someone..? I want to know whether it happened...

Su Ming closed his eyes. His heart was clenching in pain and fear. He was afraid that all of his memories of Dark Mountain were changed, that some might have disappeared... that they were fake...

He had a feeling having been baptized when he walked through this path. It was as if he had transformed and changed. It was a vague feeling, but it existed.

After an unknown amount of time passed by, Dong Fang Hua stopped laughing boisterously. Instead, a shudder ran through his body and after a moment where he remained stunned, he silently sat beside Su Ming with his head lowered, a baffled look on his face.

Chou Nu also stopped growling and howling. The anger on his face disappeared and turned into a blank look as he sat by the side

mulling over something.

Nan Tian trembled and slowly opened his eyes. There was a dazed look in his eyes, which only disappeared after a long while, replaced by shock and alarm. He had recovered, and some memories of what had happened returned.

From among these people, he had a vague feeling in his memories that Su Ming had seemed to have acted differently compared to himself. That man had calmly stood before him and looked at him. At that time, he was completely powerless to resist.

Nan Tian trembled. He did not know whether it was a mistake on his part. He would rather believe that all of it had been an illusion and it was not real, but when he looked towards Su Ming and saw him looking at him calmly, a shudder ran through Nan Tian's body.

‘He changed...’

Nan Tian's breathing became rapid. He could not describe clearly what had changed within Su Ming, but there was an incredibly terrifying feeling coming from him now!

The fear did not stem from Su Ming's power, nor from his intelligence, but from his eyes. In Nan Tian's view, Su Ming's gaze held an imposing look that was not intentional, but seemed to have been ingrained within him since birth.

He had never expected that someone would be able to cause his heart to race in anxiety with just one look.

"Is there something wrong?" Su Ming asked softly.

"No... Nothing..."

For the first time, Nan Tian felt uneasy when he heard Su Ming speak. He quickly replied back.

Su Ming no longer spoke and closed his eyes.

Xuan Lun looked at Su Ming with mixed feelings. He woke up at the same time as Nan Tian. The feelings he had experienced were incredibly similar to Nan Tian's. He also felt that Su Ming had looked at him calmly as he was caught in the illusion.

In fact, when Su Ming looked at Nan Tian, Xuan Lun also felt his heart trembling, and his breathing quickened. Yet there were still some differences between him and Nan Tian. He believed that everything that happened to him was due to him waking up from the illusion, not because Su Ming had changed. He simply felt that something was wrong with himself.

Yet no matter what, Xuan Lun still chose to fall into silence and sat down without a word.

Time gradually passed by. Two hours, four hours...

Silence still reigned at the end of the tunnel. Dong Fang Hua and Chou Nu had completely woken up, but the dreamlike memories remained in their minds and refused to disappear.

Dozens of hours passed by. Suddenly, a tremor shook the tunnel. Muffled booms arrived from above them. Dust floated down as if the entire tunnel was about to collapse.

The stone wall at the end of the tunnel shone brilliantly, as if it had suddenly become incredibly instable and was going to crumble at any moment.

The sudden change immediately filled Xuan Lun with vigor and he trained his gaze on the seal. By his side, Nan Tian too looked at the stone wall with a grave expression as desire grew in his heart.

The stone wall was a door. It was a door that led to either the isolation grounds or the grave of Han Mountain's ancestor. That door had been around for centuries, perhaps even longer, and it had never been opened.

The existence of the seal blocked off all outsiders, but now, Lake of Colors Tribe was carrying out a large scale operation. They were using an unknown method outside, trying to break the seal and rush into where Han Mountain's ancestor was.

Muffled rumbling sounds came from above them. The dark light on the stone walls flickered even more strongly, as did the one on the faces of people in the tunnel.

Chou Nu, Dong Fang Hua, Xuan Lun, and Nan Tian all had their eyes trained on the stone wall. Once Lake of Colors Tribe broke the seal outside, the seal in this place would also disappear.

Only Su Ming had his eyes closed. It was not that he did not want to open them, but at that moment, the aged and hoarse voice appeared once more in his mind.

"Come... Come here... I've been waiting for you... for a long time... for a long time..."

"Destiny..."

Chapter 159: Break The Relocation Seal

Fog shrouded the sky. The strange stars shone dimly. Giant cracks tore the sky, telling all those who lifted their heads to look that the starry sky was fake and it did not exist.

There was a gigantic building in the plains surrounded by the numerous valleys under the starry sky. That building could not be seen clearly because the fog surrounding it obscured the view of all those trying to see it.

Yet if someone got closer, they would see that this building was a gigantic object shaped like a sword. That object pierced into the ground diagonally, and the part that was revealed was about thousands of feet tall.

It was entirely black and made from an unknown material. Dense scale like objects covered its surface. It looked like a sword, yet it was also rather similar to a ship.

Three tall altars shaped like towers surrounded three sides of the sword-ship object. The altars were colored white, black, and red, and they were each different from each other.

Compared to the aged feeling coming from the sword-ship object, those three altars in the shape of towers were clearly built later.

At that moment, the white altar was empty, and so was the black altar. Only the red altar was shining with a red light. That strong light pierced through the fog and surrounded the area, causing all

those who saw it to have their vision entirely covered in red, even if they were standing far away.

A few dozen people floated around the red altar. One of them was Yan Luan. She wore a red robe and her hair floated around her as she looked at the sword-ship object with sparkling eyes.

Han Fei Zi followed behind her quietly. No one could see the changes in her expression due to the veil covering her face. They could only see that her eyes were glowing.

The area was silent, yet there were occasional muffled rumbles traveling forth from afar. If anyone searched for the source of the voice, they would see the people from Tranquil East, Puqiang, and Lake of Colors Tribe fighting against each other in two spots located rather far away from the place.

"We won't be able to hide from Tranquil East and Puqiang for long. They should have already noticed the changes in this place... Our time is short..." Han Fei Zi whispered.

"Even if Han Cang Zi and the Berserker from Puqiang Tribe are held back by the previous tribe leader and the Elder... she's still a member of Freezing Sky Clan. We mustn't kill her, nor can we kill her."

Han Fei Zi's gaze swept past Yan Luan.

"I'll be careful. I won't cause delay for your entering into

Freezing Sky Clan." Yan Luan chuckled and turned around to look at Han Fei Zi. "I'm curious how that new guest of Tranquil East Tribe attracted you, so much so that you would spend your last wish to make me let go of my interest in him."

Yan Luan may have been smiling beautifully, but only those who knew her would be able to see the chill in her eyes.

"You do not lack mates, but I lack a companion," Han Fei Zi said softly.

Her voice may have been pleasant to the ears, but there was chill to it as well.

"Companion? Are you perhaps thinking..."

Yan Luan covered her mouth and laughed, but she did not finish speaking. She cast a profound look towards Han Fei Zi instead.

"It's time. It would be best if you open the seal and break the mark of slave tribes so that I can leave in peace," Han Fei Zi said softly, closing her eyes.

Yan Luan smiled faintly and turned back to look at the swordship object. A strange light appeared in her eyes. She lifted her right hand and pressed it over her heart before she fell to her knees in midair. Her face was no longer enchanting, but filled with pious devotion.

"Align the runes!" Yan Luan said softly.

The moment she spoke the words, thunder rumbled in midair, and multiple bolts of red lightning appeared out of nowhere. They intersected with each other and pervaded the sky as they continuously traveled about.

At the same time, the dozens of people from Lake of Colors Tribe behind Yan Luan floated up as if their bodies were pulled in by the lightning in the sky; they sat down in midair with respectful looks on their faces.

The traveling bolts of lightning were originally rather chaotic when they appeared and shone in the sky, but when the dozens of people from Lake of Colors Tribe floated in midair, all of the bolts surrounded them with these people acting as the center. Once the lightning connected to these people, a complicated picture was formed in midair.

That picture was the Relocation Rune.

"Han Fei Zi!" Yan Luan called out softly.

Han Fei Zi did not say a word but took a step forward and charged towards the picture. She sat down in the center of the picture and let out a deep breath, then closed her eyes.

"Statue of Lake of Colors, please descend upon us!"

"Statue of Lake of Colors, please descend upon us!"

"Statue of Lake of Colors, please descend upon us!"

These words fell out of the lips of the dozens of people in the sky one after another. Their voices blended together and turned into a growl. As it echoed in the surroundings, in the outside world, at the mountain where Lake of Colors Tribe was located, which was situated beside Han Mountain City in the Land of South Morning, all tribe members of Lake of Colors Tribe sat down with their legs crossed. Some of them were Berserkers, while the others were normal members of the tribe.

They all sat down with their eyes closed. At that moment, all of them bit their tongues at the same time and coughed out fresh blood. Every single drop of their blood rose into the sky and rapidly gathered in midair.

A giant contour of a face formed by blood appeared at the summit where Lake of Colors Tribe was located. It was the gigantic face of a woman filled with a dignified might. The moment she appeared, the light of relocation appeared outside the woman's face, causing her face to begin fading out despite the fact that she had just appeared.

The mountains where Tranquil East Tribe and Puqiang Tribe were located were strangely silent as their people looked at this sight. They did not show any signs of wanting to investigate. At that moment, on the stage situated at the summit of the mountain where Tranquil East Tribe was located were the tribe leader of Tranquil East, the Elder, and the many powerful Berserkers of

Tranquil East Tribe. Among them were three old men who seemed to have crawled out of their coffins. Their bodies were letting out a rotten stench as they stood with their tribe members silently.

They did not look at Lake of Colors Tribe, but were looking instead at the middle aged man wearing a blue robe before them.

The man's hair was very long. He had his hands behind his back, and there was the picture of a mountain of ice sewn on his robes.

"I know that your hearts are unwilling..."

The man was very handsome. As he looked at the summit of Lake of Colors located in the distance, he spoke languidly.

"But this is the decision made by leader Sun within the clan. You may feel unwilling, but you must obey."

"We would not dare to. We will definitely comply with the orders given to us by the envoy, but Han Cang Zi is still inside..." The one who spoke was one of the three rotting old men. His face was calm as he spoke hoarsely.

"Would anyone dare to harm her?"

The middle-aged man smiled faintly.

The same scene appeared on the mountain where Puqiang Tribe

was located. The leaders and powerful Berserkers of Puqiang Tribe stood respectfully before a middle-aged man in black. The man had the mark of a scorpion on his face. The scorpion looked vivid, as if it was a living creature.

"Leader Wang has given the orders that Puqiang is not allowed to interfere in this matter!"

At the same moment, within the hidden grounds under Han Mountain City, Han Fei Zi and the others were sitting down cross-legged as they activated the Relocation Rune formed by the red bolts of lightning. As red light shone into the sky, a strange pressure gradually appeared. The woman's face that appeared on the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe slowly descended upon this place.

As it appeared, a large amount of ripples appeared in the sky and reverberated in the area, causing more and more powerful tremors to shake the world with each passing moment. Very soon, at the moment the light of the Relocation Rune in the sky reached its brightest peak, the gigantic face of the woman appeared completely in the sky.

That woman's face was about thousands of feet in size as she looked at the land indifferently.

"Open the Tranquil East Door!"

Yan Luan's face was piously devoted as she lifted her right hand and pointed towards the white tower shaped altar that belonged to

Tranquil East Tribe in the distance.

The moment she pointed, a red light immediately shone outside Tranquil East's altar. Four people in red appeared out of nowhere. In their hands they held several heads of people who were glaring furiously even in their deaths.

These four people acted at the same time. They threw the heads onto the altar and slammed their hands on them.

The moment they did so, the heads exploded and turned into a large amount of blood that dyed the white altar red in an instant!

These heads belonged to the guests from Tranquil East Tribe who had entered this place. Once they were killed by Lake of Colors Tribe, their blood was gathered in their heads using a unique method. At that moment, their heads exploded, and their blood dyed the entire tower red.

The blood-stained Tranquil East tower rumbled and a large amount of cracks appeared. Roaring sounds traveled out from within, and a vast amount of energy spilled out abruptly.

The moment the energy appeared, the heavens and earth seemed to change their color. This was the power of all the Qi that had been accumulated overtime by the guests in Tranquil East Tribe over the centuries when the three tribes opened up the hidden grounds. Once enough energy had been accumulated, Tranquil East Tribe originally intended to use it while working with the other two tribes to open the giant sword-ship object.

Yet at this moment, all their energy was taken away ingeniously by Lake of Colors Tribe.

The gigantic woman's face in the sky opened her mouth and sucked in a breath in the direction of Tranquil East tower. Immediately, this energy charged towards the woman's face and was completely absorbed by it.

"Open the Puqiang Door!"

Excitement appeared in Yan Luan's eyes. She had been waiting for this day for far too long. For this day, they had poured in too much blood, sweat, and tears.

The originally black Puqiang tower was dyed in red as the heads exploded. It crumbled as Tranquil East tower had done, and the vast amount of Qi that the guests accumulated over the centuries spilled forth, all of which were instantly absorbed by the woman's face in the air.

The final wave of energy absorbed was from the altar belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe. Thunderous booms echoed in the air, and cracks appeared on all three altars. The moment they exploded because they lost the Qi that had been stored within them, the woman's face in the air became distinct.

Yan Luan took in a deep breath and charged towards the woman's face, fusing with it in an instant. She appeared at the center of the woman's brows.

"Break the relocation seal!"

A strange light appeared in the eyes of the gigantic woman's face before it descended abruptly from the sky and charged towards the sword-ship object that was stuck diagonally on the ground.

As the face rapidly closed in, the sword-ship object immediately let out a dim light. The dim light was the seal itself. It did not spread out, but flowed around the sword-ship object like running water.

With a loud crash, the statue of the God of Berserkers from Lake of Colors Tribe crashed into the giant sword-ship object!

"The seal from Han Mountain's ancestor would be extremely difficult to break if we didn't understand its principles. This is a completely different energy compared to us Berserkers. Even if Lake of Colors Tribe understood the Relocation Art and used the power of the entire tribe, it'd still be difficult for us to break it, but...

"With the power of the statue of the God of Berserkers, the power of Relocation, and the research Lake of Colors Tribe conducted over the past few centuries, we've predicted that we can cause this seal to disappear for an instant using Rune against Rune. At that short moment it disappears, we... will enter!"

Chapter 160: Han Kong!

The sword-ship that was stuck on the ground shone with dark light that looked like flowing water. The moment the gigantic woman's face formed by the statue of the God of Berserkers crashed into it, the dark light immediately shuddered and gradually stopped flowing. It started showing signs of freezing.

At the same moment, the color on the giant woman's face started rapidly darkening. It looked as if it had used up most of its energy in the span of a few breaths. Judging by the rate of its color diminished, it looked like it could not completely make the dark light on the giant sword-ship stop flowing.

The speed of the dark light freezing had also started slowing down. Some of the spots that had already frozen up even started showing signs of recovering, beginning to flow once more.

Yan Luan's eyes flashed where she stood at the center of the woman's brows. There was a regretful look in her eyes as she lifted her hands and touched the woman's face with her fingers.

The instant her fingers touched the woman's face, it shone with a strong red light and turned into a strong red flare that rushed into the sky. The red flare charged into the starry sky, resulting into a huge impact that created a large amount of ripples that spread towards all areas. In an instant, the ripples covered almost the entire sky.

A long string of laughter traveled forth. The vague outline of a

person appeared within the red flare that reached the skies. That vague outline quickly became clear, becoming almost completely distinct in an instant.

That person was an old man wearing a red robe. His hair was entirely white, but his face shone with a healthy red glow. A huge gourd could be seen on his back as he stepped out of the red flare.

The instant he appeared, the entire world shook. The starry sky looked as if it could no longer withstand the tremors and was about to crumble. The earth also trembled, causing a large amount of valleys in the area to collapse under this rumbling.

"Greetings, left preceptor Zhou!" Yan Luan said respectfully.

The moment the old man appeared, the woman's face which had merged together with Yan Luan had faded away and disappeared.

"The Relocation Art that breaks the four dimensional layers is indeed mysterious! Lake of Colors, since you've understood this Art and offered it to me, your tribe will claim all credit for this!"

The old man in red robes laughed loudly with sparkling eyes. He stared at the dark light surrounding the sword-ship, which was already rapidly recovering its flow.

"Han Kong, did you think that by hiding here, Freezing Sky Clan won't be able to touch you? Did you think that because Berserkers don't understand the seal of the four dimensional layers, that's

why we can't kill you even though we know you are here?"

The old man in red robes let out a long string of laughter and lifted his right foot before taking a step towards the giant sword-ship on the ground.

"If it's a complete seal of the four dimensional layers, then I would definitely not be able to break it, but Lake of Colors Tribe has understood your dimensional seal, and now, your seal has a flaw. I... can now open it!"

The old man in red robes approached the sword-ship and lifted his right hand before swinging it in the air. A red demonic claw appeared above the sword-ship and seized it.

There was no way a normal living being could own this demonic claw. The moment it appeared, a strong look of desire and respect appeared on Yan Luan's face. She was not the only one. Yan Fei Zi and the other tribe members of Lake of Colors Tribe also looked over with respect when they regained their freedom after the woman's face disappeared.

"Berserker Soul Realm... By condensing and creating my own statue of the God of Berserkers, I will become the Berserk, and the Berserk will be me..." Han Fei Zi's eyes were bright as she mumbled.

The demonic claw closed in and seized the sword-ship. The dark light that flowed upwards on the object shuddered and let out a booming sound. The dark light shattered like shards and droplets

of water. It fell off the giant sword-ship and tumbled to the side.

As the sword-ship trembled, the seal placed on it abruptly disintegrated!

"Han Kong, you came to us Berserkers 8,000 years ago and had your powers limited by the second God of Berserkers. You could only use your powers up to the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, which would mean your level is at Soul Transformation in your Immortal Realm. You're ranked in 147th place on the kill list shared among the worlds! Today, I, Zhou Shan, left preceptor of Freezing Sky Clan, will take your life on orders left behind by the third God of Berserkers!"

The voice of the old man in red robes sounded like thunderbolts raining judgment. The moment his voice spread out with a boom, his body turned into a long fire-red arc as he charged towards the sword-ship that had lost its seal.

With a loud crash, the old man rushed inside. The light in Yan Luan's eyes flickered. She too, charged in, and closely followed by Han Fei Zi and the other people from Lake of Colors Tribe.

Buried deep under the ground was a part of the sword-ship. One of the parts of the section buried underground had cut through a tunnel many years ago. As of then, at the end of the tunnel where the part of the sword-ship was, the stone walls crumbled and turned into countless shards that quickly tumbled backwards as the seal was broken.

"It disintegrated!"

Nan Tian's face was filled with excitement. He took a step forward quickly, as if he wanted to be the first to go in. Yet the moment he moved, Xuan Lun had already charged in at lightning speed, overtaking him and becoming the first to enter.

Nan Tian and Chou Nu followed closely behind him. The both of them rushed into the entrance that was revealed once the stone wall crumbled.

Su Ming opened his eyes, which were now bloodshot. He silently stood up and looked at the entrance that led into the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor. There was an expression filled with mixed feelings on his face, though hidden under the mask.

The voice summoning him was now filled with anxiety as it called out to him incessantly.

'The voice of Han Mountain's ancestor is completely different from the voice I heard when I fell into the illusion when walking through the red path. They're clearly not the same person.'

Su Ming closed his eyes and uncertainty appeared on his face.

"Sir Mo Su?" Dong Fang Hua asked in a low voice. He originally wanted to go in, but when he saw Su Ming keeping still by his side, he hesitated for a moment.

"I need a moment to think. If you want to go in, then go," Su Ming said coolly.

Dong Fang Hua struggled in his heart. He looked at the entrance and a yearning look appeared in his eyes. He wanted to become stronger, and there was a chance lying right before him at this very moment. If he gave up on it, he would definitely be dissatisfied.

He waited for a little while longer. When he saw that Su Ming remained in pensive silence, he gritted his teeth and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming before dashing through the entrance. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the place.

Su Ming was the only one left at the end of the tunnel. He stood there quietly as the anxious voice calling out to him echoed in his ears and mind.

After a moment, he opened his eyes.

"Should I risk it, or should I not..? Han Mountain's ancestor isn't dead, and it's strange that he's summoning me like this. Also, from the bizarre things that had happened on the red path, I can tell that if I go in, it'll be incredibly dangerous!" Su Ming mumbled.

"But this might be my only chance... to know just what memories I lost, and to know what exactly happened to me..."

Su Ming paced back and forth at the end of the tunnel with a

brilliant shine in his eyes.

"He Feng once said that we can create a spirit body if we practice the Art of Han Mountain's ancestor. And once we have that Spirit Body, we can cast a strange Art. If I didn't completely subdue He Feng and wear that mask, I would've been caught under He Feng's Art.

"He told me about this Art later. It's called Possession... only those with Spirit Bodies can cast this Art and take over someone else's body. During the Possession, they can look through the other person's memories...

"A person can only create a Spirit Body once they have practiced the Branding Art. Besides He Feng, only Han Mountain's ancestor has one."

Su Ming paused in his footsteps and a resolute look appeared on his face.

'I can take the risk, but I cannot put myself in jeopardy. I won't ask to be able to completely protect myself, but only when I have a certain amount of confidence in this can I take this risk! My memories may be important, but the thing about me losing my memories is just my guess. If my guess is correct, then it's fine, but if it turns out that I was just overthinking things, then it's... not worth it to lose my life over!

'Putting aside the possible connection between him and me, Han Mountain's ancestor is calling out to me so urgently mostly due to

the breaking of the seal in this place... Besides, I don't think he'd be summoning me to simply just end my life.

‘Then besides some other reason I don't know of, there's only one possibility as to why he's doing this, he's going to perform the Possession He Feng spoke about!

‘The elder once taught me that when I don't understand certain things, I can try putting myself in the other person's shoes to guess his thoughts by going through the things that person had experienced.

‘If I am Han Mountain's ancestor and I haven't gone out of this place for many years all while having to watch the three slave tribes rebelling to the point that I can't do anything... then he must be injured, and it's not a light injury... Now that Lake of Colors Tribe has broken the seal and Freezing Sky Clan is supporting Lake of Colors Tribe, then those from Freezing Sky Clan must also be in this operation.

‘Han Mountain's ancestor is most likely going to die!

‘There's a high possibility that he's calling out to me for the Possession He Feng spoke about! He's going to Possess my body and avoid being killed... The reason why he chose me is perhaps because I have the path of blood within me... then could it be that the small virescent sword, the red meadow, and the other things chose me because of this as well?

‘He drew me here step by step...’

A chilling look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

‘He won’t live for long. If Lake of Colors Tribe dared to break the seal, then they have full confidence in killing him as well... the safest way for me is to wait here and not go in. Before long, Han Mountain’s ancestor will die.

‘This is the safe way, but if I do that, then I won’t be able to obtain Han Mountain’s ancestor’s training method, and I won’t be able to obtain the answer I want. I won’t be able to know just how many memories I lost...

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming’s lips. He sat down cross-legged and lifted his right hand before tapping his chest. Immediately, his Qi tumbled within his body like a furious wave crashing around inside him.

Almost at the instant he tapped his chest, a ball of dim light was forced out of his chest. Inside that dim light was He Feng’s Spirit Body. He had his eyes closed as if he was in deep sleep.

Su Ming looked at He Feng’s Spirit Body before he lifted his right hand and touched it. A wave of ripples spread out. Once they traveled over the small figure, a shudder ran through his body and he slowly opened his eyes.

"Mas..."

There was a dazed look in He Feng's eyes, who had just recently woken up. Once he took a good look at his surroundings, especially the entrance at the end of the tunnel, a violent shiver ran through his body.

"This is... This..."

"He Feng," Su Ming said slowly. His voice was low and deep, and there was an intimidating force behind it. "I need you to do something for me," he stated, looking at the small figure.

"Master, please speak. As long as I can do it, I won't dare to decline," He Feng quickly adjusted his mind to the situation and spoke cautiously, yet there was a slight nervousness in his heart. He did not know what Su Ming wanted him to do, especially when he was forcefully awakened in this place.

Translator's Notes:

Some of you might already know that Pursuit of the Truth, Renegade Immortal, and ISSTH share the same universe. Because of this Pursuit of the Truth is more affected than you would think by Renegade Immortal. The people from the Land of South Morning use A LOT of concepts and terms from the world in Renegade Immortal and ISSTH. 嬰變 (Soul Transformation) just happens to be one of the many, many, many concepts and terms. When I was translating this chapter, Renegade Immortal was at chapter 530++, and ISSTH chapter 1580++ (I think, can't really remember, wrote this TL note later, whoops).

To maintain some sense of continuity, I ripped off those terms from Renegade Immortal and ISSTH if they had translated it, and if their RAWs had that term but it was at that moment of time not translated, I translated the names myself. There will be some differences, in my free time I'll check Renegade Immortal and ISSTH to see whether the terms have been translated and I'll change it accordingly.

That said, since plagiarism is the root of all things evil in the world of creating stuff and I had to use other people's work in my own translated work, my leader said he'll inform Ren and Deathblade in private, and since he is a good man, he must have informed them.

THE POINT IS, here's a disclaimer, because disclaimers are important. I used Ren's and Deathblade's terms in Renegade Immortal and ISSTH in Pursuit of the Truth.

Chapter 161: The Lost Memories!

Su Ming paused for a moment before he suddenly spoke.

"Possess me!"

His words were shocking, and they stunned He Feng completely. His jaw fell slack, and he only regained his senses after a moment. Nervousness and terror immediately appeared on his face, and he quickly explained, "Mas... Master, this... I... I didn't do anything wrong. I even helped you in your fight before I fell unconscious, I..."

"I'm telling you to Possess me, stop talking so much!"

Su Ming cast a cold glance at He Feng. His gaze may have seemed aloof, but he was in truth subtly observing He Feng's reaction.

He Feng was still baffled. He smiled wanly as he looked at Su Ming. After a moment of hesitation, he knelt down on the ground. There may have been no tears in his eyes, but they still glistened moistly.

"Master, I've done wrong, I truly did. Please forgive me this time. I won't dare do it again."

Su Ming's eyes shone brightly. From the small connection he had with He Feng through their souls, he could sense He Feng's nervousness and fear. There was no joy within him.

"Master, I can't Possess you. If I did, then it'd be the same as erasing your existence. If... I... If I erase you, then I won't be able to survive either. It's the same as killing myself..."

He Feng had temporarily lost his tongue, he did not know how to explain himself.

"I'm not asking you to perform a complete Possession. When I tell you to stop, then you can stop," Su Ming said languidly.

This was incredibly important to him. It was a deciding factor on whether he should go in and meet Han Mountain's ancestor.

He must first become accustomed to the Possession process and see whether he can find a way out, and whether he can obtain a certain amount of certainty to remain safe before he could take the risk.

He had chosen He Feng for this after carefully thinking things through.

"Master, I've never Possessed anyone before. I only know the method... You... Are you sure you want to try it?"

He Feng hesitated for a moment. When he saw Su Ming nodding, he gritted his teeth and did not dare oppose him.

His Spirit Body turned into a dim light that charged straight towards the center of Su Ming's brows. The instant it touched Su Ming's forehead, the dim light flickered as if it had fused into the body.

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body and he slowly closed his eyes.

"Master... Master..."

A voice called out to him repeatedly in Su Ming's head. He opened his eyes, and a world shrouded in fog appeared in his sight.

Only the area 100 feet around him was empty. The other parts were all covered in rolling fog, and muffled booming sounds reverberated from within it.

"This is your mind. It's also the first place that will appear during the act of Possession."

He Feng's careful voice traveled into his ears. Su Ming turned his head around and saw He Feng's Spirit Body by his side.

There was an intimidating force coming from his Spirit Body that made Su Ming uncomfortable. He lowered his head and looked at his body, becoming stunned as he did so.

At that moment, he no longer had a body. He was only a weak ball of dim light. Yet there was an even dimmer thread coming

from the deeper parts of his light which connected him to He Feng's Spirit Body. It gave Su Ming a feeling that with just one thought, He Feng would immediately die.

Besides this thread, Su Ming also saw something else. There was something that was muddled in his own light. Even he himself had to pay full attention to sense it before he could notice its presence.

‘This is...’

Su Ming turned his attention towards it. Once he did so, he immediately felt as if his divine sense was being absorbed into the dim light, to where the muddled object was.

That thing was a black stone piece. It was hidden away by the dim light around it, which was why it was difficult for people to see it clearly from outside.

‘It's that stone...’

The moment Su Ming saw that stone piece, he felt shaken to the core, causing the dim light to flicker greatly, which also made He Feng, who maintained by his side, jump in fright.

He Feng was incredibly terrified. He was afraid that Su Ming would accidentally touch that thread in his Spirit Sphere and he would die, because if he did die here, it would only end up as a huge tragedy on his part.

Su Ming observed the stone debris. This item had been with him for many years and he always kept it around his neck. He did not expect to see that thing here.

After a moment of hesitation, Su Ming tried getting closer to it, yet the moment he touched the stone debris...!

"Brother... brother..."

"Brother... I can feel you... Brother..."

That familiar feminine voice echoed strongly within Su Ming's divine sense, causing him to tremble.

That voice seemed to have been buried in his heart for a long time. It could not be wiped off and would not disappear. In the past, when it appeared in his dreams, he would feel as if it was muddled and coming from somewhere far away, but now, the voice was incredibly loud, as if it was right before him.

Some time passed before Su Ming regained consciousness. He left the stone debris hidden in the dim light and fell into a long period of silence.

"Master..."

He Feng was already shaking in his boots as he spoke in a cautious tone.

"Let's start," Su Ming said coolly.

"Yes, Master. This is also the first time I entered someone else's mind. But Master, your mind seems to be a little different from mine. Why is there so much fog..?"

He Feng looked around him. Afraid that Su Ming would misunderstand him, he hesitated for a moment before he looked at Su Ming.

"Master, Possession is actually very simple. All I need to do is to devour the Spirit Sphere of the person I want to possess... but don't worry, I won't dare to devour it, coalescence will create the same effects..."

"Alright."

Su Ming nodded.

"Pardon me."

He Feng gritted his teeth and his Spirit Body charged towards Su Ming, but that respectful look on his face made it seem as if he was not here to possess Su Ming. The moment He Feng's Spirit Body approached Su Ming, they touched each other swiftly. He Feng trembled, while Su Ming's divine sense shuddered.

He felt as if there was thunder rumbling in his mind, and that was quickly followed by the fog around him suddenly tumbling backwards violently. The booming sounds echoing within were so loud they shook the heavens and earth.

As the fog tumbled backwards, Su Ming and He Feng's Spirit Bodies quickly fused together. This was not an act of devouring, but coalescence. Their minds would fuse together and become one. If this continued, then there would eventually be an entity that was neither He Feng nor Su Ming, but one that had both of their divine senses merged together.

Su Ming could feel himself weakening during the coalescence as if he was going to disappear at any moment, yet he paid no mind to any of these. He only stared at the fog outside.

He could clearly see the fog outside tumbling backwards ceaselessly. Some part of it began thinning out, and gradually, a large portion of the thin fog dissipated, revealing memories in the form of moving pictures that were previously hidden under the fog.

He saw himself walking into the secret tunnel with Nan Tian and the others. He saw himself walking up the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe. He saw himself falling asleep on the desolate mountain with the blood moon in the sky.

His memories moved like flowing water as they flowed in reverse before Su Ming bit by bit.

He saw himself transforming He Feng into the medicinal cauldron. He saw himself fighting against Han Fei Zi. He saw himself noticing He Feng and Xuan Lun closing in as they fought against each other while he was meditating in peace.

He saw Han Mountain City along with the Chains of Han Mountain. He saw Fang Mu delivering herbs to him. He saw himself kidnapping Fang Mu once he recovered from his injuries...

His memories continued playing out in reverse until some of those moving pictures eventually had Su Ming sitting still in the mountain cave recovering from his injuries, then they stopped moving.

"Master... I can't hold on anymore... If we continue like this, we'll really merge together into one!" He Feng's distressed voice echoed within Su Ming's mind.

"Also, Master, what's in your Spirit Sphere?! The more I fuse together with it, the more it rejects me. What... What is this..? It... It's sucking me in... Ah...!"

Terror suddenly appeared in He Feng's voice, as if he had just encountered something unbelievable and shocking.

Tremors started in Su Ming's mind. He could feel He Feng's terror. This was also the first time he realized that an increasingly stronger absorption force was coming from the stone debris in his Spirit Sphere, and it was not trying to absorb him, but He Feng, who was trying to fuse with him!

He separated a part of his divine sense to suppress the absorption force coming from the stone debris, then his faint but determined voice was sent into He Feng's Spirit Body.

"Continue."

"Master... I... This is..."

"Continue!"

He Feng no longer spoke. Instead, in the midst of his terror, he continued with the coalescence, trembling. He was feeling incredibly regretful at the moment, and also incredibly terrified. He did not know what was within Su Ming's Spirit Sphere, but the thing within made him feel a wave of terror that he had never experienced before. He had a feeling that if he continued with this, he would completely lose everything without Su Ming even needing to kill him.

Su Ming looked at the fog outside. The memories that appeared once the fog thinned out started changing once again, and the scenes where he meditated were replaced by something new.

It was daytime. The sky was covered by lightning and rain. Several vultures circled in the air. There was a person lying on the mountainside as if he was dead. The vultures hesitated for a long moment before one of them dove down and landed on the person. When all the other vultures landed on him, that seemingly dead person suddenly grabbed a vulture's throat.

He opened his eyes.

The scene changed once again. This time, the sky was still covered by lightning and rain, but it was no longer day. It was night. Bolts of lightning struck in the sky. Suddenly, a gigantic crack appeared in midair.

The crack was like a wide opened mouth that exuded a ghastly presence. Its appearance made the rain falling from the sky freeze midair in an instant. Even the bolts of lightning flashing in the sky came to a still, and they hung in the sky unmoving.

Su Ming grew nervous. He had forgotten about everything around him. The only thing that mattered was the scene before him!

A person struggled out from within the dark crack. He was covered in blood. The moment he appeared, Su Ming saw this person clearly with the light from the bolts of lightning that had frozen up in the sky. The person had his eyes wide opened, and the light in his eyes revealed his sadness.

He was laughing hollowly before he fell from the sky and rolled down the mountaintop until he was stopped by a big rock on the mountainside. He fell to the side, unmoving.

That person was Su Ming...

"Master, I... I... can't last any longer!"

The scenes in the fog changed once again. This time, it was completely black, as if it was showing neither earth nor sky.

Yet at that moment, He Feng let out a shrill cry, and the thin fog before Su Ming's eyes instantly thickened. The scenes disappeared.

The empty space of 100 feet had expanded to an area of 150 feet. He Feng was curled up by the side incredibly weakened. He looked at Su Ming in a pitiful state, terror shining from his eyes.

'If I continued on, then I'd have died... Thank goodness I was only performing coalescence, not devouring him, or else...' He Feng thought and shuddered. He looked at Su Ming and did not know what to say to him.

Su Ming fell into momentary pensive silence before he nodded towards He Feng.

"Thank you. Let's... go out."

Chapter 162: Take Me Away...

Beside the sword-ship that led to the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor was a tunnel. At the end of it was an entrance, and Su Ming sat there as he opened his eyes. There was a bewildered look in his eyes.

He Feng did not appear; he was submerged in Su Ming's body, not his mind. He was very weak. This time, he had to enter into deep sleep once more, or else he would disappear.

'My memories stopped and began at the moment I woke up to catch the vultures. I don't remember the crack that appeared during the rainy night, neither do I remember myself laughing so hollowly... When I woke up, I was already lying by the mountainside.

'Perhaps the memories I'm missing are those within the crack.'

Su Ming looked at the entrance by his side and resolution appeared in his eyes.

'He Feng didn't seem to be faking his actions. The stone debris in my Spirit Sphere...' Su Ming touched the mysterious black stone debris hanging on his neck. 'I'll risk it!'

Su Ming took in a deep breath. He stood up without hesitation and moved towards the entrance.

He had already lingered around this place for quite some time. Now that he made his decision, he could not afford to waste his time any longer. He had a strong feeling that perhaps he truly had a connection with Han Mountain's ancestor. He would be able to obtain an answer to all the things that baffled him here.

"Come... come here..."

The aged voice was laden with anxiety. It was much clearer and stronger than when he was outside. The voice echoed in his mind. The moment he set foot through the entrance, his vision became clouded.

Once everything became clear, he saw a piece of sky with stars shimmering in it before him. The end of the sky could not be seen and the stars let out dazzling light.

"Where is this place..?"

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. This place was covered in deathly silence, and he was the only one here.

"This is... the... third dimensional layer... come... come here... let me... see... you..."

The aged voice became clearer as it echoed in Su Ming's mind. At the same time, the stars in the sky began moving rapidly before his eyes. Gradually, a floating piece of land appeared before him once the stars finished moving.

Su Ming had never seen any of these before. His eyes became even more clouded with bewilderment, but he soon calmed down.

He moved forward silently. He did not know how long he had walked, neither did he know whether he was walking towards the floating piece of land, or whether the floating piece of land was moving towards him.

As he got closer and the floating piece of land rose before him, Su Ming stepped on it and looked around him.

The mountain ranges rose and fell around him with sounds of flowing water coming from the rivers. The ground was covered in green grass and there was a sweet fragrance coming from them. Sitting on the grass meadow was a person wearing gray robes.

This was a person whose age could not be estimated. His entire body was dried up, and there were only a few strands of hair left on his head. His clothes had almost entirely disintegrated. He sat on the ground with his eyes closed as if he was dead.

"You've... finally come..."

A hoarse voice echoed through the land.

"Are you Han Mountain's ancestor?"

Su Ming took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down before he looked at the person who seemed to be dead.

"You can call me Han Kong..."

The aged voice echoed in the air and the direction which it came from could not be determined. When the voice fell in his ears, Su Ming felt shaken.

"Why did you call me here?" Su Ming was silent for a moment before he asked.

"I did not summon you here... you were the one who summoned yourself here..."

This time, the voice did not appear from all around him, but from the dried up person before him. As the words tumbled out of his mouth, this person opened his eyes.

They were a pair of eyes that were incredibly dim, but there was a profound look within them that seemed like stars, but inside there was also excitement, longing, and anticipation.

"Take me away..."

The hoarse voice came out from Han Kong's mouth. His voice sounded like two dried up twigs rubbing against each other, which made all those who heard it incredibly uncomfortable.

Su Ming looked at the skeletal Han Mountain's ancestor and fell silent.

"According to the... promise, I've completed my duties. I've waited for you for a long time... take me away..."

Han Kong looked as if it had been a long time since he spoke. He had a hard time forming his words, since he bit out each syllable. An expectant look appeared on his calm face.

"I've left my home for 8,000 years. I want to go home..."

Han Mountain's ancestor shivered slightly as he mumbled towards Su Ming.

As Han Kong spoke, the entire sky suddenly shook. The stars in the distance let out a huge rumbling sound, and the stars began fading out one by one rapidly.

"They're here... quickly..."

Han Kong's breathing became rapid.

Su Ming remained silent. There were too many things he did not understand from Han Kong's words.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he spoke languidly. "How

can I... take you away?"

"You..."

Han Kong was stunned and he stared at Su Ming. Uncertainty and disbelief gradually appeared in his eyes. It was as if that simple sentence from Su Ming was out of his expectations.

"Who... are you?"

Han Kong immediately became sharp. A great pressure spread out with a boom. Under this pressure, Su Ming felt as if he was an ant caught in a rainstorm. He felt as if he was suffocating.

Su Ming took a few steps backwards. His face was pale. He looked at Han Kong and after remaining silent for a moment, when the booming sounds from afar came nearer, he spoke softly.

"I am Su Ming."

"[Destiny](#)... That's right, it's you."

Han Kong let out a sigh of relief. The pressure disappeared, and the sharp gaze in his eyes turned into expectation. He did not know that he had misheard Su Ming's name as Destiny.

"You are Destiny. You know how to take me away from this place..."

Han Kong spoke with difficulty. At that moment, the last star in the sky outside faded out. At the same time, as muffled booming sounds appeared where they were, the land also trembled furiously. It was as if there was someone outside using an unseen method to attack the place.

"Damn it! They're here too soon!"

Han Kong's face twisted. He struggled up and took a step towards the sky.

"They won't be able to see you here, neither will they bother you while you cast your Art. I'll stall them. You are Destiny. You will send me back... You must send me back... You have to send me back!"

Han Kong suddenly turned back and a ferocious look appeared for the first time in his eyes. He cast a look at Su Ming before he charged into the sky.

Outside the floating piece of land, the night sky that had fallen into darkness once it lost all its starlight started twisting. As Han Kong walked out, a large amount of ripples spread through the twisting sky. A loud bang resounded, and the old man in red robes from Freezing Sky Clan walked out of the ripples.

"Han Kong!"

With a low growl that echoed in the air, the face of the old man in red robes became grave and filled with a mighty presence. He lifted his right hand abruptly.

The dark sky around them was suddenly filled with colors. As they spun around, they formed a large vortex. Rumbling sounds filled the air, and the vortex circled around Han Kong with him acting as its center. It spun around him quickly, turning into a shocking power.

Han Kong let out a shrill and mournful howl. He swung his right hand before him and instantly red light appeared underneath his feet. In the blink of an eye, that red light turned into the red meadow. As he swung his hand forward, the meadow spread out through the surroundings rapidly, and in an instant, it covered an area of 100 li.

Han Kong panted harshly as if he was a wild beast that had been pushed into a corner. His eyes were fiercely lit with aversion, and he pressed his right hand towards the ground below him.

The moment he did so, the 100 li meadow tumbled about and sounds akin to roars rang out. A bundle of red mist appeared from the place where Han Kong had his right palm pressed down. That mist quickly condensed and gathered together before it turned into a three headed giant python. With a hiss, it charged towards the old man in red robes.

Han Kong pressed his left hand on the meadow right after that and immediately a battle cry reverberated through the air. Red mist rose from the meadow once again and turned into a man in

red armor. That man held a blood sword. Once he appeared, his eyes were lit with fighting spirit and he charged at the old man.

Han Kong's enchantment had not ended. He bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. His blood splattered on the red meadow, and the meadow seemed to go into frenzy immediately. It started rapidly squirming and growing at a shocking pace, spreading outwards like hair at lightning speed.

"Berserkers! How dare you oppose us Immortals!"

Han Kong raised his arms into the air swiftly while standing on the rapidly growing red meadow. He might have looked dried up and shriveled at the moment, but there was a presence spreading out from him that was hard to describe.

When Su Ming saw this scene, his heart pounded against his chest. This was the most intense battle he had seen besides the battle of Dark Mountain executed by the shadow in the starry sky. Han Kong's Arts made him feel shaken to the core.

The face of the old man in red robes was calm. He lifted his right hand and pointed not towards Han Kong, but at the center of his brows, then from there, his finger trailed down to the tip of his nose, carving out a trail of blood.

The moment the trail appeared, a roar rose from the space behind the old man in red robes. A gigantic apparition seemed to have torn through the space and a spirit that was entirely red and was about 10,000 feet tall came forth.

It looked like a giant, but was more like a monster turned from a statue of the God of Berserkers. It wore beast skins and was half naked. The moment it appeared, it let out a shocking roar.

At the same moment, the red gourd slung over the back of the old man in red robes floated up. The cork popped out and many black shadows flew out. These black shadows were the souls of wild beasts. They howled as the giant monster seized them and devoured them.

When that three-headed giant python and the man with the fighting spirit and the red armor charged towards him, the giant monster lifted its head swiftly. There was a fierce light in its eyes. With a howl, it charged towards the giant python and once it grabbed it with its claws, it brought it to its mouth and bit down before throwing it aside and charging towards the man in armor.

Booming sounds echoed in the air. As the giant monster continued with its slaughter, Han Kong's red meadow was still spreading out, practically covering all the space before it suddenly shrank and let out a shocking boom.

Su Ming took in a deep breath. He had not even managed to recover from the battle before the space before him twisted and Han Kong walked out from within. The moment he did so, Han Kong's legs shattered and turned into nothingness. His face was filled death, but he still flew up and seized Su Ming before he charged forward and disappeared with him.

All of these happened too quickly. Su Ming did not even have time to dodge before he was caught by Han Kong. The moment he disappeared with Han Kong from the place, he saw the red meadow spreading out like hair and covering the sky around the floating piece of land. Amidst the booming sounds, Han Kong flew up once more. He coughed out blood, but continued charging into the distance.

Behind him, the old man in red gave chase.

Destiny is 宿命, and the pinyin is (su1 ming1 (E.D Note: the numbers are for different tones, there are four different in total), which is like the homonym for Su Ming (蘇銘, by the way), very different meanings and very different characters, as you can tell. Su Ming's name is pronounced as su1 ming2, so the second character also sounds differently, but Han Kong misheard it.

Chapter 163: If You Don't Die, Then This Will Become Your Serendipity

"How would the Berserkers understand the Runes of us Immortals? This has long since not been a four dimensional layer seal, there's another half a layer left!"

Su Ming's vision was clouded. Once it became clear, he appeared in a dark place. It was a mountain cave. There was no light around him. He only had minimum vision.

"Hurry, send me back. I was heavily injured in the past and could not recover. I've given up on my real body and only have this replica left. I won't be able to last long. Once my real body dies and I haven't left this place, I will die as well!

"Only if my replica leaves the Berserkers' domain and I cut ties with my main body using a different Law amongst the Immortals can I continue living."

Harsh pants came from beside Su Ming as Han Kong tightened his grip on his shoulder. His face was only seven inches away from Su Ming's. He stared into his eyes with madness and anxiety. At that moment, he was already nearing despair and no longer had the calmness he possessed previously.

Su Ming stayed silent for a moment before he spoke slowly. "I don't have any way to send you back."

"I'll say it once more, send me back!!" Han Kong roared and grabbed Su Ming's shoulders. Killing intent appeared on his face.

"If you don't believe me, you can use Possession on me and look through my memories to see whether I am lying to you..."

Su Ming's expression was calm as he looked at Han Kong. This was his goal!

When he was at the end of the tunnel outside the entrance, he understood many things. He became uncertain about whether he had truly lost some memories, so he could not ignore it. He wanted to understand everything about this.

Yet Su Ming knew that with his power, it was impossible for him to know what had happened to him. That was why he thought about Han Mountain's ancestor and what He Feng had talked about... Possession!

There was one thing about Possession – during the process, he could forcefully look through his memories!

He Feng could not do this, but Su Ming believed that Han Mountain's ancestor could.

'I want to know why there was pity in Han Cang Zi's eyes. I want to know why Nan Tian didn't mention the genocide of the Fire Berserkers in the hands of the God of Berserkers... I want to know about the aloof gaze and the words that reached me when I was

walking on the red path. Why did it make me nervous and afraid..?

‘I want to know whether I truly lost some memories, and if so, when did that happen...

‘I want to know what happened in those lost memories...

‘I want to know whether everything about the elder and Dark Mountain is just a dream...’

Su Ming closed his eyes, then reopened them. He stared at the harshly panting Han Kong.

"Help me. Tell me what I've lost in my memories, and you can also see for yourself the reason why I can't send you back to your home. You'll also see that I'm not lying to you.

"Help me... Tell me... who I am..." Su Ming whispered, and determination appeared in his eyes.

Han Kong stared at him. He did not know why, but under Su Ming's gaze, a hint of fear that he could not describe boiled in his heart. He was afraid of Su Ming's calmness. He was afraid, because he had never met someone who asked him to possess their bodies in his life.

"A simple Possession and Soulseek won't allow us to see complete memories, only fragments... If you won't send me back but offer yourself to be Possessed, then I will help you!

"This replica of mine was refined from a Berserker's body. This person had already obtained the power of the Bone Sacrifice Realm while he was alive. If you truly want me to help you, then I will have to refine your body into my replica!

"If I die, then you will die with me. If you don't die, then this will become your serendipity. I will fulfill your wish!"

Han Kong had lived for many years, there was no way he would be unable to see through Su Ming's ploys, but he no longer had any time... A hint of maliciousness appeared in his eyes. He had waited for 8,000 years, and yet this was the outcome he obtained. He could not go home, could not go back to his birthplace.

He might even die at any moment. Once his real body was located outside this world died, he would also die. Instead of dying like that, he would rather refine the body of this Destiny who gave him hope and crushed it at the same time. He would have them die together. Still, no matter what, he could indeed see all his memories.

He did not wait for Su Ming to agree. Han Kong lifted his right hand swiftly and pressed it against his abdomen. His body started trembling viciously, and with a bang, he turned into a bundle of blood mist right before Su Ming's eyes.

The blood mist dyed Su Ming's body, then let out a golden glow. A small golden person about the size of a palm charged out of the mist towards the center of Su Ming's brows. That person was Han

Kong, but his power was not something He Feng could compare.

The small person had already materialized and was not a Spirit Body, but the Origin Spirit that was even stronger than Spirit Infant! There was a golden spine in his body!

The spine may have been dark, but there was a savage and wild presence coming from it. This was the first piece of bone that would be reverted by a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

This was slightly different from what Su Ming predicted, but the final result would be the same, anyway, so he did not resist. He looked at Han Kong's Origin Spirit descending upon him and closed his eyes.

‘There are few plans in the world that could be made where all things are taken into consideration and attended to. Only when there are mistakes will there be chances of being right as well. I'll take the risk!’

The moment he closed his eyes, Han Kong's Origin Spirit touched the center of his brows and slipped in, disappearing in an instant. The moment he was gone, Su Ming started trembling violently. Pain appeared on his face, which was hidden underneath the mask.

The pain was much stronger than when He Feng had used Possession on him. The two levels of pain could not even begin to compare. They were like the difference between the sky and earth. Not only was his body aching like millions of bone needles had

pierced into every single pore, he also felt as if there was a mountain range pressing on his mind, and it made him feel as if he was about to be crushed to pieces.

Under that great pain, drops of blood started seeping out from his face under the mask. That blood came from his bleeding nose, eyes, ears, and mouth!

It was difficult to describe the pain he felt, but Su Ming did not make a sound, neither did he fall into madness. He sat there with calmness in his eyes that seemed like still water in a well.

He endured the pain silently and quietly experienced Han Kong's act of either Possession or refining his body into a replica. He simply endured everything silently.

His vision became clouded, and he once again arrived in the place he had come to before - the world shrouded by a magnificent layer of fog, the place where there was only an empty space of hundreds of feet.

Su Ming was still that weak Spirit Sphere. As he floated in midair, the familiar sensation and his determination allowed him to not tremble and sink into fear. He turned his gaze towards Han Kong's Origin Spirit, which was letting out such a piercing golden light he felt it going to melt him.

The Origin Spirit was several feet tall. Compared to Su Ming, he was like a giant that stretched to the sky and earth. When he descended, the empty space of hundreds of feet trembled as if it

could not withstand the force and was about to crumble.

That piercing golden light and the gigantic person made Su Ming feel as if he was caught in a rainstorm and that he was going to shatter at any moment, and that was before the giant even got close to him.

‘What is with this mind..? Why is there so much fog here?!’

Once Han Kong saw his surroundings clearly, a shocked look appeared on the face of his Origin Spirit. He seemed to have understood what it meant since he swiftly turned to look towards Su Ming with a complicated look in his eyes.

"I will fulfill your request!"

The moment Han Kong's words left his mouth, the giant Origin Spirit opened his mouth wide and sucked in a breath in Su Ming's direction. Immediately, the Spirit Sphere that was Su Ming flew towards Han Kong.

Even if he was going to be possessed, this was still Su Ming's mind. He could still see the fog before him thinning rapidly, and the memories of his time in the Land of South Morning quickly rushing by...

"This time, will I be able to see it..?" he mumbled.

Chapter 164: Who Am I...?

The mist had thinned out and the memories flowed out like a river. As they changed, familiar scenes flashed before Su Ming's eyes.

These memories would become his most precious treasures, because these memories appeared before his eyes when he was caught in between a situation of life and death, and they were flashing brilliantly between the one possessing and the one being possessed.

Su Ming started falling into a daze, but he continued looking in front. He wanted to know what was in the memories he had lost...

Han Kong was also looking at Su Ming's memories. As he devoured Su Ming's divine sense, he would also refine his body into his replica.

Within those memories, Su Ming saw the scenes he had seen before when he first came to this place. They showed up once again as time traveled back and he went to the moment four years ago when lightning thundered and rain fell from the sky. The giant crack that caused the sky and earth to change appeared. It made lightning stop and rain freeze.

‘This is it!’

Su Ming instinctively trembled. He Feng's ability had only lasted

until this scene before he could no longer withstand the terrifying absorption power coming from the stone debris in Su Ming's body. The endeavor had to be given up then.

However, Han Kong had taken over, and his Origin Spirit was stronger than He Feng's Spirit Body by several fold. Su Ming hoped that he could see something different!

"Huh? What's inside your Spirit Sphere? What is this!"

Han Kong's voice suddenly reached him. There was surprise and bewilderment in his voice, even hints of alarm and disbelief.

"This is... impossible..."

The moment Han Kong's voice came, the mist before Su Ming dissipated and the scene changed abruptly. This time he saw what was within the crack that appeared during the stormy night, and time flowed forward instead of backwards in the crack.

The scene changed, and endless darkness appeared before Su Ming's eyes. Yet strangely, even though everything within sight was dark, Su Ming could still sense a body floating in this darkness.

The body was unmoving, his eyes closed as he floated inside. Su Ming could feel a familiar sensation coming from this person. He knew that this person was himself.

"I finally... saw what's in there... but I was unconscious at that

time, that's why I don't have any memories of this place... This isn't considered as losing my memories!" Su Ming mumbled.

The sight before him seemed to have frozen up and did not change for a long time. When this happened, Su Ming felt as if something bad was about to occur. He became extremely nervous and had a feeling that he seemed to have understood something.

‘My memories have been stuck here for a long time... Just how much time passed in this place..?’

"Damn it all! Just what is that thing! Even if you asked me, how am I supposed to possess you with this around?!"

Han Kong's alarmed voice echoed within Su Ming's mind. At that moment, Han Kong's gigantic Origin Spirit was shrinking at an incredible speed. It was as if there was a black hole within his body that was rapidly absorbing everything inside him.

Su Ming did not take notice of any of these. He looked at the scene behind the mist with a dazed expression on his face. He stared at the still and unmoving darkness and could not fathom just how much time had passed in that place.

He did not know how much time had passed. When Han Kong's angry roars became weaker, for the first time since a long while, Su Ming saw a change in the darkness!

This time, the change came from a hoarse voice speaking calmly!

"Why?"

The moment he heard the voice, Su Ming's mind trembled so strongly he felt as if he was about to crumble and dissipate. The dazed look in his eyes was instantly replaced by shock. He knew this voice well. It belonged to himself!

"When did I ever say this..?" he mumbled, and then he saw a scene that he would never forget in his life!

In that scene, he saw himself!

He saw himself standing in the darkness. Five gigantic chains pierced through his arms, legs, and head, stringing him up in the void. Those five chains then expanded into nothingness, and it was unknown where they led to.

His eyes were closed. He might have been hanging and his body might have been covered in blood, but there was no hint of him being unable to withstand that pain on his face.

"Is... that me..?"

Su Ming had never felt so shaken before. He realized that the scar that was carved on his face when he was in Dark Mountain was not on the strung up Su Ming's face.

He saw himself hanging in nothingness, and right before him was an enormous head. This head was about the size of hundreds of Su Ming added together. He had red hair and the imposing look on his face exuded ferociousness.

That head wore earrings made of snake bones. On his forehead was a mark of lightning. There were also a great number of markings on his face. It looked as if he was born with it, and those markings exuded a savage and wild presence.

The eyes of the head were open. They may have been dull and lifeless, but even though those eyes were dead, Su Ming still felt as if the sky was rendered apart and the earth opened up when he saw the head. There was an indescribable power in it that looked down upon all that lived.

All that lived had to lower their heads and worship in trembling fear before the head.

However, it was still dead. A shocking red sword was stuck in the skull. It penetrated the entire head and half of the blade had come out from the other side.

Su Ming also saw more than nine red needles stuck on the head.

With a stunned and blank look on his face, Su Ming looked at the head and at the strung up Su Ming hanging in the air. He shifted his gaze towards the direction that the strung up Su Ming was looking and saw a person sitting on the hilt of the sword in the head.

That person wore wide robes and his face could not be seen clearly, but the moment Su Ming saw this person, he felt a freezing chill fill his entire mind, which soon turned into anxiety and fear.

"This is your destiny, you cannot deny it."

A cold voice that seemed to travel from a place faraway fell into his ears. It echoed in the void as if it was a law, and it was forced onto him. That voice stayed for a long time, and all those who opposed the will of the law would be punished.

"Di... Di Tian..."

Han Kong's trembling and weak voice carried with it respect and fear as it echoed in Su Ming's divine sense. He had divided up most of the power from his Origin Spirit to counter balance the increasingly stronger absorption force. Whatever remained of the power in his Origin Spirit saw what Su Ming saw.

When Han Kong saw the giant head, he became afraid, then when he saw the person on the sword hilt above the head and heard the voice, that fear became so strong it was as if he was looking at a demon in his nightmare, one that made him extremely terrified but full of respect at the same time.

"I refuse."

Su Ming saw the strung up Su Ming open his eyes. They were

deadly still and so quiet it was frightening. The moment the strung up him opened his eyes, Su Ming saw a line of blood appear underneath his eyes. That line of blood seemed to have appeared out of thin air and soon revealed itself entirely. It was the wound left on his face when he was in Dark Mountain... the one scar he did not want to lose.

"You truly... disappoint me... but you cannot refuse my will."

The person sitting atop the hilt of the sword lifted his head. His face still could not be seen, but the merciless and aloof look in his eyes could be.

When Su Ming saw his gaze, a thunderous roar ran through his mind and a sharp pain as if he was being torn apart burst forth, causing everything before him to shatter abruptly and turn into countless shards.

"Di Tian, you lied to me! You lied to me... I..."

At the same time, a shrill cry reverberated through the air. That voice belonged to Han Kong. His screams rapidly weakened until they eventually disappeared.

Everything vanished. That roar continued echoing in Su Ming's mind as if there were hundreds upon thousands of thunder bolts rumbling incessantly in his mind. It made all what he saw disappear.

The fog before him rapidly thickened until it looked as if all of those things had never happened before. Only that aloof gaze seemed to penetrate through the fog of memories, landing on Su Ming's body.

"You truly... disappoint me..."

A shudder ran through Su Ming and he opened his eyes. His entire body was drenched in sweat. The moment he opened his eyes, blood flowed out of the corner of his lips and he could not help but cough out a mouthful of blood.

Even his mask fell to the side when he coughed out blood, revealing his pale and baffled face underneath.

On his face, the scar underneath his eyes that was left behind from the time in Dark Mountain became red.

Sounds of rapid breathing came from Su Ming. He panted harshly. His eyes were bloodshot, and as he placed both of his hands on the ground, his body trembled.

"Is this part of the memories I lost..?"

After a long while, Su Ming wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth and mumbled as he looked around the dark mountain cave.

‘Some of my memories have truly been wiped away... Is the

person who erased my memories that Di Tian Han Kong spoke about?

‘Who is he? Where did he come from? What... is he to me..?’

‘What was I refusing in the memories I lost..?’

‘That head underneath that person obviously belongs to a Berserker. Who is he..?’ Su Ming trembled. He remembered Nan Tian talking about the second God of Berserkers who lost his head. ‘It’s just a head, and it alone gave me the feeling as if I was looking at a deity... Could that head belong to the second God of Berserkers?’

‘Di Tian... Di Tian... Han Kong was screaming that Di Tan lied to him before he died. Who is this Di Tian..?’

The bewilderment on his face was like a flood that drowned out all other emotions.

"Who... am I..? Destiny... Su Ming..?" Su Ming asked himself quietly.

He lifted his head but did not roar or growl, he simply mumbled in a voice that only he could hear.

"Who am I..?"

He laughed brokenly in his bewilderment.

He felt lost.

He was like an injured beast that had to survive alone, like a person who had lost his memories and refused to believe what he was seeing, like a grown up tree that forgot how old it was...

... Like water in a palm that would be lost the moment it was flung out.

Su Ming knelt on the ground as if he had lost himself. He originally thought he could obtain an answer, but that answer only made him sink into deeper confusion.

‘Is this destiny..? It’s just like a ball of hair. The head cannot be found, and neither can the end.’

Su Ming closed his eyes. He could not wrap his head around it. He did not want to go out, preferring to sit alone in the darkness to find the answer quietly.

His mind had already overlooked the fact that Han Kong had died inside him. Besides some parts of his broken Origin Spirit that was absorbed by the piece of stone debris in his body, the rest had turned into glittering spots of light that encircled Su Ming’s Spirit Sphere before they were slowly absorbed.

He also overlooked the reverted Berserker Bone of the Berserker

Soul Realm that was brought in by Han Kong and was left within his body. Due to Han Kong's death, it was slowly being assimilated into Su Ming's body. As it melted, Su Ming's blood was also circulating and absorbing it at a shocking speed...

It was just as Han Kong had said, if he did not die, then it would become his serendipity!

Chapter 165: Prelude

In the blink of an eye, another month passed by.

Since a month ago, the hidden grounds underneath Han Mountain City became a thing of the past. It was no longer hidden and anyone could go in as they pleased without having to face any limitations anymore.

The secret that had surrounded Han Mountain City for years disappeared.

Besides the leaders of the three tribes and some limited amount of tribe members, very few people knew that an incredible change had happened in this place during the past month. The rest only knew what they saw, that during a night one month ago, as a shocking boom reverberated through the sky, the figure of a person rushed out from the deep canyons underneath Han Mountain City. Behind that person was a gigantic monster roaring as it chased after him.

At the same time, as the person flew out from the canyon, one person flew out from both Tranquil East Tribe and Puqiang Tribe. They intercepted him and fought against him.

This battle did not last long. The person finally died and was beheaded.

Those not involved did not know who that person was, but the leaders of the three tribes knew that this person was Han

Mountain's ancestor...

The death of Han Mountain's ancestor allowed the three tribes to no longer be slaves. They finally obtained their long-awaited freedom, which allowed them to be free from the chains binding them forever to Han Mountain. They could finally expand and make their tribes bigger.

Lake of Colors Tribe obtained all the legacy of Han Mountain's ancestor left behind in the sword-ship. Freezing Sky Clan did not demand from them any of it. The old man in red robes took away the sword-ship with him before he left with his people.

As Lake of Colors Tribe had understood the secret behind the four dimensional layer Relocation Art, they were considered to have made a great contribution. Lake of Colors Tribe decided to migrate before the silent Tranquil East and Puqiang. They willingly gave up on the control of Han Mountain City and gave out a notice to dismiss all their guests. They would use a year to move their entire tribe away.

Lake of Colors Tribe also gave all the herbs in the originally hidden land under Han Mountain City to Puqiang and Tranquil East. The two tribes did not take away too many herbs, but left behind most of them to alleviate the tension between them. After all, the three tribes had worked together in developing the city for hundreds of years and some form of alliance had been made between them. If it was destroyed because of this, it would not be worth it.

When the people in Han Mountain City learned about this and

explored the previously hidden grounds with their curiosity towards the unknown, some of them managed to find some herbs and obtained serendipity, but most of them came back empty-handed.

Yet because outsiders could come to the place that was once shrouded in mystery and see with their own eyes the place that had bound the three tribes there, their curiosity with the mystery of the place was satisfied.

During this month, the once mysterious place received a large amount of people, more than ever before. Most of the Berserkers from Han Mountain City went there, causing the place to slowly lose its mysteriousness.

Following the act of Lake of Colors Tribe dismissing all their guests, Puqiang Tribe did the same thing as they no longer possessed any desire for the hidden grounds. They also dismissed their guests because they no longer needed their help.

Tranquil East Tribe did the same thing. The three tribes closed their doors to outsiders, which caused certain changes in some state of affairs in Han Mountain City.

Yet these changes were miniscule compared to the largely important event of Freezing Sky Clan coming to Han Mountain City to take in disciples, an event that only occurred once every couple years.

The entire Han Mountain City became lively once again. Most of

the time, the only thing talked about by the outsiders was Freezing Sky Clan coming to the city to take in disciples.

It was a desire of almost every single Berserker in the Land of South Morning to either join Freezing Sky Clan or Western Sea Clan. It was also clear that those who came to Han Mountain City had chosen Freezing Sky Clan as their target.

Freezing Sky Clan was incredibly strict when it came to taking in disciples. They had a unique system for those who wanted to join.

Take for example Han Mountain City. If those not from the three tribes wanted to join, they would need to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain to show their worth.

Yet this was only to show their worth. It was still uncertain whether they would be taken in.

At the same time, during this month, one name started circulating among a small group of people until it eventually grew into a discussion of the whole Han Mountain City. This name was uttered by Nan Tian's lips, was acknowledged silently by Xuan Lun, was searched by Lake of Colors Tribe's Han Fei Zi, and gradually, no one in Han Mountain City did not know of that name.

That name was Mo Su!

Due to the numerous discussions about that name, the people of

Han Mountain City gradually became familiar with it, and from that familiarity they sensed this person's strength and mysteriousness.

He was a new guest of Tranquil East Tribe, and his level of cultivation could not be estimated. Yan Guang from Lake of Colors Tribe had died at his hands, but Lake of Colors Tribe was not holding him accountable for it.

Tranquil East Tribe had dismissed all their guests but one, and that person was the mysterious Mo Su!

It was rumoured that this person had already Transcended. One month ago, when he was in the hidden grounds of Han Mountain, he was on equal standing to Nan Tian and had managed to stun Xuan Lun. He had also fought against Han Fei Zi.

That battle had not ended in either participant's death, but once Han Fei Zi returned to Lake of Colors Tribe, she started searching for this person frequently, which made all those watching get an inkling of what had happened.

Each appearance of a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm would cause a ruckus in Han Mountain City. Besides the three tribes, there were originally only five people who had Transcended. Besides Xuan Lun and Nan Tian, there was also Ke Jiu Si from Lake of Colors Tribe.

The other two people did not join any tribes. Their goal in going to Han Mountain City was clear—they wanted to join Freezing Sky

Clan.

These five people were like the brilliant sun during noon. If any one of them joined any tribe, they would all become chief guests.

Yet the sixth Transcended Berserker appeared, causing the discussions revolving around him to grow. The cause of this was largely related to this person still refusing to appear.

It seemed like the mysteriousness surrounding Mo Su increased because this person had yet to appear. The people only knew that he dressed in a black robe and that the most obvious characteristic on his person was the black mask he wore.

No one knew what his face looked like underneath the mask.

Nan Tian had even once casually said one sentence.

"Mo Su is someone I can't compare to, neither can Xuan Lun, nor any of the Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City!"

The meaning behind the words itself was astonishing, but when he said it and Xuan Lun agreed to it silently, along with Ke Jiu Si, who nodded, it caused a ruckus within Han Mountain City.

This mysterious sixth Transcended Berserker in Han Mountain was the most discussed topic besides the event of Freezing Sky Clan coming to take in disciples.

Perhaps this obviously instigated discussion caused all of those within Han Mountain City to pay attention to everyone beside them. They were all subconsciously searching for that mysterious Mo Su.

Han Fei Zi sat quietly in a chamber on the mountain belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe. Sitting before her was a middle-aged man with a pleasant demeanor. This man wore a green robe. He looked at Han Fei Zi and chuckled lightly before he spoke.

"I've already done as you wished and pushed this person to the teeth of the storm, even though I don't know why you'd want to do that."

"Thank you, senior Jiu Si," Han Fei Zi said calmly.

"It's fine, I'm just curious. Just how good is this person? Not only are you looking for him, but even Tranquil East Tribe is working with you to cause a storm, all for the purpose of finding him as well.

"It's a good thing that Puqiang Tribe has closed off their tribe once they've dismissed the guests and no longer has any connection to the outside world, or else if they joined in as well, I'd be even more taken aback by this Mo Su."

The middle-aged man smiled faintly.

Han Fei Zi fell silent and did not speak. After a long while, the middle-aged man let out a chuckle he could not stifle before he stood up and left.

A short moment went by after he left, and a strange glow appeared in Han Fei Zi's eyes as she mumbled, "Mo Su, I won't believe that you died. You still owe me a promise!"

Tranquil East Tribe was also searching for Su Ming. Under the persistence of the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe and his little sister, Han Cang Zi, the entire Tranquil East Tribe was called into action and started searching on a large scale, which included searching the area where Su Ming had disappeared – the once hidden grounds of Han Mountain.

Yet no one managed to find him even as another month passed by, and so Mo Su became increasingly more mysterious.

In the deep canyons hundreds upon thousands of feet under Han Mountain City, the silhouettes of people could often be seen running among the valleys underneath the ground.

During these past two months, there were plenty of people who came searching, but no one knew that a strange mountain cave existed within a certain valley.

No one would be able to notice this cave.

Right then, a mumble could be heard echoing within this cave.

"Who am I..?"

Su Ming was sitting inside the cave with his eyes open. His eyes were filled with red and his gaze was dazed and blank. He had forgotten about time and forgotten where he was. All he could think about was the question that had no answer.

The mountain cave was not dark. During these two months, red light gradually filled the cave. The red light came from Su Ming's body. Many blood veins covered his body densely and let out flickering light as they continued increasing.

The Berserker Bone within him had melted and was absorbed by his Qi as it circulated in his body, causing Su Ming's blood veins to have increased to 926!

His blood veins were still increasing, but Su Ming did not notice any of it. His whole mind was submerged in one single thought. This was the first time in his memories where he pondered about his destiny and... who he was with such a strange state of mind.

During these two months, he lived in a muddled state as if he was lost. As he continued thinking in this condition, his presence changed. This change was faint and difficult to discover, but it was there. It was just like how he had changed when he treaded through the red path and came to an understanding.

People seldom sank into a train of thought where they thought about their own identity. They would, naturally, speak out words

such as "I am who I am", yet these words were spoken without prior thought, it was simply a false affirmation that the person himself could not ascertain was true because he did not know the answer himself.

"If I am who I am, then who... am I..?" Su Ming muttered.

He could not wrap his head around it. He wanted to know the answer.

The answer seemed vague and distant. Perhaps no one could explain it to him.

At that moment, it was as if he was in the midst of a crowd of people who had their eyes closed, and only he had managed to force open his eyes a slit that would close up at any moment, the second he could no longer withstand it any longer.

It was as if he was struggling to climb up an abyss, and as he was faced with the danger of falling back at any moment, he fought hard to lift his head and look at the world outside the canyon.

He did not know what he saw. He could only struggle to try and see it more clearly.

In his muddled state, he remembered a sentence left behind by someone in the beast skin scrolls that the elder had given him. It was also the sentence that he could not understand the most.

"You cannot see the world... that I see..."

Chapter 166: Completion Of The Blood Solidification Realm

Su Ming could not describe what he saw. Perhaps he did not even see anything.

Yet he was still struggling to see clearly, even though he did not even know himself just what he wanted to see. The world before him was black; there was no light.

"Do I desire to see light..?" Su Ming mumbled a question that no one cared to answer. There was no answer to this, neither did he think that he required an answer any longer.

Because he suddenly understood. What he needed was neither light nor darkness.

"What I want to see... is clarity... I want to see the naked truth..."

Su Ming closed his eyes, but not just his physical eyes. He also shut down his thoughts, his mind, and his soul.

It was as if that slit that had been forcibly opened could no longer withstand the pressure and finally chose to close up once again, as if he had just struggled up to the edges of the abyss and lifted his head to see the world outside before he fell back inside.

Even so, he still managed to see something.

‘If the day comes and I finally understand who I am, only then will I... be me. Right now, I am Su Ming. I... am Mo Su.’

Su Ming opened his eyes. There was still bewilderment in them, but that bewilderment was already hidden away deep within his heart and his thoughts.

He suddenly felt extremely lonely. That loneliness stemmed from his heart, as if he had been abandoned by the entire world and the entire universe. He felt as if he had just lost his soul and could not find it. He was like a lost child that could not find his way back, like a wanderer that left his home and forgot the smell of his home in this vast world.

‘Wherefore doth thou cry, o blue sky..?’

Su Ming had once been ignorant about these words, and had even mulled over them. Right now, they appeared in his heart, and he gradually began to understand them somewhat.

He fell silent.

The calmness in his eyes exuded an air of loneliness as he sat quietly in the silent mountain cave. However, while his calm and silence this time may have seemed similar to how he was previously, it was in truth completely different from before.

In his memories, after he experienced everything in Dark

Mountain and woke up in the strange and unfamiliar Land of South Morning, he learned how to be silent, how to be calm, and how to be alone.

Yet he had learned all these to hide. It was used to hide the true emotions in his heart. It was simply a childish disguise.

Right now, as Su Ming lifted his right hand and touched the scar on his face, there was no longer any need for his silence and calmness to hide anything. It came straight from his heart, and instead of a cover, it became something that stemmed from his soul.

Su Ming lowered his head and mumbled to himself, "Have I grown up..?"

In his memories, the brilliantly smiling boy who had spoke naively and had the elder hold his hand like a child still remained in his heart.

The childhood friend who had asked him in the snow whether they would remain together until they became old, and her hair that had a slight fragrance, still remained in Su Ming's heart.

"I grew up."

Su Ming lifted his head. The moment he did so, booming sounds instantly burst forth from within his body and reverberated around him. It turned into a large number of echoes in the

mountain cave, sounding as if they had turned into low roars and howls that did not disappear even after a long time had passed.

Amidst these booming sounds, red light shone from Su Ming's body. This red light instantly illuminated the dark mountain cave in a shade of red, causing everything inside to sink into a world where everything was red.

Brilliant red!

It signified power and a person's level of cultivation. This here was a shade of red that pierced into the eyes of all those who looked at it!

With Su Ming acting as the center, that red light shone strongly outward, into its surroundings. Under Su Ming's silence and calmness, the robes he wore were shredded into pieces and disappeared into nothingness. Only the storage bag and other items remained, falling by his feet.

Once his robes disappeared, an innumerable amount of dense blood veins could be seen covering Su Ming's body. It was difficult for a normal person to tell just how many of them there were with just one glance. Only Su Ming himself knew. As of then, there were 937 blood veins on his body!

'If I don't die, then this will become my serendipity... Han Kong... thank you.'

Su Ming was not surprised by the change in his body. Han Kong's words rose up in his heart. He could also clearly feel the presence of the Berserker Bone that had assimilated into his body. He could still feel it slowly melting within him.

It should not have been so easy for Su Ming to absorb the Berserker Bone, but due to the doings of fate, the body of the original owner of this Berserker Bone had been refined into Han Kong's replica. Han Kong himself might not have had the time to train and increase the power of the replica, but it still had experienced a silent transformation due to the Berserker's influence over the years.

As the Bone melted, the power that spilled out from it was the prime reason why Su Ming's power was increasing by leaps and bounds!

He sat down and melted away all his confusion into his heart. He did not want to show it. He did not know where his path led to, but he knew one thing—only when he was powerful could he find the answers to his questions. Only then could he have the chance and time to find his own answers.

‘I don't care whether this is destiny or whether my memories have been wiped out. Some day, I will find the answer, and when I find that answer... I will obtain the right to decide my own fate!’

Su Ming took in a deep breath. The blood veins in his body let out a loud bang and increased once again.

941, 943... and they continued increasing until they reached 952!

950 blood veins was a rare sight in the land of Berserkers. This state was known as the completion of the Blood Solidification Realm! Those who managed to manifest 980 blood veins would be known to have attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm. Those who could arrive at this state in the Blood Solidification Realm were incredibly rare!

Even if there was someone who used the same method as Su Ming and absorbed a Berserker Bone from the Bone Sacrifice Realm, without Han Kong's influence on that Bone over the thousands of years, they would not be able to obtain the same results. It was not as easy as it sounded either. The Berserker Blood within the person's body was also an important factor.

At the moment the 952nd blood vein appeared on Su Ming's body, there were nearly a hundred people in the once hidden grounds of Han Mountain. These people were either in groups of three or five, or were moving alone. They were all spread out as they searched around the hidden grounds.

This place was originally quiet, but at the moment, although the ground did not move, all the Berserkers in the place suddenly felt the blood veins in their bodies going into disarray as if they had just lost control over them.

This sudden change immediately shocked them.

"What happened!"

A middle aged man came out of a valley, which was one of the spots where the herbs were planted. His expression changed. His blood veins were all gathering together automatically in his body, causing his entire body to let out red light. It made the middle-aged man momentarily stunned before an alarmed look appeared on his face.

All the people who were gathered in the hidden grounds had the same reaction at this moment. They were enveloped by the light spreading out from the blood veins in their bodies. That blood light was not stable, as if there was an incredibly powerful absorption force dragging that light, trying to separate it from their bodies.

"What... what is this? What's going on here?!"

"I can't control my blood veins anymore. Damn it! This only happens if I run into a Transcended Berserker. Is there a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm here?"

"That's not right. This is difficult even for Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm. There aren't even 100 people in this place right now. Look at the red light around us. It's clear that everyone lost control of their blood veins..."

The people in the hidden grounds burst into a commotion and it stirred up a wave of panic and alarm within them. If they were in another place, perhaps this panic would not appear. After all, all the Berserkers who came to this place were not weaklings.

Yet this place was the most mysterious place in Han Mountain City just two months ago. Even though it was now open to the public and two months had gone by, some degree of mysteriousness still remained to it!

If such a drastic change happened in a place like this, how could they not be alarmed?

‘There must be a secret here that the three tribes had not discovered. It might have just been activated, and it already made me feel as if my blood veins are going to fall apart and fly out from my body... I cannot stay here!’

A white haired old man quickly left the place to return to Han Mountain with a grave expression on his pale and ashen face. In his mind, this place was incredibly dangerous. It was not a place that he could explore.

However, he had only just started running and had not even managed to cover a distance of 1,000 feet when a rumble that shook the earth suddenly came upon the numerous valleys in the hidden grounds.

Once the tremors started, the earth moved and mountains shook, causing the wind and clouds to change. It made all the people in the hidden grounds let out cries of surprise.

That old man did not even turn back to look. His heart pounded against his chest and his determination to leave this place as soon

as possible became stronger.

Quite a few people harbored the same thoughts. There were dozens of Berserkers around the area, and they were all dashing from different locations towards the exit.

However, right after the tremor, a strong wave of intimidating pressure suddenly swept through the place like a typhoon, instantly covering the entire hidden grounds. The pressure came too suddenly, catching everyone off-guard.

Booming sounds reverberated through the air, the intimidating pressure so great it shook the sky. All those who wanted to leave trembled. They could not help but stop under the pressure to immediately sit down and circulate the blood in their blood veins to resist the pressure on their bodies.

The starry sky that originally existed in above had disappeared as the seal was broken. What they saw then was a clear blue sky that stretched far into the distance. This piece of sky belonged to the Berserkers and to the Land of South Morning.

At that moment, clouds tumbled in the sky. As they gathered together, a golden light surrounded them. This strange change immediately attracted the attention of all the people in Han Mountain City. Even those from the three tribes cast their eyes towards that scene.

"This..."

"What happened? Why did the sky suddenly change?"

"Are the people from Freezing Sky Clan here already? That can't be right. They should only be here several months later according to their schedule..."

"What strong pressure... My blood veins are already going slightly out of control! Just what is the meaning of this strange phenomenon?"

"What's the meaning of this sight? The clouds are gathering, golden light is surrounding them, could it be... Could it be that a treasure has just appeared?"

Almost every single person in Han Mountain City put aside whatever they were doing and lifted their heads to look at the sky, and sounds of discussions started buzzing in the air. The people's faces were filled with astonishment and perplexity. Some of them were even showing hints of fear towards the unknown.

"This... This is..."

Within Han Mountain City was an old man who was trembling slightly. This old man stood in the crowd with a cane supporting him as he looked dumbly at the sky. In his eyes was not bewilderment but disbelief and astonishment.

"This is the God of Berserkers' Blessing that will only appear when a person who has attained great completion of the Blood

Solidification Realm reaches the Transcendence Realm! This is..." the old man cried out instinctively.

His words were overheard by the people around him. After a short period of silence, cries of surprise that grew increasingly stronger burst forth from among them.

Chapter 167: Aim High!

There were few who could recognize that strange phenomenon in the sky, but that did not mean that none existed. There were already some who recognized this in Han Mountain City. Their words shocked the entire city, causing discussing voices to fill the air.

Nan Tian sat on a stone chair situated in the courtyard of an elegant house in the second layer of Han Mountain City. Beside him was a middle-aged man. That man had a pleasant demeanor, as if expressions of happiness and anger seldom appeared on his face. He was holding a cup of wine and was currently drinking with Nan Tian.

That was the moment when the phenomenon in the sky appeared. Faint sounds of commotion wafted into their ears. Nan Tian lifted his head, and when he saw the sight, a shudder ran through his body.

The middle-aged man with the pleasant demeanor also looked over. His eyes remained calm and his expression did not change, but the hand holding the wine cup trembled, and some of the wine spilled out.

"The Transcendence of a Berserker who reached the great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm!"

"It doesn't seem like it's a Berserker who reached great completion. I once encountered a prodigy who Transcended with

982 blood veins. The atmosphere at that time was even grander compared to this time..."

The middle-aged man was the former chief guest of Lake of Colors Tribe – Ke Jiu Si.

"But it's still a Berserker who has reached completion of the Blood Solidification Realm. Once a person like this Transcends, even if he has just arrived to the Transcendence Realm, he can easily outmatch most of those in the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm and become one of the top!

"Since when did someone like this appear in Han Mountain City!" Nan Tian took a deep breath. He might be acting as he usually was, but due to the strange phenomenon, mixed feelings coupled with shock grew in his heart.

"This presence is coming out from the hidden grounds under Han Mountain... Should we take a look?"

A glint appeared briefly in Ke Jiu Si's eyes.

"No need. If this person is Transcending in such a grand manner, then he must have made ample preparations to defend himself. It's not worth it if we go and he is mistaken about our intentions. It's better if we go and greet him once he succeeds.

"It's impossible for him to fail Transcending like this..." Nan Tian stated languidly.

"Say, could this person be the mysterious Mo Su that has become famous lately?" Ke Jiu Si suddenly asked.

"Hm?" Nan Tian narrowed his eyes and looked at the strange phenomenon in the sky for a while. After a moment of hesitation, he shook his head. "I've observed that Mo Su before. He didn't seem like he'd never Transcended. In fact, he seemed like he had originally Transcended, but due to an accident, his level of cultivation had fallen... It... shouldn't be him."

Ke Jiu Si fell silent. Amidst his uncertainty, Nan Tian looked at the strange sight in the sky, and found that he could not make up his mind.

As these two people fell silent, Xuan Lun was standing in a corner at the third layer of Han Mountain City with a dark expression on his face. As he stared at the strange phenomenon in the sky, his expressions were constantly changing.

'Who is this person? If he's choosing to Transcend now, then it must be because he's preparing to enter Freezing Sky Clan... completion in the Blood Solidification Realm... completion in the Blood Solidification Realm... Hmph, as long as you don't provoke me, I won't bother you, but if you block my path, then I'll test whether the Transcended Berserkers who had reached the completion in the Blood Solidification Realm are truly as strong as they are said to be!'

When the strange phenomenon in the sky appeared, those within

Han Mountain City were not the only ones shocked and moved into flurried discussion. The change in the sky also attracted the attention of the three tribes.

Yan Luan's expression was grave as she stood at the top of the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe and looked at the sky. Her black hair swayed in the wind. She wore a red robe and looked stunningly beautiful.

‘Transcending in Han Mountain City? I wouldn’t have minded if it was just a normal Berserker Transcending... but you’re one of those rare Berserkers who reached completion in the Blood Solidification Realm. Didn’t you know that people like you are not allowed to Transcend at will at other people’s turfs?’

‘Who... are you?!’

Yan Luan hesitated for a moment before she lowered her head and looked at the canyons underneath Han Mountain City. She could feel that the person who was Transcending was there.

However, she did not go forward recklessly. She had come to the same conclusion as Nan Tian. Those who had attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm were definitely extraordinary people. It was impossible for a powerful Berserker like that to not have made any preparations for his Transcendence.

Unless they had some sort of scorching hate between them, very few people would go and seek these people when they were Transcending, much less Yan Luan, who was the tribe leader of

Lake of Colors Tribe. There were a lot more things she had to take into deep consideration.

Similarly, besides the other people from Lake of Colors Tribe watching the bizarre sight in the sky from the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe, Han Fei Zi was also looking at the sky calmly. There was uncertainty in her eyes, but no envy or shock.

‘If I Transcended, this will also happen to me. But who is this..? Could it be him..?’

Han Fei Zi frowned as she fell into contemplative silence.

There was a small crowd standing quietly at the mountain of Puqiang Tribe. They were also looking at the sky, but no one was talking. No one knew what they were thinking amidst this silence.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe sat at the top of the mountain. Behind him was the tribe leader, Fang Shen, the Head of the Guards, the Chief of War, and others. All of them were looking at the sky, the expressions on their faces constantly changing between shock, envy, and uncertainty.

"Interesting..."

The Elder of Tranquil East smiled faintly.

"Besides Han Fei Zi from Lake of Colors Tribe, this is the second person who has attained completion in the Blood Solidification

Realm... but he's not one of our 'Tranquil East.'"

Su Ming did not know that the Transcended presence triggered by the increase of his blood veins had caused a change in the sky, which forced all the people who were in the hidden grounds to sit down cross-legged and meditate to resist their rampaging Qi and the intimidating pressure that fell upon them.

Neither did he know that the change in this place had attracted the attention of the world outside. As of now, Su Ming was simply sitting cross-legged in the cave as his blood veins continued increasing. It had now gone from 952 blood veins to 963!

They were still increasing!

963 blood veins. That amount had already surpassed Han Fei Zi's. The blood veins shone with a shocking blood-red light on Su Ming's body, as if it did not want to just stop at dyeing the cave red, it wanted to turn the cave into a sea of blood.

As his blood veins increased, a faint feeling of Transcendence appeared at the bottom of Su Ming's heart. This feeling gradually became clearer. An urge that seemed irresistible slowly formed, making him want to lift his arms and draw out his very own Berserker Mark!

At the same moment as the blood veins in Su Ming's body continued increasing, the people who were near the mountain cave in the hidden grounds and could not leave turned pale. Their expressions were overcome with terror; they were nearing their

limits.

Once they could not resist it any longer, what awaited them was their bodies exploding and the blood veins being sucked out!

"This... is... a Berserker who attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm Transcending!"

Some of the people had already guessed the answer. Yet once they did, they lost their courage to continue resisting. Deep despair rose within their hearts.

A normal Berserker Transcending would not cause such a change in the weather and would usually quietly choose a safe place to Transcend. Only those who had attained completion in the Transcendence Realm would evoke such a change in their surroundings. At the same time, anyone who got too close and did not have a similar amount of blood veins as that person would crumble and break down, like how a sword shatters when it strikes a piece of jade, the moment he successfully Transcended.

Every single person had their eyes trained on the place, but that would not save the nearly 100 people who were dragged into this.

Su Ming's breathing grew rapid. His right hand rose up slowly. The feeling of Transcendence became even stronger and more distinct. He was even certain that if he wanted to, he could Transcend at that very moment!

However...

‘I haven’t found the materials suitable for me to synthesize my Origin Transcended Berserker Vessel. If I Transcend now, I can only use the item left behind by He Feng... Also, I have a feeling that if I suppress the urge to Transcend, my blood veins... will still increase!’

Su Ming’s right hand was trembling. He needed an incredible amount of willpower to suppress the urge to Transcend. A brilliant shine appeared in his eyes. Within that shine was resolve and ambition!

‘963 blood veins only allows me to attain completion for the Blood Solidification Realm... I don’t want to Transcend at completion. If I’m going to Transcend, then I’ll try and manifest more than 980 blood veins to attain great completion for the Blood Solidification Realm!’

‘If I don’t want to Transcend, then I’ll leave it at that, but if I Transcend, then I will make sure I have no regrets!’

‘I only lack Sky Flute Branch for Spirit Plunder now. Tranquil East Tribe is searching for it for me. The isolation grounds for Han Mountain’s ancestor’s might be in disarray now, but if they want to get it, it shouldn’t be a problem for them.’

‘If I Transcend, I wonder if this Spirit Plunder can serve as my Origin Berserker Vessel! I can’t rush into this... I can’t rush...’

Su Ming's eyes flashed and veins popped out on his face as he suppressed his urge to Transcend. He forced his right hand down.

The instant he forced his right hand down, his body suddenly started trembling violently. Booming sounds reverberated through the air. Suppressing that urge was akin to forcefully quelling lava that was originally going to erupt. Yet by doing so, it naturally made the explosive power that was stored in his body become stronger.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and Su Ming immediately felt as if his body was going to be torn apart. Going against the urge to Transcend and reversing the process of Transcendence to gain more blood veins was an act that was clearly not allowed.

As the rumbling sounds started in his body, Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth started bleeding, but his eyes just became brighter.

"I will decide when I want to Transcend, not nature, and not any deity!" Su Ming muttered, and the moment he did so, his blood veins increased instantly by 10. They went from 963 straight to 973!

It only continued from there, 974, 975, 976...

As his blood veins increased, that feeling as if he was being torn apart became stronger, but Su Ming could sense that with each additional blood vein, his strength once he Transcended would increase.

Once the blood veins in his body increased to 979 and he only needed one more vein before he attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm, that urge calling him to Transcend came crashing into his will like a wave, making him instinctively lift his right hand once again.

At that moment in the world outside, the strange phenomenon in the sky grew in size. The clouds tumbled out in all directions and let out rumbling sounds. The golden light was so bright it was piercing, and it looked as if it was going to turn into the statue of a deity!

The nearly 100 people who sat cross-legged in the hidden grounds located in the canyons and were resisting the pressure were bleeding out of their mouths. Their eyes were filled with despair.

In the mountain cave, Su Ming stared at his raised right hand with a cold look and said slowly, "So, this is Transcendence? It's like some sort of summoning... but today, I will not Transcend! This is my will!"

Su Ming lifted his head and stared above as if he saw through the mountain cave the faint statue of a deity slowly materializing in the sky.

"Fine control!"

Su Ming closed his eyes. His blood veins stopped increasing abruptly at 979, and with fine control, they started quelling down

from their irritable state, going into hiding one after another.

"I will decide my own fate!

"I rarely hanker after things, but that's not because I'm don't have any desires. If I'm going to go for something, then I'll definitely aim high!"

Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth, then a cold smirk appeared on his lips.

Chapter 168: Three Deity Statues!

979, 943, 912, 887... the blood veins in Su Ming's body were hidden away at a shocking speed under his will using fine control. As they were hidden away, the urge to Transcend was also forcefully quelled within him.

‘If I can’t even control when I Transcend, then how can I decide my own fate!’

The light in Su Ming's eyes flickered. Most of the blood veins in his body were hidden away once again under fine control.

As the blood veins in his body were concealed and the urge to Transcend was forcefully quelled by his will so that he could decide the time to do it himself, the people in the hidden grounds of Han Mountain near the mountain cave who were in despair as they continued resisting the pressure were already without hope. Almost all of them had blood flowing out from the corners of their mouths.

They could even already feel death approaching them, see their bodies exploding and the devastating sight of their blood veins rushing out of their bodies. The will to survive made them continue resisting even though they knew that it was useless. They still wanted to search for that perhaps non-existent way to survive.

Yet when Su Ming made all his blood veins scatter, suppressing the urge to Transcend, the near 100 Berserkers immediately discovered that their rampaging blood veins were calming down,

and that that intimidating pressure disappeared even more quickly.

The sudden discovery made all of those people who were originally bound to die to be overwhelmed by ecstasy. Most of them were taken aback for a moment before they started running without any hesitation. They ran for their lives in a mad dash as their hearts pounded with nervousness and fear.

But there were some who understood the situation. They may have also been fleeing quickly, but before they ran out or after they took a few steps and hesitated for a moment, they bowed towards the valley that made them so terrified.

"Thank you for showing mercy!"

"Thank you for not killing us!"

They did not mumble out these words, they were all shouted out with the power of their Qi and echoed in the surroundings. As these voices grew in number, those who were running for their lives hesitated and stopped before they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the valleys, shouting out similar words.

At some point, these voices rose and fell, turning into echoes in the air that spread out through the hidden grounds of Han Mountain.

These people had escaped death, but fear lingered in their hearts.

Every single one of them who was running away from the hidden grounds of Han Mountain had the same thought. Once they showed their gratitude, they immediately broke off into full speed and fled the place.

The clouds in the sky were gathering together and golden light pierced through the clouds, covering most of the sky in its glow. The people could even distinctly see a rapidly materializing deity statue within the clouds.

Yet at that moment, when Su Ming suppressed the urge to Transcend, a shocking boom resounded through the clouds in the sky, as if there was someone inside that was roaring out of anger.

The golden light flickered and became dull. The rapidly materializing deity statue seemed to gain intelligence and looked as if it was lowering its head to gaze at where Su Ming was in the canyons that spanned hundreds upon thousands of feet under Han Mountain, which was situated in the vast land.

"I am the creation of the first God of Berserkers, the deity statue of Transcendence among Berserkers..."

There was an incredibly great, imposing force coming from his voice. Booming sounds akin to thunder spread throughout the entire land. As his voice traveled forth, the land shook, and the mountain where Han Mountain City was located trembled. Many rocks fell from the mountain, and dust flew into the air, but the moment it appeared, it was suppressed by this force.

Han Mountain City was not the only one affected. The mountains where the three tribes—Lake of Colors, Tranquil East, Puqiang—were located were also trembling. The might of the voice brought about astonishment and shock among the numerous onlookers down below. No one knew who was the first to kneel down, but after a moment, almost everyone had knelt down on the ground to worship the faint deity statue.

The crowd in Han Mountain City was like a black mass as they knelt on the ground. Their faces were filled with fanaticism and reverence as they looked at the figure in the sky. Their ears echoed with his imposing voice. Most of them had never seen the sight of a deity statue manifesting in the sky in their whole lives.

‘I’ve once heard about the three great deity statues of the Berserker Tribe. They were all created by the first God of Berserkers, and each symbolizes the three great realms in the Berserker Tribe – Transcendence, Bone Sacrifice, Berserker Soul... I thought it was just a legend... How could I have known..? Who would have known..?’

‘This is real!’

‘The deity statue of Transcendence... This is one of the three great deity statues of the Berserker Tribe – the deity statue of Transcendence!’

Nan Tian and Ke Jiu Si could not remain calm. Both of them were kneeling down on one knee and were looking at the faint deity statue in the sky, feeling shaken to the core.

"This is the second time I've seen this deity statue. It's slightly more obscure than when I last saw it, but... this is the first time I heard the deity statue speak!"

"I may have known that the legends regarding the three deity statues were real, but this is the first time I saw it with my own eyes. It's said in the legends that only those who had attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm could summon the deity statue that is enshrined within the Great Yu Dynasty. This is... the God of Berserkers' Blessing!"

Xuan Lun was also kneeling on one knee at a corner in Han Mountain City as he stared at the deity statue in the sky with a dumbfounded expression. The words it spoke echoed in Xuan Lun's ears. He clenched his fists.

"I was at my limit when I reached 913 blood veins. When I Transcended, nothing happened. Compared to this person..."

Xuan Lun clenched his fists even tighter. Jealousy grew in his heart. This jealousy was not because of the person involved, but due to the situation.

The members of the three tribes—Lake of Colors, Tranquil East, and Puqiang—were all kneeling on the ground, worshiping. Their eyes were filled with reverence as they looked at the deity statue in the sky. This deity statue was the embodiment of the entire Berserker Tribe!

"It is said that during the age of the first God of Berserkers, everyone was known as Berserk. There were no Realms to speak of nor any Ways to train... The first God of Berserkers used his great strength and an innumerable amount of time to explore his body, creating the three deity statues, and from henceforth, created the Realms that were suitable for Berserkers to train – Transcendence, Bone Sacrifice, and Berserker Soul!

"This isn't the first time I've seen the deity statue of Transcendence... but it's the first time I heard him speak!"

Yan Luan's expression was respectful as she stood on the top of Lake of Colors' mountain. There was not a hint of that usual enchanting look on her face. At this moment, she looked as pure as a bamboo slip that had never been under the knife, clean and empty of words.

As the imposing voice of the faint deity statue in the sky echoed in the air, its voice traveled into the ears of all those in the area and into Su Ming's mind.

That voice was originally intended for him. If the onlookers could already feel its might just by hearing it, then Su Ming, who was at the center of it all, felt as if the voice was rumbling in his heart like millions of thunderbolts booming in the sky. His body felt as if it was about to break down.

When he heard the rumbling voice that shook the sky and earth, a violent shudder ran through him.

Blood flowed out from the corner of his lips, but he did not stop using fine control on his body. He had his head lifted upwards to look above him. Although he could not see what was outside, he could still feel one pair of eyes looking at him from where the voice had come from in the sky.

That gaze was filled with an imposing might, but there was no life within it. It was merely a nonliving object.

"The will endowed upon me is in accordance to the will of the first God of Berserkers. I am to assist in the Transcendence of the Berserker Tribe... All those whose blood is thicker than the Ancients' of Berserkers shalt taketh the God of Berserkers' Blessing. As long as I exist, I wilt see that tis done."

His voice was so mighty that it caused the land to shake once more.

"Wherefore... doth thou not Transcend?!"

A brilliant glow appeared in the eyes of the faint deity statue in the sky. That glow was an endless golden light that covered the entire land in an instant. As it covered the land, all those who looked would see that the earth had been dyed in gold!

The final sentence caused all those who heard it tremble, and turned into echoes in Su Ming's heart, as if there was a countless number of people howling the, as if they were all interrogating him.

Su Ming was trembling. The blood veins that he had hidden away with fine control had stormed out of his control and were showing signs of reappearing. The urge to Transcend that he had suppressed also reappeared!

It was as if there was a strong will coming from the deity statue that was forcing Su Ming to Transcend right now!

"A part of my memories have been wiped off... and I had no control over this...

"I came from Dark Mountain and was sucked into the void... I had no control over this either...

"I came to the Land of South Morning and experienced a lot of things. I mostly just went along with the flow for everything that happened, and neither did I have any control over this...

"I searched for who I am. I wanted to open my eyes and see a world that other people might not have seen, but I still closed my eyes in the end... I had no control over this too...

"All my life as Su Ming and Mo Su, from what I remember, everything that happened to me seems to have been decided by other people. They wouldn't allow me to make my decisions, they would refuse to yield even an inch for me to change and master my own fate...

"I, who can't even walk my own path and control my own fate...

will control it today! I want to walk my own path! I don't want to Transcend now, and no one can change it!

"I will decide when I Transcend!" Su Ming stated calmly.

He might be trembling due to that intimidating pressure in his mind, but the resolution in his voice symbolized the thoughts in his heart!

"You said you're the creation of the first God of Berserkers and the deity statue that assists Berserkers in Transcending, then how did the first God of Berserkers Transcend? Was there anyone who forced him to Transcend?

"I don't need you... to Transcend!"

The instant Su Ming's shouted out his will, he used fine control to take charge of his blood veins once again and hid them away once more.

The faint deity statue in the sky fell into a short moment of silence before he cast a freezing look into Han Mountain's canyons.

"One who defies the will of the first God of Berserkers has been found... As one who has committed the first offence, you will be given a warning!"

That voice was just as it had first appeared—there was not even a hint of his voice rising or falling.

As his words traveled out, the faint deity statue gradually faded away as if it had fused into the air. The golden light disappeared and hid in the sky along with the tumbling clouds.

The land was enveloped in silence. The bizarre phenomenon shocked all those who saw it. That shock was enough to make everyone choose to silently look at the canyons under Han Mountain City with mixed feelings.

This was the first time all the onlookers here had seen someone who was originally supposed to Transcend rejecting Transcendence.

"Who is that? Why did he do that..?"

"I knew it, he's a Berserker who attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm, but why did he refuse to Transcend? I don't understand it."

"Defying the will of the first God of Berserkers is something that has never been heard of before..."

When the deity statue in the sky and the clouds disappeared, long arcs charged from Han Mountain City, Lake of Colors Mountain, Tranquil East Mountain, and Puqiang Mountain towards the canyon. These people were all powerful Berserkers from the three tribes and Han Mountain City. They wanted to know just who was the person who caused such a shocking sight to happen!

Chapter 169: Uncle, There's...

Among these long arcs were Yan Luan, the Elder of Tranquil East, the five Transcended Berserkers from Han Mountain City, and many other people from the three tribes. Han Cang Zi and Han Fei Zi were among these people. However, none would be able to find anything.

Unless Su Ming wanted to go out of the mountain cave, because of the half layer within the four dimensional layer created by Han Kong that not even left preceptor Zhou from Freezing Sky Clan had discovered, no one would be able to find him.

They searched for him for several days before all of them left silently. They did not find any clues in the place. To them, the mysterious Berserker who attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm had already left.

During the month after the incident happened, everything about the identity of the mysterious person who had attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm gradually became the main topic among the people in Han Mountain City. All sorts of speculations rose up, and some were so ridiculous it was unbelievable. That unknown person became the same as the mysterious Mo Su, remembered by all those in Han Mountain City.

Gradually, he became more and more talked about, and due to the mysteriousness surrounding him, his fame surpassed the original five Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City and was already as brilliant as the sun at noon.

Some theorized that Mo Su and the mysterious person who attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm were one and the same, but it was only a theory. The leaders of the three tribes and the five Transcended Berserkers from Han Mountain City did not think so. Some among them had come into contact with Su Ming before, and once they compared notes, they dismissed this theory that appeared simply because it was far too easy to link both people together.

It was two months since the appearance of the deity statue of Transcendence in the sky. As nothing else had happened in the hidden grounds of Han Mountain City, some people grew bold and went to the place once more to search for possible serendipities or herbs that no one had discovered.

However, these people were few and far in-between. Nonetheless, people started appearing once again in the canyons hundreds upon thousands of feet beneath Han Mountain after it remained in deathly stillness for two months.

Qiao Da was one of the few bold people. His hair might already be flecked in white, but he harbored great interest in searching for treasures. He had already visited the hidden grounds of Han Mountain many times in the past, and he was using the chance when there were few people in the place to come once again.

This time he was not alone. He brought a boy with him. The boy was a little dense, but he listened to Qiao Da's every word. These two people ran quickly in between the valleys. Sometimes they would stop to search a place carefully to see whether there were any secrets lying around that had not been discovered.

"Uncle, there's nothing here."

"Uncle, there's nothing here either."

"Uncle, there's still nothing here."

Every single time they searched through a valley, that dense boy would whisper out these words.

"Uncle, there's..."

The boy was about to speak at the entrance of a valley, but Qiao Da, who had not been able to find anything for several days, turned around and shouted at him.

"What? Do you only know how to talk about nothing? Shut up!"

"Uncle, there's..."

The boy scratched his head, but the moment he spoke, his words were cut off, just like before.

"Stop talking... If I knew, I wouldn't have brought you here. If treasures lay at every corner of this place, would there even be a chance for us? This is an exploration. Exploration, do you get it? Boy, remember this, we're not searching for treasure, we're experiencing the journey!" Qiao Da said sternly.

The boy widened his eyes. That dense look on his face made Qiao Da think that he was talking to himself just now and he could not help but rub the center of his brows.

"That attitude of yours is wrong. Let me tell you this. Searching for treasure itself is an interesting thing. Don't keep thinking about the treasure. The process is very important. Did you think I came here to search for treasure? Then let me tell you, I came here to enjoy the process!" Qiao Da decided to enlighten the younger member of his clan. "Do you understand?"

"...Uncle, there's..."

The boy blinked, but the moment he opened his mouth, Qiao Da immediately laughed bitterly. He knew exactly what the boy wanted to say, so he shook his head, decided to ignore him, and walked forward.

"Uncle, I understand. We're here for the process."

When he saw that Qiao Da was ignoring him, the boy seemed to have understood his words and he quickly ran after. On his way, he mumbled under his breath while twiddling with his fingers, "Even if I just saw a treasure just now, you're also uninterested in searching for it. Okay, I get it now. We're here for the process..."

Qiao Da stroked his beard and nodded as he listened to the boy.

"That's right. That's exactly it. Even if you found a treasure, I still..." As he continued onward, his footsteps suddenly faltered and he turned back in one swift motion, his eyes wide-open. "What..? What did you say? Treasure? You saw a treasure?"

The boy pointed at the valley they just left with a dense expression on his face.

"It's over there. I wanted to tell you just now. There was a spot glowing over there."

The moment he finished speaking, Qiao Da charged towards the valley incredibly quickly, leaving behind a whooshing sound. The boy scratched his head, unable to wrap his head around it.

His uncle should have been uninterested in treasures. Why was he not enjoying the process now? He thought it was a very profound question and he could not understand it, but he still ran over quickly.

The moment he entered the valley, he saw Qiao Da looking all over the place incessantly.

"Where is it? Where's the glowing spot?"

"It's over there. That's the glowing spot I saw."

The boy took a few brisk steps forward and pointed towards a spot on the wall of the valley, but the moment he touched it, his

finger went right through.

This scene immediately filled Qiao Da's face with ecstasy and excitement. He quickly looked around himself. Once he was certain that nobody was around, he charged towards the boy. He took a moment to observe the wall and once he did so, he lifted a hand and placed it on the wall. Like the boy's, his hand went through.

"Haha! I've finally found a secret location!"

Qiao Da grabbed the dense boy excitedly and charged into the wall. His whole body went through.

"Cloud Leaf Grass! There're so many Cloud Leaf Grass here! One Cloud Leaf Grass can be sold for 100 stone coins, I'll be rich! Rich!!"

The moment Qiao Da came in, his eyes lit up. He stared at the spot where herbs grew located not too far ahead of him, and he rubbed his hands excitedly.

"Uncle, there's..." the boy's foolish voice traveled into his ears.

"I know, I know. There're herbs here. These herbs are treasures."

Qiao Da took a few brisk steps forward and arrived at the place where the herbs grew. He crouched down and grabbed the herbs happily.

"Uncle, there's..."

There was a slight hitch in the boy's voice.

"I know, you want to ask me why I'm not enjoying the process, right? Let me tell you, the process is important, but the treasure is more important. You must remember this well!"

All Qiao Da's impatience was forgotten in the face of his joy. As he explained himself, he quickly collected many herbs.

"Uncle, there's..."

The boy's voice trembled even more, and there was even a hint of terror in it. It was a pity that Qiao Da's full attention was captured by the herbs and he did not notice it.

"Eight, 10, 13... I'll be rich. I'll definitely be rich this time... 14, 15... What did you just say? Didn't I just teach you?"

Qiao Da licked his lips as he quickly gathered the herbs.

"He wants to say that there's someone here."

A cold voice suddenly reverberated through the air. That voice appeared too suddenly, causing Qiao Da's hand to stop picking that 16th shrub and his head to whip back with a look of shock.

Standing beside the boy was a person. He was dressed entirely in black and had a clean and handsome face. There was a faint scar underneath his eyes. He was looking at Qiao Da coldly.

"Uncle, he's right. I wanted to say that there's someone here..."

The boy let out a huge breath. Nervousness crept onto his face as well.

Qiao Da's heart pounded against his chest and killing intent appeared in his heart. The value of these herbs was too great and conflict was unavoidable between them. Yet the boy was right beside him, and this made Qiao Da hesitate. Just as he hesitated, he suddenly noticed that the chill in the man's eyes as he looked at him had seemed to turn physical, making Qiao Da's body tremble, as if it was instantly encased in ice, making him turn pale from head to toe.

"Se... Senior... Senior, please have mercy!"

Qiao Da shivered and fell to his knees, quickly begging for mercy. He might not know the man's level of cultivation, but the man could make him feel as if he had been encased in ice with just one glance. This was not something a person in the Blood Solidification Realm could do. He had also just realized that he could not even manifest his blood veins before this person. This made him both shocked and terrified.

That man was Su Ming!

During these two months, Su Ming had gradually managed to suppress his blood veins. This was the day he came out of isolation. He had intended to find out how he could leave the hidden grounds of Han Mountain, but the moment he stepped out of the half dimensional layer, he appeared in this mountain cave. He was about to leave when he discovered an old man and a boy entering the place.

That old man did not see him. He went straight to the Cloud Leaf Grass that Su Ming disregarded. Only the boy stood there looking at him dumbly.

Su Ming stared at the old man with a contemplative look in his eyes.

‘Did something happen after Han Kong died? The old man’s power is only around the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. How did he manage to take a child in here..?’

Qiao Da’s heart raced even more quickly. He was feeling incredibly nervous. A large amount of sweat formed on his forehead as Su Ming stared at him.

"Tell me all the major events that had happened in Han Mountain City in the recent years. If I’m satisfied, I’ll let you have all the herbs here," Su Ming stated slowly.

Qiao Da did not dare wipe away the sweat on his forehead, neither did he try to guess why this person asked such a question.

Once he heard it, he quickly spoke with a respectful tone, telling all that he knew of the past few years.

When he said that the canyons were no longer sealed and people could come as they pleased, Su Ming's expression remained calm, not a hint of change was seen on his face.

"... This Mo Su still remains as a mystery... There's the even more mysterious Berserker who attained the completion in the Blood Solidification Realm..."

Qiao Da's voice quivered as he spoke about all the topics discussed in Han Mountain City, the Berserker who had attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm, and the strange phenomenon in the sky. Yet as he spoke, his body trembled even more harshly. As he looked at Mo Su, he began to form speculations in his head.

Su Ming stood silently for a while before he cast his eyes on the boy by his side.

"What's your name?"

"I'm Qiao Song."

The boy still had a dense expression on his face.

"All the herbs here are yours."

The moment Su Ming finished speaking, he cast a look at the boy before he turned around and walked out, disappearing without a trace.

Only then did Qiao Da dare to wipe away the sweat on his forehead with a look that said his heart was still pounding from lingering fear. He pointed at Qiao Song and started scolding him.

"You! Why didn't you tell me that there was someone here sooner?"

"I did say... but you wouldn't let me finish my sentence..."

There was a look as if he had just suffered injustice on the boy's face.

"You... you... you'll be the death of me! Remember this. I'm telling you now, next time when you speak, say everything that you need to say in one breath. Don't bother about other people breaking up your sentence, say everything in one go and don't stop!"

Qiao Da wiped off the cold sweat on his forehead once again looked at the herbs on the ground, delight resurfacing on his face.

"I'm going to be rich! Rich!"

"Aye.I.remember.it.now.uncle.don't.worry.I.won't.care.about.ot
the boy mumbled, and once he finished speaking, he gasped for
breath.

Chapter 170: Si Ma Xin!

There was something out of ordinary about that Qiao Song.

Su Ming walked out of the mountain cave hidden in the walls of the valley. When he turned back and looked, he found that it was indeed difficult to discover the place. Even if it was him, if he did not pay too much attention to it, he would still find it hard to discover anything wrong with the wall.

If he did not activate the Branding Art and used his naked eye to look at it, everything would seem normal. Only with the Brand could he see the dim light flashing on the wall within his mind's eye.

He averted his gaze.

Su Ming did not continue wearing the mask. He used the black robe to cover his head and walked out of the valley unhurriedly. As he walked through the formerly hidden grounds of Han Mountain, he saw people who came searching for treasures like Qiao Da. These people would usually just cast one glance at him before turning away and not sparing him an extra glance.

No one knew that the Mo Su, who had disappeared for several months, walked out of the canyons during dusk.

Neither did anyone know that the mysterious Berserker who had attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm and caused the change in the heavens and earth by making the deity statue of

Transcendence appear was walking out of the canyons.

Everything was as usual during this day. Han Mountain City was bright with fire from lamps. As the day when Freezing Sky Clan would arrive approached, the city became livelier than before. The three mountains of the three tribes around Han Mountain City were enveloped in silence.

The three tribes had closed off their mountains and refused all visitors. Even if the person visiting was in the Transcendence Realm, they still had to turn back before middle-sized tribes like the three tribes.

The sun at dusk was red, yet it was not a burning shade of red. It was simply the red belonging to the sun before it died for the day. The land was dyed in the colors of dusk, a shade that was going to turn dark soon.

When dusk gradually left and the sun could no longer be seen by those who stood at the foot of the mountains, Tranquil East Tribe welcomed its first guest since a long time.

Su Ming placed the mask on his face once more and stood at the foot of Tranquil East Mountain. His black robes rustled in the wind as he stood there and stared silently ahead.

This was the second time he stood at this place. Compared to the first time, besides the difference in time, he also felt like a completely different man.

The last time he was here, Su Ming had to present himself as if he had Transcended. This time, he did not need to. No one could ignore him as he stood there. His presence could not be felt clearly by those in the Blood Solidification Realm. Only those in the Transcendence Realm could clearly feel the pressure formed by those who attained completion in the Blood Solidification Realm coming from Su Ming.

Su Ming walked calmly towards the stairs leading up the mountain. The instant his foot landed on the steps, a great pressure appeared. This was the power protecting the mountain that prevented all outsiders from entering since Tranquil East Tribe had decided to close off the mountain.

Su Ming had come into contact with this power before, and it no longer caused any effect on him even as he experienced it once more.

If he wanted to, he could completely ignore the existence of the pressure.

"I, Mo Su, greet the tribe leader of Tranquil East," Su Ming's calm voice traveled out languidly. This time, he did not infuse any Qi in his voice to cause his voice to echo in the air.

As of now, he was just speaking calmly, and his voice naturally reverberated through the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe.

As Su Ming's voice traveled outwards, the quiet mountain of Tranquil East Tribe seemed to be jolted awake from its slumber.

The pressure protecting the mountain disappeared in an instant. At the same time, a few long arcs could be seen whistling through the air towards him from the top of the mountain.

Many tribe members from Tranquil East also quickly rushed down the mountain as if they had received an order. All of them stood by the side with respectful faces, forming a path to welcome him up the stairs.

There were seven to eight people in the long arcs. The leader of them was the tribe leader of Tranquil East, Fang Shen. Those who followed behind him were all his trusted followers and the Tranquil East's Chief of War.

These people rushed over and appeared before Su Ming.

"Kindred Mo, I've been waiting for you for months. This way, please!"

Fang Shen first sized up Su Ming, and very soon, joy appeared on his face. He laughed out boisterously and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming. He seemed calm, but when he first cast a glance at Su Ming, he felt his heart shake.

The feeling he obtained from Mo Su now was completely different from when he had first met him. He could initially find some clues from Mo Su regarding his power, and it was due to them that he wanted to test him, being uncertain of his power.

Yet now, Mo Su was like an abyss before his eyes. He could not see through his power clearly, and neither could he get a gasp. If he tried to take a closer look, his Qi would start showing signs of being unstable, and it shocked Fang Shen.

When he remembered the rumors regarding Mo Su, and even though some of them were leaked by Tranquil East Tribe themselves, most of the them were still regarded with high importance by Tranquil East Tribe.

"You killed Yan Guang, forced Han Fei Zi to withdraw, earned Nan Tian's respect, and suppressed Xuan Lun... Kindred Mo, your name is well-known all over Han Mountain now! Kindred Mo, this way, let's talk on the mountain."

Fang Shen's smile grew wider.

Besides Fang Shen, the Chief of War who came along was also similarly shocked. The short man had already Transcended, hence the moment he saw Su Ming, his expression immediately changed. His footsteps faltered for an unnoticeable moment and he widened his eyes.

Not being able to feel the blood veins in Su Ming's body was nothing compared to the indescribable pressure he felt from the other's body. The pressure that had not existed when he first met Su Ming.

"Kindred Mo, your return is a great event for Tranquil East! This way!"

The Chief of War took a deep breath. His attitude immediately changed from how he had acted initially and with a smile, he wrapped his fist in his palm to greet Su Ming.

"There's no need to go up the mountain."

Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm to return the greeting towards Fang Shen and the Chief of War as he spoke calmly.

"I came here to return the guest plate and to ask of three things from you, brother Fang,"

When Fang Shen heard Su Ming's words, a serious expression appeared on his face.

"Brother Mo, you don't need to be in a hurry to forfeit the status of a guest. If you have anything to say, you can speak without worry."

"Thank you!"

Su Ming nodded. He did not mention the dangers he faced under Han Mountain. He had asked to enter the place himself; it had nothing to do with other people.

"One, due to the change in Han Mountain, I did not manage to find Sky Flute Branch, but I believe you should have found some. If

you give those herbs to me, I will heal Fang Mu's injuries as quickly as possible once I've made all preparations."

Fang Shen did not hesitate and nodded towards Su Ming.

"I've found Sky Flute Branch. They were originally prepared for brother Mo to begin with. I'll have to trouble you about my son. I'll ask people to send it over now. Brother Mo, please talk about your other two requests."

As Fang Shen spoke, he turned around and cast a look at one of his tribe members who followed him. That tribe member immediately obeyed and quickly left for the top of the mountain.

"Two, I would like to take a look at the map of the Land of South Morning in your tribe," Su Ming said unhurriedly.

Fang Shen fell silent and did not immediately answer. There was a frown on his face. After a long while, he hesitated before looking at Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, maps are very important to all tribes. A single map is usually the product of the blood, sweat, and tears of multiple generations of the tribe, drawn little by little through a long period of time.

"I'll have to talk to the Elder about this."

Su Ming did not speak. He simply looked at Fang Shen calmly.

His eyes were still, showing no signs of any spikes of emotions. He looked at Fang Shen quietly. That gaze may not have held any deeper meaning, but Fang Shen did not become the tribe leader of Tranquil East by acting as straightforward as his appearance would suggest.

Su Ming had been planting hooks ever since he came into contact with Fang Mu. Besides being rather fond of Fang Mu, he mainly did so to come in contact with Tranquil East Tribe with the intention of blending into Han Mountain City, but the source of it all was still for that map!

Su Ming did not use Fang Mu's injuries to force Fang Shen into agreeing to his request. Fang Shen knew about it, and that was also precisely why there were certain things he could not refuse.

Reciprocating good-will was the most important principle for a person to get along with others. Su Ming healed Fang Mu, and Fang Shen gathered herbs for Su Ming. It might sound like a trade, but deep down, Su Ming was really doing a favor for Fang Shen.

Fang Shen knew that he owed Su Ming a favor. He also knew that the reasons why Mo Su brought up the second request were for him to return the favor and because he was confident he could completely cure Fang Mu.

"Alright, I won't say more. Even if the Elder doesn't agree to it, I will still bring the map to you!" Fang Shen suddenly said.

"Thank you!" Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm to show

gratitude towards Fang Shen. When he lifted his head, he spoke unhurriedly. "Three, I would like to see Han Cang Zi."

"I can promise you the first two things, but as for the third, I cannot decide on my own, but I will tell my sister and let her decide," Fang Shen said languidly as he looked at Su Ming .

"Of course."

No one could see Su Ming's expression due to the mask on his face. They could only see that his eyes remained still and calm as water throughout the exchange.

He brought out the guest plate from Tranquil East and handed it to Fang Shen. Once he did so, Su Ming nodded towards the Chief of War standing nearby and walked down the stairs before he sat down cross-legged and waited silently.

Fang Shen briefly hesitated before he asked, "How long will it take before you can heal my son? And... how can I find you?"

"In three months. As for the method to find me... even if you can't find me, Han Cang Zi will be able to," Su Ming stated softly.

"Oh?" A sparkle appeared in Fang Shen's eyes, and he smiled as he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming. "Brother Mo, since you're confident in it, then I will take my leave."

As he spoke, he turned around and led his followers back to the

top of the mountain.

The Chief of War took a glance at Su Ming and hesitated briefly. Once everyone had left, he still remained silent for a moment before turning around to leave as well.

"Sir, if you have something to say, please do so."

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the Chief of War.

"Brother Mo, do you know Si Ma Xin?"

"Si Ma Xin? Who is that?"

Su Ming shook his head.

The Chief of War let out a light sigh and a hint of disappointment appeared briefly in his eyes.

"This person is... very similar to you... Brother Mo, if you have the chance to meet this person in the future, please tell him that Bei Xi from Tranquil East Tribe has Transcended and thus am paying my respects to him. Thank you."

The Chief of War bowed towards Su Ming and left. His back gave off a rather desolate air as he slowly disappeared from Su Ming's sights.

‘Si Ma Xin... is very similar to me?’

Su Ming frowned.

He did not wait long. Someone came from the summit of Tranquil East Tribe. The person was a middle-aged man. He had a respectful expression on his face as he placed two embroidered boxes before Su Ming, then he bowed and left.

There was a hint of longing that was hidden deep within Su Ming’s eyes. He lowered his head to look at the two embroidered boxes. He knew that one of them contained a map!

Chapter 171: Another Promise...

Su Ming closed his eyes and calmed his emotions. He opened one of the embroidered boxes, and the moment the box was opened, a medicinal fragrance wafted into his nose. That fragrance was very light, but the moment he smelled it, he seemed to hear a song played by an unknown instrument.

The melody of the song lingered in the air and sounded very musical. It made those who heard it think that this melody could only be played by a flute made in heaven...

After a long while, Su Ming looked into the embroidered box and saw three herbs lying inside. These herbs looked odd. They looked like tree branches, but there were small little holes on them. The musical melody he heard was not an illusion, but was formed when wind blew past the many holes on the herb.

"Sky Flute Branch."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and slapped it on the herbs. Immediately, the three Sky Flute Branches, along with the embroidered box, disappeared from his hand as he put them away into his storage bag.

He looked towards the second box and his breathing grew heavier. Even though he knew that the map inside the box may not be complete, it was still a ray of hope.

He placed his hand slowly on the embroidered box, and just as he

was about to open it...

"If you open that box, then you must cure Fang Mu."

A delicate voice appeared by Su Ming's side. An elegant, dim fragrance also came along with that voice.

That fragrance might have appeared after the medicinal fragrance brought by Sky Flute Branch, but the two gave people two distinctly different impressions. The medicinal fragrance was like oranges, and the other was like a dream.

Su Ming's expression remained passive, no changes could be seen on it. He had long since discovered Han Cang Zi's arrival and did not stop due to her words. He calmly opened the embroidered box and saw a folded beast skin inside.

A conflicted look appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he stared at the beast skin. All of a sudden, he lost the courage to look at it. He was afraid that what he would see would be different from what he knew. He was afraid that there would be... no Dark Mountain in the world!

Han Cang Zi walked softly to stand before the man in the mask and sat down cross-legged to quietly look at him. She saw the conflict that was clear in his eyes.

They did not speak. After remaining in silence for a while, Su Ming lifted the beast skin from the embroidered box and focused

his attention on it once he unfolded it.

"Are you disappointed?" Han Cang Zi asked softly.

Her voice was very gentle, arousing an indescribable feeling within those who heard it. Her voice was just like her. She was a delicate beauty, but the strength in her heart far surpassed many men.

Su Ming looked at the map spread out before him—it was incredibly detailed. Not only did it include the topography of the area around Han Mountain, even the surrounding areas were drawn out in detail. From the map, it could be seen that the Land of South Morning was a vast territory.

However, while the map was detailed, it was not what Su Ming had wanted. He closed his eyes and fell silent. In truth, he himself knew that the map he wanted was not what a middle-sized tribe could provide. Yet his knowledge and expectations were two different matters.

"Somewhat."

At that moment, his heart was as conflicted as how his eyes looked just now. He wanted to see the map he yearned to see, but deep down he did not want to. This mixed feeling stemmed from the bewilderment he had buried deep within his heart.

"You can only look at the map. You cannot take it away."

A pitying look appeared in Han Cang Zi's gaze as she looked at Su Ming and spoke softly.

"I know."

Su Ming opened his eyes. He did not look at Han Cang Zi, but looked at the sky that had darkened. He did not know that as of then, in Han Cang Zi's eyes, he looked lonely.

"You once said that if someday, I remember something, I can come to you," Su Ming mumbled.

"Yes," Han Cang Zi whispered back.

They fell into silence again. This time, the silence lasted for a tad longer. The moon appeared in the darkened sky, and glittering stars surrounded it.

The wind swept past the land and lifted Han Cang Zi's black hair. As her hair flew, it gave her another sort of beauty underneath the moonlight.

"What did you see?" Su Ming broke the silence and asked.

Han Cang Zi did not speak. She bit her lips instead and looked at Su Ming. There was an appealing light in her eyes. She looked at him for a long while before she came to a decision.

"Can... you promise me something..?"

The moment the word 'promise' left her mouth and fell into Su Ming's ears, he felt shaken. This feeling could not be controlled by his calmness. It was a feeling that no matter how deeply he hid it and how hard he tried to bury it, it would still trigger his sadness because of certain things and certain words.

At that moment, that wound of his was torn and it turned into a sadness that flooded Su Ming's entire body and soul like a tidal wave. He looked as he usually was, but no one knew how his heart fared.

However, even though Han Cang Zi did not know, her instincts of a woman made her immediately notice that besides the loneliness she felt coming from Mo Su beside her, she also felt grief, one that she could not describe.

"You..."

Han Cang Zi was momentarily stunned. She was an intelligent woman. Almost in an instant, she could guess that perhaps one of her words was the source of Mo Su's grief.

'Could it be 'promise'..?'

Han Cang Zi did not speak.

‘Promise...’

Su Ming felt a stab of pain in his heart. His body did not tremble, but that grief still emerged without control. That word held a special meaning to him.

There was once a girl who stood in the snow and smiled as she looked at him.

"If we continue walking in this snow, can we walk until our hair turns white..?"

There was once a girl who let him carry her on his back. Their hearts seemingly beat at the same pace, and the face buried in his back turned red.

"Can we walk in circles together..?"

There was once a girl who stood in the snow and bit her lips as she swept away the snow on his clothes with beautiful eyes that shone with a wild charm.

"Su Ming, this is a promise... I'll wait for you..."

That was a promise, and Su Ming was a person who did not fulfill that promise...

‘It’s almost been five years... Perhaps, it’s more than five years...’

The pain in Su Ming's heart grew, along with bitterness.

There were a lot of types of grief in the world, perhaps his was not the deepest, but if the deepest grief was the separation between the living and the dead and the separation due to time, then Su Ming's wound was one where it was unknown whether the separation between the living and the dead and the separation of time existed. This was a pain stemmed from a wound that was coupled with bewilderment.

"I'm sorry..." Han Cang Zi bit her lips and spoke softly. She could not understand Su Ming's pain, but she could feel the grief he felt at the moment.

"What promise?" Su Ming's voice became hoarse.

He looked at Han Cang Zi standing before him and at the face that did not belong to the one he was familiar with, covered by the black strands of hair lifted by the wind. For a brief moment, he thought he saw Bai Ling.

They were from different periods of time, from different places, and different people, but they said the same word – promise!

"Help me kill Si Ma Xin. Kill him, and I will tell you everything I saw!" Han Cang Zi said softly. The moment she said Si Ma Xin's name, her breathing instantly quickened and she clenched her right hand instinctively.

"Who's Si Ma Xin?"

Those subtle movements did not escape Su Ming's eyes.

"He's revered as the one person with the highest amount of potential in the history of Freezing Sky Clan... He heard the roar from the soul of the second God of Berserkers during the Day of Eternal Creation and is known as one of the people with the highest chance to become the fourth God of Berserkers!"

"He's my senior fellow-disciple... he's also the one who injured Fang Mu," Han Cang Zi lowered her head and whispered.

Su Ming looked at Han Cang Zi calmly. He did not speak.

"I know you must be dubious. With Si Ma Xin's identity and his power, why should he harm a child like Fang Mu..?"

Han Cang Zi lifted her head. Under the moon, though she might not be extraordinarily beautiful, but she could make people's hearts pound. However, Su Ming was not one of them.

"Continue."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the moon in the sky.

"Have you ever heard of the Great Art of Heartless Berserker

Seed..? This Art was created by the second God of Berserkers, and Si Ma Xin is practicing it. Ever since the second God of Berserkers created this Art, no Berserker had ever been able to perfect this Art and could not use it to its full potential. They could not become Heartless, that's why they could not use it to their full potential.

"Once this Art is perfected, all the power from the Berserker Seeds the caster chose will be offered to him. The second God of Berserkers used this Art in other worlds and attained his status as a God of Berserkers.

"Si Ma Xin does indeed have shocking potential. He was originally a passionate person, so he approached this Art using another way – he could plant love in another person's heart. So he separated the Berserker Seed into Seed and love, because if he had no love, then he would be Heartless!

"The Elder once observed Fang Mu's potential when he was born and recognized him as the future hope of Tranquil East Tribe... and Si Ma Xin also came to Han Mountain City with Freezing Sky Clan to choose disciples...

"Fang Mu became his Berserker Seed, and he planted love in me," Han Cang Zi spoke calmly as if she was not talking about herself. Yet the calmer she presented herself, the more Su Ming could feel the hatred in her heart.

"Fang Mu isn't injured. He's Si Ma Xin's Berserker Seed. If you heal him, then you'll offend Si Ma Xin."

Su Ming remained silent and looked at Han Cang Zi. He did not fully believe in her words.

"If Fang Mu is the future of Tranquil East Tribe, then why didn't Tranquil East Tribe do anything when this happened?"

"How can we do anything? Even my brother, who's the tribe leader, doesn't know about this. He thinks that Fang Mu is injured by someone. The only ones who know about this in the entire Tranquil East Tribe are the Elder and me.

"He won't do anything about this. Even if my brother knows about this, he will choose to remain silent. Si Ma Xin has a lot of Berserker Seeds. Becoming his Berserker Seed and offering their power to help with the birth of the fourth God of Berserkers is seen as a glorious thing in the eyes of many people.

"I don't even know whether Fang Mu would treat this as a glory if he knew about the truth... but I... don't agree to this!" Han Cang Zi lifted her head and she looked at Su Ming with her beautiful eyes.

"Don't you think so?"

Su Ming did not reply.

"Not only do the Berserker Seeds think of this as a glorious thing, even those who were planted with love like me treat this as a glory. But we are no longer the Berserker Tribe led by the first or second God of Berserkers..."

"This is a sick Berserker Tribe, a Berserker Tribe where everyone is asleep, a Berserker Tribe that treats sacrifice and slavery as something glorious! Han Fei Zi won't be able to escape from this fate either!" Han Cang Zi's words started coming out rapidly.

Su Ming looked at her. Her words made him think that there was something different about this woman.

"How can I trust you?" After a long while, Su Ming asked languidly.

Han Cang Zi fell silent for a moment and a red flush appeared on her face. She took a look at Su Ming before she gritted her teeth.

Chapter 172: The Chains Of Han Mountain In The Rain

"Come... Come with me."

Han Cang Zi retrieved Tranquil East Tribe's map and stood up. The flush on her beautiful face darkened, even her ears turned red, arousing a strange feeling within all those who saw her.

Su Ming was taken aback. He did not understand what was going on with this woman.

Han Cang Zi's heart was pounding as she moved up the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe from another direction. She looked graceful from the back, and as she walked, her elegance could be seen from her movements.

Su Ming lifted his hand to rub his nose instinctively, but he only touched the mask. He laughed bitterly and stood up to follow Han Cang Zi. He still could not understand why she would show such an expression.

Han Cang Zi did not say a word, and neither did Su Ming. The two of them moved along another path to the top of the mountain. Before long, a mountain cave appeared in the forest before him.

The mountain cave was well hidden. Unless someone was familiar with the area, they would be hard pressed to find the cave.

"No one will come here. I treated this place as my playground when I found it accidentally when I was young. When I grew up, I still came here often alone. I placed some Freezing Sky Clan shields here, it's very safe." Han Cang Zi did not turn her head back outside the cave. She had her back towards Su Ming as she spoke quietly.

Su Ming frowned. He looked around the area and spread out the Branding Art as he stared at Han Cang Zi silently.

"Come... Come in."

Han Cang Zi gritted her teeth once again and moved into the cave. Su Ming hesitated for a moment. Once he was certain there was nothing out of place around the area, he walked in.

The cave was not big. It was about the size of a room, but was a little on the dark side. Yet Su Ming could still see what was inside clearly, albeit not as clear as he could during the day.

"Did you bring me here to..." Su Ming frowned and spoke, but his words suddenly faltered. He instinctively took a few steps back and stared at Han Cang Zi dumbly, unable to say another word.

Han Cang Zi still had her back turned towards him, but as he spoke, she lifted her hands and removed her robes, showing off her beautiful back. During the moment Su Ming was stunned, Han Cang Zi took off all her clothes with a shiver, revealing a perfect woman's back.

The curves, the exquisite skin tone, the thin hair which Su Ming could see rising up on her skin due to her trembling, and the curve on her back that took a breath-taking dip on her waist which later rose in a wide arc at her posterior—all drew out a picture that left Su Ming with his jaw falling slack.

"You..."

Su Ming took a few more steps back, staring at Han Cang Zi, not knowing what to say.

"This is my proof."

Han Cang Zi trembled and turned around with her arms covering her chest. Tears fell from her eyes, but she looked at Su Ming resolutely.

"You saw the Berserker Seed in Fang Mu. I didn't lie about what happened to him... As for me, Si Ma Xin planted love in me, but only in my heart.

"I can give you my body. Although it won't break the love he planted in me, it's the only way for me to make you trust me."

Su Ming remained silent. He swept his gaze across Han Cang Zi's body and did not speak even after a long time.

Han Cang Zi stood in the cave quietly as tears fell from her eyes and she waited.

After a moment, Su Ming asked calmly, "Why did you choose me?"

"Because I saw some things that I shouldn't have seen in your memories... I believe that you can do it. Even if you can't do it now, you will be able to do it in the future."

Han Cang Zi looked at Su Ming resolutely. She may have been crying, but there was a determination in her beautiful face that made Su Ming respect her.

"How can I trust that you saw my memories?"

Su Ming fell silent for a moment to calm the shock brought by Han Cang Zi's sudden actions and regain his cool.

"Void, four years, chains, refusal, the head of the second God of Berserkers!" Han Cang Zi said softly. She did not know whether Su Ming had remembered something, but she believed that he would know some of the things she just said.

Su Ming took a deep breath to quell the shock in his heart. He looked at Han Cang Zi for a long time before walking towards the trembling woman standing before him.

As he got closer, Han Cang Zi closed her eyes and waited for what would happen next. She was already prepared for it. For the hatred that she had yet to fully disclose, she was willing to give up

everything.

Su Ming stood before Han Cang Zi and an elegant, light fragrance wafted into his nose, as if it was fusing into his body. He looked at this woman, who was completely different from Bai Ling, and the promise she asked of him echoed in his ears. He lifted his right hand and pressed it against the center of her brows.

Han Cang Zi shuddered. She gritted her teeth and remained still.

After a long while, Su Ming crouched down silently and picked up the clothes she removed so that he could drape them around her shoulders and cover her alluring body.

"There's no need for this. I've seen the love Si Ma Xin planted in your heart. It came from the same person who planted the Berserker Seed in Fang Mu... I promise you."

Su Ming whispered in Han Cang Zi's ear. The moment he finished speaking, he turned around and moved towards the entrance of the cave.

Han Cang Zi trembled and opened her eyes, staring at Su Ming leaving with a dumbfounded expression. More tears gathered in her eyes. She did not expect Su Ming to leave at this moment.

"Freezing Sky Clan has the map you want. I can't get it, but I know it exists!" she said instinctively, and her words made Su Ming's footsteps falter.

"Thank you. Let's meet in Freezing Sky Clan."

Su Ming did not turn back and walked out of the cave.

"Freezing Sky Clan will only take in Han Fei Zi as their disciple this time. They won't consider anyone else... Even if you challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, it'll be difficult for you to join, you..."

Han Cang Zi did not know why she said those words. She should not have, but she still said them.

"I know."

Su Ming walked out of the cave. He looked at the stars and the moon in the sky before he left Tranquil East Mountain.

After a long while, Han Cang Zi also walked out of the cave. Her expression showed how conflicted she felt, and she stood there stunned for a moment.

"I should be the one thanking you... Thank you..." Han Cang Zi mumbled.

On that night, Su Ming sat on the mountain from which he had first seen Han Mountain City. From there, he could see the contours of it.

The mountain breeze was strong. As it blew past him, the wind lifted Su Ming's hair. During the night, he sat silent and alone on the mountain. He did not look at Han Mountain City, but at the stars in the sky, though not even he himself knew what he was looking for in their glittering shine.

‘Freezing Sky Clan has the map I need. I have to get into the school. Even if I’m afraid of the truth, I still need to find the map. I can’t back down just because I’m afraid...

‘I promised Fang Shen that I would heal Fang Mu’s injuries, and it’s also a chance encounter between me and that child during these years, even if I have to offend Si Ma Xin because of this...

‘As for my promise with Han Cang Zi... This is a very special woman. She’s not unique because of her appearance, but because of her thoughts...’

"I broke my promise once. Let's hope that this time, I will keep my promise..." Su Ming mumbled.

‘I can’t use the identity as Tranquil East Tribe’s guest anymore, or else it’ll cause trouble. Han Fei Zi will also search for me because of that. There’s also the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, Yan Luan...

‘Han Cang Zi said that Freezing Sky Clan will only take in Han Fei Zi this time. Even if outsiders challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, it’ll still be difficult for them to join Freezing Sky Clan... As for this... I will have to make detailed preparations, and

if that's the case, I'll have to use a new identity.

‘Qualification... I will simply need to be qualified to enter Freezing Sky Clan. Even if that qualification has already been set, but if I use a different method to obtain it, I will also get different results.

‘I will need to amaze them!’

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He stared at the mountain belonging to Puqiang Tribe behind Han Mountain City and narrowed his eyes.

‘I already have all the materials needed to create Spirit Plunder and I've also planted Sky Flute Branch. In a few days, I can start creating the medicine.

‘All I lack now is the aura of death needed to create this pill... I need to quench the herbs using the aura of death, the moment this pill is created, the punishment for larceny will fall upon me, which I will use the aura to receive the punishment, and when it shatters, the pill will be created!

‘I might be able to use this pill as the material for me to create my Origin Berserker Vessel when I Transcend!’

With a glow in his right hand, a black pearl instantly appeared in his palm. That pearl was the Death Essence Pearl he had obtained from the Puqiang tribe member when he had woken up from the

deep slumber induced by the burning of blood.

He looked at the pearl for a moment before putting it away.

‘If I challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, I must challenge Puqiang Tribe’s Chain! Besides obtaining the right to join Freezing Sky Clan, once I succeed, I can also ask of something from Puqiang Tribe.

‘If I use any other method, the closed off Puqiang will definitely refuse to give me the aura of death for me to create this pill. Even if they agree to it, I’ll have a lot of setbacks as well...

‘Only by challenging the Chains of Han Mountain will I be able to get all these in one go!’

Su Ming stared at the mountain that belonged to Puqiang Tribe basking in the darkness. He could not see its top. There was a thick layer of fog covering the top. As he continued staring at it, resolution appeared in his eyes.

On the morning ten days later, the sky was covered in grey clouds and muffled sounds of thunder rumbling in the sky could be heard. Rain poured from the sky and crashed into the stones on the mountain before they fell to the ground. There were few people walking on the streets of Han Mountain City, and even these pedestrians were wearing bamboo hats and straw capes.

Those who have stayed in the city for a long period of time knew

that this sort of rainy weather would only pass after several months. Even the occasional sunny days would not last for long.

The three tribes were quiet as usual during this rainy morning. The three colored layers of fog surrounding the three mountains still filled the air and enveloped the mountains, causing them to still remain as mysterious as ever.

On this day, a person walked towards Han Mountain City from afar. He was the same as the other people; he wore a straw cape and a bamboo hat. His face could not be seen clearly. The only thing that could be seen on him was the black robes underneath his bamboo hat and straw cape.

He quietly came forth and walked into the gates leading to Han Mountain City. He stepped on the puddles and welcomed the rain as he walked on the streets and along the mountain path until he reached the stone gate leading to the third layer of the city. It might be raining, but there were still people from the three tribes standing at the rain shelter outside the gate. They were yawning, and as usual, were selling the plates leading into the third layer of the city.

Fang Lin was also there. He was the first to see that slightly unusual person walking forth from afar. With the lesson he had learned that one time, he had become much more cautious. He looked at the person walking forth unhurriedly. Before that person entered the door, he paused for a moment and looked at him. Fang Lin immediately put on a smile on his face. This was the smile he learned to have after what he experienced that year.

Soon after, that person who wore the ordinary looking straw cape walked into the stone door, and immediately, a shocking ripple appeared on the stone door.

‘Transcendence!’

Fang Lin immediately perked up, but for some unknown reason, once he did so, the image of that person kept repeating in his head. He had a feeling that the person seemed rather familiar when he stopped just now...

Chapter 173: The Desire To Amaze!

It might have been morning, but it was raining heavily. The sky could not be seen clearly. Dark clouds covered the sky so thickly it covered the originally bright sunlight. Albeit the land was not entirely dark, it was still marginally so.

There were even fewer people walking on the streets in the third layer of Han Mountain City. Rain pattered on shop roofs and flowed down along the funnels on both sides of the roofs to eventually blend with the puddles on the ground, mixing the old water with the new.

The shopkeepers were all either dozing off or sitting cross-legged to train. There were only some who stood at the entrance to their shops looking at the rain as various thoughts raced in their heads.

Su Ming walked amidst the silence of the rain, breathing in the humid morning breeze as he traversed the streets of the third layer of Han Mountain City. No one could see his face. They could only see his slightly forlorn figure walking through the rain. He did not attract much attention as he walked past these shops.

Sometimes, however, when he walked into the field of vision of those who were looking at the rain, he would attract their attention, though it was perhaps just that he broke their train of thought as they admired the scenery.

Nonetheless, they only cast him a glance before paying no more attention. No one could guess what that forlorn figure wanted to

do and what sort of shock he would bring to Han Mountain City that morning.

Su Ming walked forth in silence along the path until he reached the entrance to the second layer. He looked around him and found that he was the only one there. There was no one else around him.

There was still a huge gate serving as the entrance to the second layer. Originally, only the Transcended guests of the three tribes could enter, but now that the three tribes had dismissed all their guests, only those who had Transcended could enter.

Without accounting for the people from the three tribes, there were only five people who could enter the second layer in the entire Han Mountain City.

There was a huge bell about hundreds of feet tall to the right of the entrance. This ancient bell was entirely red-violet. There seemed to be rusted spots covering its surface, and it exuded an old and aged presence, as if it had been placed there for a very long time.

There were three bizarre and ferocious looking beasts carved on the surface of the ancient bell. One of them was the Dragon Clam, another the Alpine Dark Turtle, and the picture of the last creature had already faded out due to time. It could not be seen clearly, but the creature was clearly the leader of the three beasts. Based on their positions, it looked as if the Dragon Clam and the Alpine Dark Turtle were beneath that last ferocious beast in an act of subservience.

The bell was covered in water. Raindrops produced a soft patter as they fell on the surface of the bell and flowed down along its edges.

Su Ming stood by the stone gate leading to the second layer as he looked at the gigantic ancient bell before him. His eyes, which were hidden under the bamboo hat, gradually lit up. He had been walking unhurriedly, his footsteps slow, but every single step he took was steady and stable; he was also gathering up the Qi in his body.

He had been doing so since the foot of the mountain, and with each step he took since he stepped into the fourth layer of Han Mountain City. It was as if he was accumulating his energy, as if he was a sword being sharpened.

Right then, that energy was ready to be used, the sword was sharpened. The energy was just waiting to burst out and amaze the world, the sword just waiting to let out a bright and chilling glare!

‘Besides asking the people from the three tribes for help like how He Feng had done it when he asked Han Fei Zi for help to get to Han Mountain’s summit, there’s another way to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. This method is for all the Berserkers who came to Han Mountain City... we have to ring this bell!

‘We have to make the bell chimes spread all around the region to spread the news that we are going to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain...’

Su Ming looked at the bell silently, and the light in his eyes grew brighter. He had asked He Feng about the Chains of Han Mountain a long time ago and knew this bell would not sound for those with ordinary levels of cultivation.

This was also to prevent those who did not have enough power from dying when they challenged the Chains of Han Mountain and wasting everyone's time, along with sully the might of the Chains of Han Mountain.

"Only those who can make the bell chime nine times have the right to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain... Since my goal is to amaze these people so as to get into Freezing Sky Clan, then I must go rampant!" Su Ming mumbled.

His quiet demeanor suddenly changed in the rain. A shocking presence erupted forth from within him like a sword that had left its scabbard, as if half his energy had been let loose!

As that presence rose up, coincidentally, a muffled roar of thunder rang in the sky. A bolt of lightning hidden in the sky let out a bright flash.

As that bolt of lightning lit up the sky, Su Ming lifted his right hand. He looked at the gigantic ancient bell before him and took a deep breath before he slammed his right hand against it.

Dong...

The bell's chime was like a roaring wave. The sound was muffled and contained a feeling of ancientness, as if it was a sound that came from a long time ago. A ripple that could barely be seen with the naked eye appeared abruptly from the bell, and along with the sound, it spread out in all directions.

The ripple was invisible, but it touched Su Ming's clothes, causing him to feel as if a huge force had just impacted his body, trying to push him away from the ancient bell.

The instant the bell chime reverberated in the air and spread through the entire Han Mountain Tribe and the three tribes, it startled countless people who were sitting and meditating in the quiet, rainy morning.

"Those are Han Mountain Bell's chimes!"

"Someone wants to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain! Didn't I say it? The closer we get to the day Freezing Sky Clan comes, the livelier Han Mountain City will be!"

"Hmph, it's just one bell chime. You only have to the right to challenge the Chains if the bell rings nine times, or else, you'll need the acknowledgement by the three tribes for them to send you straight to the summit to challenge it."

"Don't bother. That bell has been ringing for who knows how many times since the past few months, but no one has managed to make it past six chimes... and the bell's going to continue ringing

for the foreseeable future. Joining Freezing Sky Clan is something that will make someone throw out everything they've got, after all."

Han Mountain City started getting lively. Quite a few people walked out into the streets and looked at the place where Han Mountain Bell was located at the third layer. However, as the rain was too heavy, these people only cast a glance at it before they hurried back into their houses.

The powerful Transcended Berserkers staying in the second layer of Han Mountain City, including Nan Tian and Ke Jiu Si, heard the bell chimes, but they did not go out to look. Nan Tian smiled faintly and paid no heed to it.

Ke Jiu Si did not even open his eyes. He sat in his house quietly, as if he did not even hear the bell chimes.

Xuan Lun and the other two powerful Transcended Berserkers reacted mostly in the same manner. Even if the bell rang six or seven times, it would still not catch their attention, much less one bell chime.

As for the three tribes surrounding Han Mountain City, they remained in silence in the rain. It was as if they did not react to the bell chimes, and that was the truth. Most of the people from the three tribes did not pay further attention to the chime once they heard it.

Among these people were the leaders of the three tribes,

including Yan Luan. Even Fang Shen only broke off from his meditation and opened his eyes for a brief moment before he closed them once again and resumed meditating.

Only Han Fei Zi stood at her window and looked at the rain that seemed to be connecting the sky and the earth, and at the obscured Han Mountain City. The light in her eyes flickered.

There was another woman besides her who was also looking at Han Mountain in the rain silently. She was Han Cang Zi.

The first bell chime was just like a small stone being thrown into water. It only induced a few ripples before the water returned to stillness. In fact, once half the day passed by, very few people would remember the bell chime they heard just now.

Su Ming's expression remained passive. The ripple that was formed when the ancient bell before him trembled had dissipated the instant it fused into his body. It did not have any effect on him. The bell chime still lingered and echoed in the air, but besides this lingering chime and the sound of rain falling on the ground, there were no other sounds in the area. Not only did no one come out into the rain to see who rang the bell, even the shopkeepers whose shops in the third layer were close to the bell did not walk out to take a look.

Everything remained silent.

Su Ming lifted his right hand from the bell, and without any surge of emotions in his heart, he placed it down once more.

Dong...

The second chime reverberated in the air, and at the very moment it rang out, Su Ming's gaze became as sharp as a sword out of its scabbard. With a freezing glint in his eyes, he slammed his right hand onto the gigantic ancient bell once again.

Dong... Dong... Dong... Dong...

Four consecutive chimes rang in the air. With the previous two chimes, it was now six chimes. The ancient sound that exuded a presence of age seemed to have joined together to turn into a sound that shook the hearts of all those who listened. It even replaced the rumbling thunder in the air, becoming the only sound that surrounded the entire Han Mountain City and the mountains of the three tribes at that moment!

Han Mountain City was shocked!

The expressions of those who had already returned to their houses changed immediately once they heard the bell chimes that were seemingly blended together. Even the shopkeepers in the third layer of Han Mountain City felt shaken to the cores. Some had walked out and cast their eyes towards the entrance leading to the second layer, where the bell was located.

Seriousness appeared even on Nan Tian and the others's faces in the second layer. The meaning of sounding the bell in sequence and sounding the bell multiple times in one go until the chimes

seemed to blend together was completely different. There was also a huge contrast in the rebound that the person had to suffer!

The three tribes in the mountains were also in an uproar when these bell chimes reverberated through the air.

Yet at that moment, the seventh bell chime rang out, and at the very instant it emerged, the eighth and ninth bell chimes arose with the might of a whirlwind sweeping away the clouds in the sky and the force of a great flood from the ancient bell in Han Mountain City, echoing in the sky with a power that caused the sky to shake and the earth to tremble.

The people in Han Mountain City only recovered from the shock after a moment. They burst into an uproar, like a wild beast that was jolted awake from its slumber.

"Nine chimes... Was... was that really nine chimes? It's too sudden!"

"Those aren't just nine chimes, but nine chimes that were practically fused together when they appeared. This person... this person is definitely not some common lightweight. We have to watch this person challenging the Chains of Han Mountain!"

"Who is it? Who could that person be? Could it be one of the five Transcended Berserkers?"

Most of the people from Han Mountain rushed out of their

houses and were all looking towards the third layer in the rain. Some had even ran out to see who was the person who had made the bell sound nine times!

At the same time, Nan Tian and the others in the second layer of Han Mountain City stood up promptly. With one swift move, they left their houses and stared at the exit leading to the third layer. Behind that stone gate were the giant bell and the person who had sounded it.

In the mountain belonging to Lake of Colors Tribe, Yan Luan stood up. With a calm expression, she walked out of her house and looked at the city submerged in rain. With her power, she could vaguely see layers upon layers of ripples spreading out from Han Mountain City and pushing the rain. In that instant, Han Mountain... was without rain!

"Finally, there's someone who's actually good challenging the Chains of Han Mountain. Send orders for someone to send a plate allowing the challenger to the top of Han Mountain..."

Her tone was relaxed, as if there was nothing that could excite her, but also as if even if there was someone who managed to ring the bell nine times, it would still not be able to make her amazed.

However, that was the extent of her speech. Before she completed her sentence, for the first time, a sound that made her expression change rang out from Han Mountain City!

Dong... Dong... Dong...

11, 12 chimes reverberated in the air suddenly!

At the same time, the howl of a beast could be heard in the dark and cloudy sky above Han Mountain City. The sound shook the sky, and as the howl started, the apparition of a gigantic ferocious beast with the head of a dragon and body of a clam manifested before everyone's eyes!

"What is this person's level of cultivation? How did he manage to sound the bell twelve times and summon the shadow of Han Mountain's sealed beast?"

Yan Luan's breathing quickened and a bright glint appeared in her eyes.

Chapter 174: Alpine Dark Turtle

On the mountain where Lake of Colors Tribe was located was Han Fei Zi, who stood in her house, looking as if she could see the person who was silently sounding the bell in the city. There was a bright glint in her eyes as she stared at Han Mountain.

The person may have been hidden by the fog, but she could already vaguely guess that this person might be the Mo Su she had been looking for a long time!

"Is it you..?" Han Fei Zi mumbled.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe remained calm as he sat at the top of the mountain. His expression was like the still water in an ancient well. His thoughts were unknown to others. Sitting by his side were the Chief of War and Tranquil East's tribe leader, Fang Shen.

These three people were silent as the lingering bell chimes echoed in their ears.

"Could it be our guest, Mo Su?" the Elder of Tranquil East spoke unhurriedly with a slightly hoarse voice.

"I can't be certain, but I've already sent people to take a look." Tranquil East's tribe leader replied in a low voice.

"Elder, should we have someone give this person the plate?" The

Chief of War hesitated for a moment before he looked at Tranquil East's Elder. The old man, whose face was covered in wrinkles, had his eyes closed. He did not refuse what the Chief of War said, but neither did he agree to it.

On the mountain shrouded in black fog was Puqiang Tribe. At that moment, there were dozens of obscured silhouettes of people standing in the fog looking in the direction of Han Mountain City. They did speak, but only looked into the distance indifferently.

Compared to the silence in the three tribes, when the gigantic apparition of the Dragon Clam appeared in the dark, cloudy sky above Han Mountain City, the people in the city were completely shaken. Numerous people from Han Mountain City rushed out into the rain to see the Dragon Clam in the sky. All of them felt shaken to the core, and in their ears were the bell chimes that still refused to leave.

"12 chimes. Han Mountain Bell sounded 12 times. This person... this person is really powerful!"

"He already obtained the right to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. Right now, he just needs to wait for the three tribes to send their plates, then he can go to the top of the mountain with the plates and challenge the Chains of Han Mountain!"

"I thought that one bell chime was just an accident, but now it's gone past nine chimes and sounded 12 times!"

"Who is that? By the looks of it, he's not going to stop just yet.

Just how many times will he sound the bell?"

People ran through the fourth layer of Han Mountain towards the entrance to the third layer. Fang Lin and the others who were waiting at the entrance to the third layer were all shaken to the core when they heard the 12th chime. It was especially so for Fang Lin. He felt his mouth dry up and his heart race against his chest. He had a strong feeling that the person who had sounded the ancient bell twelve times could very well be... the familiar figure he saw just now!

The people arrived and rushed past Fang Lin, charging straight towards the stone gate before they disappeared inside. Those with the right to enter the third layer went in that morning with only one purpose in their mind – they wanted to see who the person who sounded the bell was!

The shopkeepers in the third layer of Han Mountain City were the first batch of people who saw Su Ming standing under the bell wearing his bamboo hat and straw cape. The moment that sight of the unfamiliar person fell into their eyes, these people stopped 1,000 feet away from him.

At the second layer's exit were the residents of the second layer, Nan Tian, along with Xuan Lun, Ke Jiu Si, and the others. They knew that the person who sounded the ancient bell twelve times was behind the stone gate, but they did not go over.

Nan Tian's gaze fell upon the apparition of the Dragon Clam in the sky before he spoke unhurriedly. "Twelve chimes, eh..? I heard that from among the people who finished walking through the

Chains of Han Mountain in the history of Han Mountain City, there were three who have been able to summon Han Mountain's sealed beasts after they went past 12 chimes!"

Ke Jiu Si, who was standing beside Nan Tian, suddenly said, "Brother Nan, you forgot one more person."

The moment his words left his mouth, Nan Tian's expression immediately changed. He did not speak. Xuan Lun also heard his words, since he was not standing too far away. His face turned slightly pale as he remembered something.

There were four people in the second layer. There was a middle-aged man wearing a green robe standing by the side. This person's clothes were odd. The weather in Han Mountain City was hot. Even if it was the rainy season, the weather was still hot. However, this person's clothes were extremely thick. It was as if he still felt cold even in such sweltering heat.

"Brother Ke, is the person you mentioned..."

When the middle-aged man in green robes spoke, a white puff of air left his mouth, a clearly different sight from the others around him. If anyone else saw it, they would immediately recognize that this person had the same status as Nan Tian and the others. He was the fourth Transcended Berserker in Han Mountain City – Leng Ying.

"Si Ma Xin?" Leng Ying asked slowly.

"Brother Leng, Brother Yun, the both of you have only come to Han Mountain City recently, so you might not really know this person."

Ke Jiu Si cast a glance at Leng Ying and nodded.

There was another person called Yun Zang among the five Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City. He was the 'Brother Yun' Ke Jiu Si spoke of. This person had just left for isolation a month ago to make the final preparations to join Freezing Sky Clan.

"Si Ma Xin came to Han Mountain City along with Freezing Sky Clan in the past and sounded the ancient bell... Most outsiders don't know the details. Only the leaders of the three tribes and the three of us know about this."

The person who spoke was the pale faced Xuan Lun.

"Oh? Why is it that most outsiders don't know the details if he sounded the bell? The moment this bell chimes, everyone in Han Mountain should know, and if someone like Si Ma Xin sounds the bell, he'll definitely be remembered."

Leng Ying frowned and looked towards Xuan Lun.

Xuan Lun fell silent for a moment. He was about to speak when another chime rang in the air.

Dong...

Su Ming stood beside the ancient bell. His expression remained passive, but the light in his eyes, which were hidden underneath the bamboo hat, were flickering brightly. The rebound coming from the bell was running foul in his body. He saw the crowd gathering 1,000 feet away from him, and he also saw the people dashing towards him from further away.

The gazes were all gathered on him through the sheet of rain.

"Twelve chimes will only startle Han Mountain City... the three tribes aren't really reacting..."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the Dragon Clam that appeared among the clouds in the sky. Besides the initial howl when the beast's apparition appeared, it remained like a being without life, floating in the air unmoving. However, there was still an imposing pressure coming from it.

'This doesn't fit into my plans. Looks like twelve chimes is not enough to create the shock I want. Then...'

Su Ming lifted his right hand. This time, he did not slap his hand down. He punched the gigantic ancient bell instead.

The instant his fist fell, the 13th chime rang out mightily, turning into invisible ripples that spread out in all directions with a boom. That ripple could not be seen originally, but in the rain, they could

see the raindrops gathering together to form a gigantic ring that was spreading outwards swiftly. This ring was spreading out as if it contained the strength of a typhoon that led the wind and rain to turn into a howl that was hidden under the bell chime. All those who were touched by the ripple would find their clothes flapping and their hair dancing.

As the sound of the 13th chime still lingered in the air, Su Ming's lifted his fist and brought it down once again. This time, he struck the bell four times!

‘If this isn't enough, then I'll make it enough!’

The straw cape on Su Ming's body was torn into pieces with a ripping sound, revealing the black robe underneath. The bamboo hat on his head did not move an inch and continued blocking his face.

The bell chimes shook the sky and the earth. The four consecutive chimes formed four ring shaped ripples that spread outwards towards the one ring that was located the furthest away from them and was still traveling out, causing the world to look as if it was a water surface, and Su Ming was the center of those ripples!

Han Mountain was trembling, and numerous rocks broke off from the mountain and fell. It felt as if the earth itself was shaking. As the ripples spread out, the crowd standing 1,000 feet away from him withdrew as their expressions changed.

At that moment, a muffled roar came from the sky. Life appeared in the Dragon Clam's eyes. It started moving, and with Han Mountain City as its center, it took a few spins with its gigantic body, causing some of the dark clouds in the sky to dissipate. The roar that came from its mouth shook the ground, and it was so loud it was deafening.

A bright sparkle appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he rammed his fist onto the bell once again.

The moment his fist touched the bell, the 18th chime sounded with a loud crash. The instant the bell chimes resounded, the Dragon Clam also reached its limit as it roared. Its body shuddered, and right before the people's eyes, it disappeared without a trace. Yet the moment it dissipated, a piercing howl traveled out from the void in the sky.

As the voice thundered, a mountain in the sky that could not be described appeared. The size of the mountain surpassed Han Mountain, and all of the other mountains in Su Ming's memories.

This mountain covered the sky and the earth, appearing as an illusion in the air. The top of the mountain could not be seen. The only thing visible was the gigantic turtle underneath the bottom of the mountain. It was carrying the mountain that was as great as the sky on its back!

The turtle looked incredibly ferocious. Its face was twisted, and there was the picture of a malicious spirit on it!

The turtle was like an evil spirit!

Lost in translation: 龜 is turtle, and read as gui1, 鬼 is evil spirit/ghost, and read as gui3. It's a pun.

It was Han Mountain's second sealed beast carved on Han Mountain Bell!

All the people in Han Mountain City who saw this felt their breathing quicken. The things that happened this morning made them feel shaken. It could even be said that most of them had never seen something like this before.

If anyone wanted to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, they would need to sound the bell. However, sounding the bell itself was a hurdle to many people. Making the bell chime nine times was already the limit for them. However, they just heard 18 chimes with their own ears and saw Han Mountain's legendary sealed beasts appearing in the sky with their own eyes!

"Alpine Dark Turtle!"

"It's said that Han Mountain Bell didn't originally belong to Han Mountain Tribe... When the bell chimes, illusions will appear!"

"I've been in Han Mountain City for many years, and I've heard other people talking about Han Mountain Bell before. There're three ferocious beasts carved on the bell, but only two can be seen clearly. The last one has faded out. Now... very few people know how that third beast looks like."

"This person looks unfamiliar, but judging from his power, he must have Transcended, or else he wouldn't be able to sound the bell 18 times!"

"18 times... by his looks, he's clearly relaxed... Look, someone came from the three tribes! It's Lake of Colors Tribe!"

The crowd burst into an uproar, and they started discussing amongst themselves amidst their shock. Suddenly, someone let out a cry of surprise. A person charged towards the city from the mountain of Lake of Colors Tribe. The person who came forth was an old man. This man walked in the air. His expression might have seemed calm, but the shock in his eyes was difficult to disguise.

"Who is the person who sounded Han Mountain Bell? Do you know what the consequences of sounding the bell are?"

The old man stood in the air and his voice traveled out like thunder.

Chapter 175: Priceless Treasure!

"To challenge the Chains of Han Mountain!"

Su Ming did not turn his head back. Instead, he lifted his right fist once again and punched the bell, causing the 19th chime to ring in the air!

The moment the bell chime resounded, ripples reverberated through the air, gravel rolled down the mountains, and the Alpine Dark Turtle in the sky let out a sharp howl once again.

"19 times! Just how many times is he going to sound the bell? What is his limit?"

"Does he still want to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain? If he gets hurt when he rings the bell, then he'll definitely die when he challenges the Chains!"

"This person is running rampant! Look, Lake of Colors Tribe has already sent someone here, but he still made the 19th chime when he answered!"

Sounds of discussions whirled up like a typhoon. As the sounds reverberated through the air, the old man from Lake of Colors Tribe cast a deep look towards Su Ming before he took out a plate from his bosom and threw it to him.

"By the orders of the tribe leader, we have acknowledged your

right to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. Lake of Colors Tribe awaits your arrival!"

When he saw Su Ming accepting the plate, the old man turned around and turning into a long arc that charged towards Lake of Colors Tribe to report back.

The people who had been silent in the three tribes found themselves unable to remain silent any longer. Right after Lake of Colors Tribe, a long arc also whistled into the air from the mountain belonging to Tranquil East Tribe. The person inside the arc was the Chief of War!

He came personally, and as he closed in on Han Mountain, the crowd gathered around the area immediately looked up.

"Tranquil East Tribe's Chief of War!"

"He came personally!"

"Of course he would. This is the person who sounded the bell 19 times!"

As Tranquil East's Chief of War approached, he did not stand in midair. He descended and stood 100 feet away from Su Ming. He looked at him and light flickered in his eyes. After a long while, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"By the orders of my Elder, we acknowledge your right to

challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. Tranquil East Tribe awaits your arrival!"

As he spoke, Tranquil East's Chief of War brought out a plate and handed it to Su Ming respectfully. Once he did so, he gave Su Ming a profound look before he turned around and charged back.

He recognized this person before him, it was Mo Su!

However, he did not want to offend this person, especially since he sensed that there was a startling similarity in the presence between the current Mo Su and Si Ma Xin. A thought emerged in his head, and it made him even more reluctant to offend him.

"There's only Puqiang left from the three tribes!"

"By right, Puqiang Tribe should be sending someone here by now."

"It's a pity that once Puqiang sends someone here, this mysterious challenger might stop ringing the bell and we still won't be able to see the third beast on Han Mountain Bell."

Su Ming stood by the bell and did not sound it again. He could feel that the rebound from the bell was becoming stronger. The 20th chime would definitely not be easy. Once he sounded the bell, that rebound would affect him.

The time it takes to burn an incense stick passed by in the blink

of an eye. During that time, more people gathered around the area. Eventually, most of those who could not enter the third layer clustered outside.

Their gazes gathered on Su Ming and did not move for a long time. It was as if they wanted to see through the bamboo hat and the black robes to get a clear look of his face, and to see just who he was!

"He sounded the bell 19 times. If he is successful in challenging the Chains of Han Mountain, then this person's fame will definitely be as bright as the sun at noon. He might even be able to enter Freezing Sky Clan!"

"There's no need for that. He's already famous!"

"It's odd though, why hasn't Puqiang Tribe sent anyone here?"

The sounds of discussions buzzed in the air. Many people cast their gazes towards the black fog shrouded mountain belonging to Puqiang Tribe.

Su Ming frowned slightly. He had waited for the time it takes to burn an incense stick, but Puqiang Tribe still remained silent.

'I don't have much contact with Puqiang Tribe, and I don't really understand this tribe, but I can feel that this tribe is very mysterious...'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the mountain belonging to Puqiang Tribe. The fog in the mountain was very thick and filled with the air of death.

They waited for a little while longer, and gradually, the crowd realized that something was wrong. They looked towards Puqiang Mountain. Even the leaders of Lake of Colors Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe cast their gazes towards Puqiang.

‘They’re imposing their might using the situation!’

A freezing look appeared in Su Ming’s eyes as he stared at Puqiang Mountain. He had a vague inkling of Puqiang Tribe’s goal. They wanted to use this chance by not giving him the plate to show off the tribe’s mysteriousness and power.

The more Puqiang remained silent, the more they would catch the people’s attention. They would not refuse him the plate, but they would make Su Ming wait longer to elevate their own status.

"Puqiang Tribe has gone overboard," Yan Luan averted her gaze from Puqiang Mountain and said calmly.

The same words were spoken by Tranquil East Tribe’s Elder.

At that moment, the black fog surrounding the mountain of Puqiang Tribe tumbled, and someone walked out from within. That person wore a black robe. He had an obstinate look on his face as he charged towards Han Mountain City, then he stood in

the air above Han Mountain and lowered his head to cast a glance at Su Ming standing beside the bell below him.

"The Elder is still in isolation. Please wait for a little while longer."

Once he spoke, the crowd immediately fell silent and cast their gazes towards Su Ming.

Su Ming did not speak. His face, which was hidden under the bamboo hat and the black robes, caused them to be unable to see his dark demeanor, but they could still feel a chilling air gathering around Su Ming.

"Isolation? If that's the case, then I'll just have to wake him up."

Su Ming's hoarse voice echoed in the air. This was the first time he spoke since he came to the place. The moment his words left his mouth, Su Ming swiftly lifted his right fist and punched the bell.

Dong!

The 20th chime!

The ancient bell trembled, and under that one punch from Su Ming, it swung to the back, and a strong sound that surpassed the volume of all the other previous chimes resounded in the air. The sound traveled in all directions, and the 21st chime followed soon with a sound that shook the sky and earth!

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly with shock in his eyes. The force of the rebound crashed into his body, and he staggered a few steps back. The bamboo hat shattered into pieces with a bang, but his black robes continued hiding his face, and the people still could not see it.

‘How could this be...?’

Su Ming felt shaken.

The two bell chimes fused together and spread out in the air above Han Mountain City like a roar. At the same moment the ripples rolled out horizontally, not only did the rain still, even the Alpine Dark Turtle in the sky trembled and howled as a strange glow appeared in its eyes.

The direction in which it howled... was Puqiang Mountain!

As it howled and the two chimes blended together, the two sounds turned into one that came out of thin air, a vague existence that did not seem to belong to the world and seemed to come from a distant place.

"Nine..."

That sound was like a bell chime, but also like the howl of the Dark Turtle. It sounded muffled, but the moment it spread out, a shocking boom came from within the black fog of Puqiang

Mountain.

The entire fog enveloping that mountain instantly burst apart when this sound resounded. It turned into countless black wisps that tumbled backwards, revealing most of Puqiang Mountain, which was usually hidden under the fog!

The sudden change shook the hearts of the crowd. Amidst their shock, they fell into dead silence. They did not know what had happened. They did not know why the bell chime this time would hold such astonishing power.

The fused sound contained a power that dissipated half of the power protecting the mountain of Puqiang Tribe!

The entire area was in silence. The Puqiang tribe member in black robes in midair was dumbstruck. There was disbelief on his face, even a hint of fear.

Yan Luan widened her eyes on Lake of Colors Mountain. For the first time, she trembled. Her expressions changed rapidly and her breathing quickened as she stared at Han Mountain City.

"He... He activated Han Mountain Bell's power!"

Han Fei Zi's eyes were sparkling on the same mountain at the same time. She felt shaken when she felt that burst of power. Without any hesitation, her body swayed, and white clouds appeared under her feet after which she charged towards Han

Mountain from Lake of Colors Mountain.

She wanted to see whether this person was the Mo Su she had been waiting for!

On the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe, the expression of Tranquil East's Elder was originally calm, but at that moment, his pupils shrank. He stood up swiftly and stared at Han Mountain's summit as he took in a sharp breath. A brilliant light appeared in his eyes.

'I've always thought he was very similar to Sir Si Ma. Sir Si Ma managed to activate Han Mountain's power in the past and obtained his serendipity. Mo Su also managed to do the same thing!

'Han Mountain Bell, o Han Mountain Bell... you've been in Han Mountain for numerous years, and even Han Mountain's ancestor had been unable to obtain your inheritance and your blessing. Many years passed, and only Sir Si Ma had been able to obtain part of your inheritance that year. And now, this Mo Su...'

On Tranquil East Mountain, Han Cang Zi clenched her fists. A thrilled look appeared in her beautiful eyes. She knew that this time, she did not choose wrong!

On their mountain, Puqiang Tribe was also in a state of shock. Commotion erupted among the people in the mountain. As the protective mist dissipated, the Elder of Puqiang Tribe found himself unable to continue maintaining his cool. The skeletal old

man in purple robes had an astonished look in his dull eyes.

"Give him the plate!"

Su Ming's heart raced against his chest. He looked at the lightly swaying Han Mountain Bell before him and took a deep breath. The moment he hurled his fist forward and his punch landed on the bell, he could clearly feel that some of the Qi in his body was sucked into the bell in a mystifying manner.

He had only sounded the bell once, but two bell chimes resounded instead!

He also did not expect the two seemingly normal bell chimes would fuse together and burst forth with a force so powerful it dissipated the fog protecting the mountain of Puqiang Tribe!

This power was definitely not something an ordinary Transcended Berserker could do. An incredible and unthinkable amount of power would be needed to dissipate the power protecting the mountain of a middle-sized tribe in one go... Su Ming's heart raced even faster.

‘This Han Mountain Bell... Could it be... could it be a priceless treasure?’

At that moment, when Han Mountain City was in a state of shock due to the bell chimes, there was a mountain shining with the seven colors of the rainbow in a spot located far away from Han

Mountain in the Land of South Morning. The seven colors constantly shone brilliantly no matter the time on the mountain.

The light from the seven colors had replaced the colors of the sky.

At the foot of the mountain was a pavilion. Black and white chess pieces spread on the stone table in the pavilion like the stars in the sky. A man and a girl sat inside and were both looking at the chessboard. The man wore a green robe. His face was as fair as jade, his eyes like stars, and he had an extraordinarily handsome face. There was also an indescribable air around him, making him seem lonely, but it was also like an air of serenity. There was a red line about the length of half a finger at the center of his brows.

He took a white piece and was just about to place it down when he suddenly frowned and looked towards the horizon in the distance.

"Big brother Si Ma, what's wrong?"

The girl's chin was resting on her hands. She lifted her head, revealing a face that was not exceedingly beautiful but had something wild about it..

If Su Ming was there and saw the woman, he would definitely be so shocked he would seem like lightning had just struck his soul, and be filled... with disbelief!

Chapter 176: Nine-Headed Dragon

The girl's eyes were big and sparkling with a charming light. There was a wild beauty in her eyes that made all those who looked into her eyes feel enchanted.

"It's nothing. Someone touched something that belongs to me. But that person can't take it away."

The man in green robes smiled faintly and no longer looked at the horizon. He lifted the chess piece and placed it down on the board instead.

At the entrance to the second layer of Han Mountain City, Nan Tian and the others looked at the Alpine Dark Turtle in the sky. Their expressions were grave, with a hint of amazement hidden within. They heard the sound just now and saw the fog protecting the mountain of Puqiang Tribe dissipating because of that sound.

After a long while, Nan Tian took a deep breath and spoke slowly. "Brother Leng, you have your answer to your question now..."

Leng Ying was silent as he nodded.

"When Sir Si Ma came to Han Mountain City, he came for Han Mountain Bell... He observed the bell for several days and only sounded the bell three times. That's why if any people heard it, they forgot about it quickly. Very few people know that he sounded the bell before," Xuan Lun said hoarsely from the side.

"Three chimes... I was with the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe at that time, and I saw it with my own eyes," Ke Jiu Si mumbled softly.

"Sir Si Ma fused twelve chimes together with the first chime. No matter how you hear it, it's just one chime, but if you saw it yourself, it'd be different...

"At that time, a sealed beast also appeared, but before that beast had completely manifested, it was shattered by Sir Si Ma's second bell chime. The Alpine Dark Turtle was the same. Before it even manifested, it was shattered by the third bell chime.

"As for the third bell chime... Sir Si Ma bled a little, but no other sealed beast appeared. After that, he stayed by the bell for several days before he left."

A strange light appeared in Leng Ying's eyes. He looked at the stone gate lying not too far away and a frenzied look appeared in his eyes.

Nan Tian cast Leng Ying a glance before he spoke coolly. "Unless you want to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, then don't try it. The three tribes know that this bell is a priceless treasure... but it belongs to Sir Si Ma."

Leng Ying remained silent, but the frenzied look in his eyes gradually disappeared.

Su Ming stood by the bell and looked at it. The scene just now made him feel shaken, causing him to form a new speculation regarding the bell!

‘Han Mountain Bell is definitely a priceless treasure! He Feng might not even know about this, but it’s been here for years, and no one took it. There’s definitely something out of place about this!’

‘There’s only one explanation to this. This bell has a spirit. Unless someone obtains its acknowledgement, then no one can take it away... Han Cang Zi once said that Si Ma Xin came to Han Mountain City in the past. I wonder if he realized the secret of this bell.’

The light in Su Ming’s flickered. Right then, the sound from the bell was still echoing in his head.

Nine... The two bell chimes and the Alpine Dark Turtle’s howl had formed that word once they fused together as if it contained a great mystery. It surrounded Su Ming’s heart and made the light in his eyes grow brighter.

At that moment, another long arc traveled out from the mountain of Puqiang Tribe that had most of its fog dissipated. There was an old man within that long arc. He had an incredibly respectful look on his face and was already in the Transcendence Realm. He approached the city quickly and did not dare stand in midair. He descended on the ground 100 feet away from Su Ming

and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming before he bowed deeply.

"By the orders of the Elder, we are to deliver the plate to you. We hope you will not mind what happened before."

As the old man spoke, he took out the plate and placed it on the ground before taking a few steps back with a conflicted look on his face and turning around to leave.

Su Ming did not look at the plate on the ground. His gaze was still fixed upon Han Mountain Bell. The light in his eyes flickered. He could already tell that the number of times the bell sounded was not the source of obtaining the acknowledgement from the tribes.

‘What they want is...’

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He had somewhat understood it, but the whole idea behind it was still a little obscure to him.

"I would suggest that you don’t do it."

As Su Ming was still mulling over it, light suddenly flashed on the stone gate that led to the second layer by his side. Four people walked out from within!

The appearance of these four people immediately made the crowd who was originally silent burst into commotion once again.

"Nan Tian, Xuan Lun, Ke Jiu Si, and Leng Ying! Besides Yun Zang, all the Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain City have appeared!"

"This is the first time I saw the four of them together!"

"He's Sir Leng Ying. I heard about him before. Now that I see him, he's just like the rumors described him. As long as he's around, even sweltering lava will freeze in an instant."

Su Ming turned around and looked at the four people walking out of the stone gate. A faint smile appeared at the corners of his lips, which was hidden under the black robes. From the group, he had already met Nan Tian and Xuan Lun before.

The one who spoke was Nan Tian.

Nan Tian looked at the man in black robes who had his face covered. The man had his head lowered and he could not see his face, but he had a feeling that he had seen the outline of this person's body before.

"Sir, what do you mean?"

Su Ming did not want to be recognized by others at this moment. This was not according to his plans to enter Freezing Sky Clan, that was why he asked in a hoarse voice.

Nan Tian took a close look at Su Ming. After a while, he frowned and spoke slowly. "It's nothing, just a reminder. Perhaps the owner of this bell won't like it."

Su Ming fell silent for a moment before he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Puqiang Tribe's plate instantly flew up into his hand from the ground. At that moment, he had the plates from the three tribes. He had obtained the right to go to Han Mountain's summit. He could go there and challenge one of the three Chains of Han Mountain that led to one of the three tribes.

Nan Tian smiled faintly and withdrew half a step. Ke Jiu Si and the others did the same and opened up a path to the stone gate.

Su Ming looked at the stone gate. He knew that the gate led to the second layer. There would be no more road blocks if he went further up. He could go straight to the summit. However... A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he looked at Han Mountain Bell.

"It doesn't mean I can't snatch it... even if it has an owner!" Su Ming mumbled and jumped up. He lifted his right foot and spun around, landing a kick on the bell!

Su Ming's actions focused Nan Tian's attention on him. By his sides, Ke Jiu Si and Leng Ying's eyes also became bright. Only Xuan Lun stared at Su Ming, as if he had just recalled something.

"The bell sounded again! 22, 23, 24..."

"This person must have Transcended, but that's odd... The bell chime this time doesn't have that shocking feel just now."

"25, 26, 27... Just how many times is he going to sound the bell? The rebound is too strong!"

The crowd was in an uproar. Most of them had even instantly retreated. With Su Ming and the bell as the center, layers upon layers of invisible ripples spread out, causing the ground in Han Mountain to shake. It even made the leaders of the three tribes in the mountains around the city focus their eyes towards the place.

Su Ming stopped in midair. Just as he was about to land on the ground, he lifted his head swiftly, as if he had finally found a vague sensation. He lifted his right fist and hurled it towards the bell.

The instant his punch landed, a shocking rebound landed on his body. It caused blood to trickle out of Su Ming's mouth. He fell to the ground, and once he took seven to eight steps back, he coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Dong!!

The 28th chime surpassed the previous chimes, even the fused sound that had dissipated the fog enveloping Puqiang Mountain. It turned into one single sound that replaced everything in the world and shook all hearts. It made all those who heard the sound tremble furiously. No matter what level of cultivation a person had, the mighty sound appeared in their minds and made their heads blank!

The ringing of that sound made the Alpine Dark Turtle in the sky howl towards the heavens. As it howled, its body shattered. Its body was not the only one that shattered, the mountain on its back also crumbled!

The crumbling sounds caused a huge crash that fused with the bell chime, making all those who heard it to be unable to differentiate whether the bell chime was real, or that it was multiple bell chimes that had blended into one single sound that was difficult to tell apart. At that moment, the sounds mixed together and caused the sky and earth to change. That muffled voice that seemed to have come from the distant past rang out once again!

"Nine... Headed Dragon..."

This was the only sound in the world. It reverberated, floated, and spread out, causing all those who heard the voice to feel dazed as if they had just lost their minds. It was as if at that moment, their consciousness had been absorbed by that sound.

Yan Luan fell into that state, the Elder of Tranquil East fell into that state, everyone, without exception, fell into that state!

Su Ming had the strongest sensation. A boom resounded through his head, and his mind was left in a blank state.

A gigantic bell flared up gloriously in his mind. It was Han Mountain Bell!

That booming sound was replaced by bell chimes that reverberated through Su Ming's mind, causing him to not know just how much time had passed until he slowly regained consciousness.

The moment he woke up, his ears still rang with the lingering sounds of the bell chime. He could clearly see that the people around him were all still standing around him with dazed looks on their faces, still and unmoving.

Su Ming breathed rapidly. Then, as if he sensed something, he lifted his head swiftly and saw the illusion of a ferocious beast in the sky that only he could see clearly!

It was a gigantic beast. Its features were still obscured, but he could still tell that the beast had nine heads. Each head had a different look. Some of them looked like they belonged to dragons, some to snakes, and some to humans. They were all incredibly bizarre, but what made Su Ming take in a sharp breath was this sight - out of the nine heads, he saw that six of them had their eyes closed, and only three of them had their eyes opened!

Out of the three heads that had their eyes open, one of them was looking at him gently. Su Ming could see himself in its eyes.

The other two heads were looking at him with an arrogant and cold air, and Su Ming saw an extraordinarily handsome person in green robes in their eyes!

At that same moment, at the foot of the seven colored mountain located far into the distance from Han Mountain City, the man in green robes placed the white piece in his hand down.

"Big brother Si Ma, you lost this round."

The girl by his side laughed happily. Her laughter sounded like tinkling silver bells and was very pleasant to the ears. She quickly placed the black piece in her hand down, and her petite face was filled with delight and happiness.

"Lost..?"

The man in green robes smiled faintly. His smile looked very gentle, but the chill in his eyes could not be seen by the girl, neither could the voice in his heart be heard by her.

‘That might not be the case.’

Chapter 177: That Might Not Be The Case, Might It?

Su Ming looked at the illusionary gigantic nine-headed beast in the sky and saw the person in green robes in the eyes of two of the three heads. Their cold and arrogant gaze seemed to have connected with Su Ming's gaze for the first time even though they were separated by a great distance.

A faint smile appeared on the lips of the person in green robes. There was a hint of disdain in his smile. He gradually disappeared along with the nine-headed beast in the sky. As it disappeared, the dark clouds returned and rain fell once again.

‘That might not be the case, might it..?’

Su Ming's expression was calm. He suddenly understood the meaning of the gaze that belonged to the person in green robes.

He did not know who that person was, but Su Ming knew that Han Mountain Bell was still without an owner. That person had not managed to completely obtain the bell either. He had only managed to obtain two of the nine heads!

When the illusionary beast in the sky completely faded out and disappeared into thin air, the people on the ground snapped out of their daze and opened their eyes, no matter how strong or weak they were. Even Yan Luan, the Elder, and the others from the three tribes also opened their eyes at that moment.

Very few knew what had happened. The sky was covered by dark clouds, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The crowd fell into a brief period of silence before they burst into an uproar.

"What... happened just now?"

"I felt my mind go blank, and I can only remember the bell chime echoing in my head..."

"That's not right, something must have happened just now, or else it's impossible for all of us to react the same way!"

The sounds of discussions became louder. The crowd's gazes all turned to Su Ming under the bell. They only saw his back. Su Ming had his head lowered, and the black robes covered his head so neither his face nor expression could be seen clearly. The watchers could only feel an indescribable presence coming from his back as he walked towards the stone gate leading to the second layer.

By the stone gate, Nan Tian and the others stood with shocked expressions on their faces. They looked at Su Ming walking over. Even if they were all powerful Transcended Berserkers, their minds had been blank during the span of the few breaths. They did not know what had happened, but Ke Jiu Si still instinctively took a few steps back when Su Ming approached them. A respectful look appeared on his face.

The others might not know what had happened, but Ke Jiu Si had seen Si Mi Xin sounding the bell in the past. It might have only

been three chimes, but the same situation where all of their minds turned blank had happened. He still remembered it. That year, when he woke up, he saw Si Ma Xin's back as he looked at the bell quietly. That memory had just overlapped with the mysterious person before him!

Nan Tian's breathing became rapid. He might not know as much as Ke Jiu Si, but he still knew that the bell belonged to Si Ma Xin. However, when the strange blank moment in his memories appeared, it still made him feel respectful towards the person walking towards him.

‘He's fighting against Sir Si Ma for this bell... This person...’

Nan Tian lowered his head.

Xuan Lun was silent. There was a conflicted look on his face. He had recognized Su Ming. At that moment, Su Ming had just become a tad more mysterious in his eyes. This mysteriousness was so thick it made Xuan Lun instinctively choose to move back.

‘Mo Su's power is not as great as mine, but he still makes me feel dread... He dared to fight against Sir Si Ma for this treasure, and... Mo Su seemed to have gained something... just what other secret does this person hold? Is he really just challenging the Chains of Han Mountain to obtain the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan..? Thank goodness he's not the Berserker who attained completion for the Blood Solidification Realm a few months ago...’

Xuan Lun hesitated for a moment. He became slightly uncertain

of his thoughts.

Su Ming walked over calmly right under these people's gazes. He did not stop for even a moment at the stone gate leading to the second layer. With one step, he crossed over.

The stone gate suddenly let out a bright flash. At the same time, the three plates Su Ming had on his body also let out bright lights. With a flash, he disappeared into the stone gate.

When Su Ming stepped into the stone gate, an old woman appeared behind Yan Luan on Lake of Colors Mountain. That old woman coughed as she walked. Her face was filled with wrinkles. As she coughed, a sickly red parlor appeared on her face.

Two girls supported the old woman on both of her sides. Their faces were filled with worry.

Yan Luan turned around, shifting her gaze to the old woman. She immediately took a few steps forward and personally held the old woman's arm.

"Tribe leader, the Elder insisted on coming... we..." one of the girls immediately said.

"It's fine. You can both leave now."

Yan Luan nodded and carried the old woman to the edge of the mountain. That spot allowed them to have a better view of Han

Mountain City.

"Luan Er, someone obtained a part of Han Mountain Bell's inheritance just now, yes..?"

There was a dull light in the old woman's eyes. Her voice was hoarse and held a hint of weakness. If she did not have Yan Luan's support, she would surely fall.

"Yes," Yan Luan was silent for a moment before she answered softly.

"That bell has been in Han Mountain for too long... Han Mountain Tribe was even named after that bell. Han Mountain's ancestor was the one who gave the bell its name – Han Mountain Bell. But in truth, no one knows where it came from, and what its true name is.

"It's better if it's taken away. If it continues staying here, then some day, it'll bring about a catastrophe... It doesn't matter whether it's Si Ma Xin or that person just now, let whoever can take it away do so. Don't interfere."

"But Fei Er still needs to enter Freezing Sky..."

Before Yan Luan could finish speaking, the old woman turned her weak body around and looked at the beautiful woman before her. She did not speak, but only looked.

After a long while, Yan Luan lowered her head.

"Elder, I'll remember it."

"Luan Er, Lake of Colors Tribe is only a small middle-sized tribe. Si Ma Xin is not someone we can provoke, but is the person who dared to fight against Si Ma Xin for the bell someone we can provoke?"

"Elder, I'm worried about Freezing Sky Clan. Si Ma Xin is the disciple they value the most in Freezing Sky Clan... Fei Er still needs to join Freezing Sky Clan, if I don't do anything now, I..."

"You're still too young..."

The old woman lifted a trembling hand and patted Yan Luan's shoulder. The intelligence left behind by time could be seen in her dull eyes.

"You can say that Si Ma Xin is Freezing Sky Clan's disciple, but can you say that Si Ma Xin is the only disciple in Freezing Sky Clan?"

The old woman turned her head and looked at Han Mountain with a profound gaze.

"This..."

Yan Luan was stunned. There was a slightly confused look on her face.

The old woman sighed softly. She did not look at Yan Luan as she whispered, "Let's change a perspective, you can say that Lake of Colors Tribe is a tribe in the Land of South Morning, but can you say that Lake of Colors Tribe is the only tribe in the Land of South Morning..? Do you understand now?"

Yan Luan fell silent for a moment before she nodded.

"I've already given up too much for Freezing Sky Clan. The four dimensional layer Relocation Art can protect our tribe from not dwindling for 1,000 years. Don't provoke this person. If he wants to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain, then we will support him." As the old woman spoke, a tired look appeared on her face.

At the same time, the eyes of Tranquil East's Elder sparkled at the top of the mountain of Tranquil East Tribe. His expressions changed repeatedly, as if he was uncertain. He would even occasionally cast a look at the Lake of Colors Mountain. When he saw that Lake of Colors Mountain remained still, resolution appeared in his eyes.

"Among the three tribes in Han Mountain, I respect the Elder of Lake of Colors the most. This old woman may not be incredibly calculative, but her intelligence can occasionally be very useful in major events. If she doesn't take action, neither will we!

"Han Mountain Bell will belong to whoever takes it away. This

bell never belonged to the three tribes to begin with. Once we understand this, we can be at ease," the Elder of Tranquil East said in a voice as if he was mumbling to himself, but he also seemed to be talking to the tribe leader of Tranquil East, the Chief of War, and the others standing behind him.

Puqiang Tribe was also silent. The three tribes had adopted a strikingly similar attitude towards this. They chose to ignore it.

There was only a little time left before the afternoon, but the rain was still heavy. It poured down mountain ranges and flowed down the rocks, causing the floor to be incredibly slippery.

This was Su Ming's first time being in the second layer of Han Mountain City. Behind him was the stone gate that blocked the path to the third layer. Before him, the first layer of Han Mountain City was located high above. It was also the top of Han Mountain. That place was not too far from where he was. There was nothing above the first layer. Only the three Chains stretched out and connected the mountains of the three tribes over there.

"The Chains of Han Mountain..."

A brilliant glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his feet and moved through the quiet second layer at a moderate pace. He walked along the winding mountain path, and after the time it takes to burn half an incense stick, he stood at the highest point of Han Mountain City!

At this place, the mountain breeze whistled in the air and rushed

madly at his face. It caused Su Ming's robes to dance in the air, but the wind did not manage to lift the robes covering his face. The three Chains connected to the summit swayed in the wind. The canyons that spanned hundreds upon thousands of feet were right underneath them.

The wind was piercing cold. There were even droplets of rain in it.

Su Ming stood right there at the top and took a deep breath.

He did not know whether powerful Transcended Berserkers would die once they failed the challenge and fell into the canyons. However, if the Chains of Han Mountain had existed for so many years, then it would definitely not be easy to challenge them. Even if those who had Transcended could walk in the sky, they would still only have a slim chance of surviving.

Su Ming stood at the summit and looked into the distance. As far as he could see it was filled with dark clouds. The sky and earth seemed to have connected together and there was no difference between them. The rain was like a curtain that caused everything in sight to be blurred and indistinct.

Sometimes, thunder would rumble in the sky. Bolts of lightning that could not be seen clearly would also flash. Sometimes, a part of the bolt of lightning would appear among the layers of clouds. If someone kept their eyes towards the sky for a long time, they would feel as if their eyes were flickering.

"He's going to start the challenge of the Chains of Han Mountain!"

"Which tribe's Chain will this person choose? I think it's going to be Lake of Colors!"

"No matter which tribe's Chain he chooses, I just want to know whether he'll be successful. There're nine sections to the Chain, how many sections will he be able to walk? If he walks past the seventh section, then he can already be considered to have made it!"

"In the past, the standard was for the challenger to walk up to the eighth section of the Chain for Freezing Sky Clan to take that person in as a disciple. The criterion for each person is still different, but there're just too few who manage to walk up to the ninth section of the Chain."

"The ninth section is nothing. From what I know, the nine sections that are open to public now are only the first section of the true Chains of Han Mountain! The true Chains of Han Mountain are connected to eight mountains. Up till now, the complete chain had only appeared twice thousands of years ago!"

The rain may have been heavy, but it did not stop the people from paying attention to what was happening.

Su Ming stood at the top of the mountain. Before him was the Chain connecting to Lake of Colors Tribe. The Chain to his right was connected to the mountain belonging to Tranquil East Tribe in

the distance. To his left was the Chain that connected to Puqiang Mountain, dripping wet with water as it bathed in the rain.

Three Chains, and three different mountains.

Su Ming stood at the peak, and he could not help but recall the first time he came to Han Mountain City a few years ago. He had been standing at the third layer and had his head lifted to look at He Feng standing at the top of the mountain.

That scene had remained in his head for a long time.

"A few years have passed since then. Time flies..." Su Ming mumbled.

He took a deep breath and looked towards the Chain connecting to Puqiang Mountain. A bright glint appeared in his eyes and he took one step towards the Chain to his left!

Chapter 178: The Chains Of Han Mountain

"It's Puqiang Tribe!"

"He didn't choose Lake of Colors or Tranquil East, but Puqiang!"

"Puqiang Tribe has always been mysterious, and there are few who challenge the Chain of this mountain. Why did he choose that mountain? Lake of Colors and Tranquil East had clearly shown their willingness to receive him just now. Only Puqiang remained indifferent, and they were even in conflict earlier!"

As Su Ming moved forward, the entire Han Mountain City burst into an uproar. Almost everyone talked about it. They could not understand his actions.

By right, all the mountains that were connected to the Chains of Han Mountain were the same. Freezing Sky Clan did not designate a certain mountain for the challengers for when they chose disciples.

If it was anyone else, they would not choose Puqiang Tribe over Tranquil East Tribe, who sent their Chief of War over, or Lake of Colors Tribe, who had been the first to send their plate! The two of them were even in conflict just now, especially when the bell chime broke the fog protecting their mountain.

Not only did the crowd not manage to wrap their heads around it, even Nan Tian and the other three Transcended Berserkers were baffled when they saw Su Ming's actions. Nan Tian looked at

Su Ming's figure at the summit. He could not understand why he would make such a choice.

Only Xuan Lun's pupils shrank. He was a guest in Puqiang to begin with and was incredibly familiar with the tribe. So even though he might no longer be a guest, the friendship they had formed over the years was still around. When he saw Su Ming's decision, he had no idea why, but his heart lurched.

‘He must have another plan!’

Xuan Lun narrowed his eyes and stared at Su Ming standing at the summit without a word.

Lake of Colors Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe were also puzzled. The Elder and the rest of the people in Tranquil East Tribe stood at the top of their mountains and looked at Han Mountain. When they saw Su Ming moving towards Puqiang's Chain, the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, Fang Shen, frowned.

A glint flashed through the Elder's eyes before he spoke slowly. "Kindred Mo seems to have another goal besides obtaining the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan..."

On Lake of Colors Mountain, a piercing glare came from the originally exhausted Elder. She looked at Han Mountain with a pensive look on her face.

Beside her, Yan Luan also frowned.

"We can give him everything that Puqiang can provide... but he still chose Puqiang. This person has a goal and has made preparations for it. He must have made his decision before he challenged the Chains of Han Mountain. His goal is not Han Mountain Bell, but... Puqiang!" the old woman said in a hoarse voice.

The light in her eyes became brighter.

The old woman fell silent for a moment before she mumbled uncertainly, "The only thing we can't provide is the aura of death that Puqiang gathers with their unique Berserker Art..."

Puqiang Tribe was even more shocked by this compared to Tranquil East Tribe and Lake of Colors Tribe's bewilderment. Almost at the moment Su Ming chose the Chain to Puqiang Tribe, a strange glint appeared in the eyes of the skeletal old man sitting cross-legged at the summit of Puqiang Mountain.

Seven to eight people sat behind him. There were even people rushing to him quickly from below the summit.

"Elder..." someone spoke hesitantly in a low voice beside the old man who looked like a skeleton.

"No matter. I'd like to see whether this person can make it here," Puqiang Tribe's Elder said calmly, touching the bone bracelet on his right wrist with bright eyes as he stared at Han Mountain in the distance.

Right at the moment Su Ming's right foot stepped on the swaying Chain battered by the rain connecting to Puqiang Mountain, muffled booms reverberated through the air and covered all voices from the people in Han Mountain like muffled rumbles of thunder. The earth also trembled as if it was shaking. Eight giant pillars of 100 feet thickness rose up from the canyon underneath the Chain.

The eight giant stone pillars, decorated by cracks and numerous green plants, rose up from the canyons with rumbling sounds and immediately supported the swaying Chain whilst dividing it into nine sections!

As the eight stone pillars rose up, dust clouds soared up from within the canyon, but the moment they appeared, they were immediately washed away by the storm. Thunder rumbled in the sky like it was showing its might.

Each of the nine sections of the Chain were very long. They connected with each other, forming a bridge-like chain path between Han Mountain and Puqiang Mountain!

Rain continued washing down the Chain, causing it to look incredibly drenched. If it was a normal person on top, they would perhaps not dare to take even a single step. Even if they did take that step, they would still fall to their deaths due to carelessness.

The loose and swaying Chain not only brought danger to a person's body, but also shock to the soul. People would feel as if the canyon was right before their eyes and they would retreat

instinctively. Even if someone pushed them from behind, they would still struggle to move backwards.

This sort of shock to the soul was hard to bear even for people who claimed to have strong willpower.

Su Ming's right foot landed on the Chain, but it did not stop swaying because his foot landed on it. It continued swinging in the storm, causing his right foot to sway along with it.

Su Ming had an incredibly solemn look on his face. He had never underestimated the Chains of Han Mountain. The slippery feel was even clearer when he stepped on the Chain, and it was difficult for him to stand firmly.

‘No wonder He Feng always took a few steps in one go at that time, even if he stopped, he would wait until he was steady on his feet before he...’

Su Ming was not the only one serious. At that moment, almost all of the people in Han Mountain City were the same. They looked at the figure in the rain and looked at the swaying Chain underneath his foot. They could not help the nervousness growing within them.

"Just how far... can a person who struck the bell 20 something times go?"

"He chose the wrong time. The Chains of Han Mountain are

much more difficult in the rain."

"It's not a problem of timing. It'll continue raining in this season. No matter which day he chooses, it'd still be the same."

The sounds of discussions gradually grew louder as the people's breathing quickened.

Su Ming could not hear any of it. He lifted his left foot, and the moment he steadied his right foot, he took a step forward.

This step might have seemed small, but it meant that both Su Ming's feet had left the ground and left Han Mountain. At that moment, it could be said that his entire being was standing on the Chains of Han Mountain!

The mountain gust whistled in the air and blew past Su Ming's body as if it wanted to push him off the Chain. It caused Su Ming's robes to flutter and made the Chain sway even more.

Even breathing was difficult in this windstorm. Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Puqiang Mountain located in the distance. Even his vision started swaying as he stood on the Chain.

'If that's the case, it's not really that difficult.'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he stood straight before he moved forward. Each step he took landed squarely on the swaying Chain. No matter how much the Chain moved, it would

seemingly move under his feet on its own to allow him to step on it.

He moved forward steadily. Gradually, half of the first section of the Chain was traversed. 2,000 feet away from him was a pillar of 100 feet that symbolized the end of the Chain's first section.

The people in Han Mountain City were all staring at Su Ming with utmost attention as he traversed half of the first section in midair, walking towards the first stone pillar.

"We might not be able to see his face, but his footsteps are very stable. The first section shouldn't be much of a problem for him."

"That's right. But there're nine sections to the Chains of Han Mountain. The farther you go, the stranger the Chain will be, or else it wouldn't be so famous, neither would it be used as the test for Freezing Sky Clan to choose their disciples."

"I wonder how many sections this person will manage to conquer..."

The sounds of discussion gradually calmed down and numerous pairs of eyes focused on Su Ming's body up above. It was not just the people of Han Mountain, the tribe members and leaders of the three tribes were also looking at him. Due to Su Ming's appearance, the day where morning had passed by in the rain became different.

Su Ming completed the first section of the Chain with a nonplussed attitude. When he was at the end of the first section and was about to land on the first stone pillar, he suddenly trembled.

The moment he trembled, his body started swaying. The sudden scene immediately made all the people gathered below cry out in surprise.

"This... This is just the first section, and he can no longer handle it?"

"Impossible! He made the bell chime 20 something times, how could he not be able to handle the first section?!"

"That's impossible, unless..."

Cries of surprise rose and turned into an uproar in an instant.

Even the people from Lake of Colors Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe had their full attention immediately captured by what they just saw.

A glint appeared in Yan Luan's eyes and she spat out coldly, "Cur!"

The old woman by her side did not speak. Instead, she looked towards Puqiang Mountain.

On the summit of Tranquil East Tribe, the Elder of Tranquil East also cast a profound gaze towards Puqiang Mountain. He smiled faintly and did not speak. However, behind him, a piercing glare appeared in Fang Shen's eyes.

"Since when did Puqiang become so petty?"

There were dozens of people sitting on Puqiang Mountain. The Elder sat at the top amongst those people, and they were all silent.

"Give me a reason," the Elder of Puqiang Tribe said languidly.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. At the moment his foot landed, a strong wave of power instantly appeared from the chain and surged into his body from his right foot without warning. That power was filled with the aura of death, as if it wanted to freeze his Qi. However, Su Ming had already obtained 979 blood veins. It would be difficult to freeze his Qi even for a normal Transcended Berserker!

He let out a cold harrumph. He did not lift his right foot, simply taking another step on the Chain with his left foot. At the same moment, the full force of all the Qi from the 979 blood veins in his body spread out abruptly and fused into the Chain, crashing into the incessant waves that kept charging towards from him hundreds of feet away.

The first stone pillar was in between the two waves of power. The stone pillar shuddered and a large amount of debris fell off,

but the pillar stood tall and did not fall.

Su Ming noticed it before. There was a strange force on the pillar that strengthened it. This force was rather familiar to him. It was the presence of Han Mountain's ancestor.

Even if the presence was faint, and even if Han Mountain's ancestor had died, but the presence that was left behind on the pillar could still make sure it did not shatter.

The two forces of power crashed into each other and formed a muffled sound that was covered by the rumbling thunder, causing the other people to be unable to hear it clearly. On Puqiang Mountain, a middle aged man shuddered among the dozens of people sitting on the summit. Blood flowed down the corners of his mouth and he looked at the Elder of Puqiang Tribe.

"He touched the treasure left behind by Sir Si Ma in this place. Sir Si Ma may not think it's worth it to be bothered by the likes of someone like him, but he has committed an offense and must be punished!"

"You bit off more than you can chew..." the Elder of Puqiang Tribe said calmly.

Chapter 179: Change In Personality

"You're to be punished with three years isolation and you're not allowed to come out!"

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe did not even look at the middle aged man as he spoke unhurriedly.

The middle-aged man fell silent. He wiped off the blood at the corner of his mouth and got up to bow towards the Elder. He hesitated for a moment, as if he wanted to say something, but chose to remain silent in the end and left respectfully. Yet at the very moment he walked to the edge of the mountain and was about to go down...

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe looked at Su Ming standing on the Chain of Han Mountain in the rain and spoke once again. "You acted too rashly, spoiled everything and achieved nothing. Three years is too few, go isolate yourself for six years and do not come out!"

This time, the middle-aged man not only did not harbor any resentment, he became more respectful and bowed towards the Elder once again.

"Thank you, Elder."

As the person left, Puqiang Mountain sank into silence once again.

Su Ming looked towards Puqiang Mountain. A cold glare appeared in his eyes. He could feel a chilling aura incessantly traveling forth. He could already tell that once he walked past the first stone pillar, the chilling aura would seep into his body with each step he took and cause his feet to increasingly stiffen up more.

‘The further I go, the difficulty of the Chain will increase, and what happened just now is definitely not a coincidence...’

Su Ming’s eyes grew colder and a chilling smirk appeared on his lips. He stood at the end of the first section of the Chain and lifted his foot, landing right on the first stone pillar. An incredible force erupted from his body and turned into an impact that traveled down his right foot.

The moment that force landed on the stone pillar, a huge boom came from it. Cracking sounds resounded and rifts appeared beneath Su Ming’s foot, which continued spreading down until they penetrated the entire pillar.

The stone pillar had existed for many years. It had never shattered because no one dared to destroy it when they challenged the Chains of Han Mountain. There was also another reason to it, once it was destroyed, they would have no place to rest, and the challenge would become more difficult.

More importantly, there was a strange power within the pillars. This power made them nigh impossible to destroy for other people. However, Su Ming was not one of those people!

That power belonged to Han Mountain's ancestor. It was a power that was similar to the power of the Branding Art, and since Su Ming possessed the power of the Branding Art, the power within the pillars was not a problem to him.

It would not have worked if Han Mountain's ancestor was still alive, but since he was dead and most of the strengthening force in the pillars had already disappeared due to time, with Su Ming's Brand, a crack immediately appeared in the force once he pushed the Brand in, allowing the power of all 979 blood veins in his body to crash into the pillar.

Tremors shook the stone pillar, and as everyone stared at it with their mouths agape, the stone pillar under that Chain crumbled and shattered!

When it shattered, the Chain sank down, but Su Ming was not affected albeit he was standing on it. The moment the stone pillar crumbled, he straightened on the Chain and looked towards Puqiang Mountain located in the distance!

‘Each time you attack me, I will destroy one of your stone pillars!’

Su Ming did not utter the words, but his cold gaze delivered his message.

He did not use words to threaten them. Instead, Su Ming chose to use his actions to respond to Puqiang Tribe's schemes. He was telling them outright that he had the power to destroy their stone

pillars!

When the crowd in Han Mountain City saw what happened, a great uproar immediately broke out among them. They had witnessed many challenges to Chains of Han Mountain, but they had never seen or heard of anything like this, much less thought that the stone pillar that had existed for so long would crumble right before their eyes.

"One of the eight stone pillars from Puqiang Tribe has crumbled!"

"It's said that the stone pillars were built by Han Mountain Tribe in the past and are incredibly sturdy. They're very difficult to break! Just how did he do it?"

"What just happened must be Puqiang Tribe's doing, but... that's just not worth it. If the stone pillar crumbles, it'll just be more difficult for the challengers. They won't have any place to rest."

"You're wrong. This doesn't really make things more difficult for him, but this is completely out of Puqiang Tribe's expectations. Right now, the one who is panicking is not him, it's Puqiang Tribe!"

"Shattering the stone pillars is not against the rules for the challengers of the Chains of Han Mountain. No one can say anything about it. But unless Puqiang Tribe can build the stone pillar like how Han Mountain Tribe had done, then this will be a permanent scar for Puqiang! This is a damage to their reputation. He's slapping them in the face, and they can't say anything about it! And this will also be remembered by other people!"

On Lake of Colors Mountain, a sharp glint appeared in the old woman's eyes. She cast a deep look at Su Ming, who was standing on the Chain in the distance.

By her side, Yan Luan smiled faintly. She did not speak.

Tranquil East Tribe was acting in a similar fashion. They were all looking at the silent Puqiang Mountain.

At the very instant Su Ming destroyed the first stone pillar, besides the Elder and two other people, the others all stood up on Puqiang Mountain. Their expressions were filled with animosity as they glared at Su Ming standing on the Chain of Han Mountain.

"How dare he ruin Han Mountain's stone pillar!"

"Elder, we must punish such an impudent person!"

"Elder, tribe leader, our tribe's reputation is ruined because he destroyed our stone pillar! We can't take this lying down!"

"Enough!" The Elder of Puqiang Tribe frowned and spoke unhurriedly. The moment he spoke, the area immediately fell silent. "It's just a stone pillar. If it's destroyed, let it be. We'll talk if he manages to come here."

The Elder's expression remained passive and his voice was calm,

but there was a chill in his eyes.

There was a plump middle-aged man sitting beside the Elder. He looked like a mountain of flesh sitting on the summit. He smiled and narrowed his eyes as he spoke.

"It's not a bad thing that he destroyed the pillar. Compared to the other two tribes, Puqiang's Chain will become more difficult for other challengers in the future, and it also sets us aside from the others."

Su Ming could not hear the shock in the three tribes or the uproar of the crowd in the city. He stood on the Chain that was missing the first stone pillar with a calm demeanor, not in a hurry to continue. Instead, he chose to recover his breathing.

After the time it takes to burn an incense stick, thunder rumbled in the sky and the rain became heavier.

At that moment, it was as if there was a basin pouring water from the sky. Rain landed on Su Ming's body, causing his robes to stick to his skin. The wind also became stronger, but Su Ming was prepared. He did not want others to see his face. The robes covering his face were set in place firmly.

He walked forth once again in the rain. This time, he did not stop. Even if the chill underneath his feet was getting colder, he still took quick and steady steps towards the stone pillar at the end of the second section of the Chain.

Time trickled by. Right at the moment Su Ming closed in on the second pillar and the crowd wondered whether Su Ming would destroy the second stone pillar as they stared at him, suddenly, a lackadaisical and delicate voice traveled forth from Puqiang Tribe.

"Sir, please destroy the rest of Han Mountain's stone pillars from our tribe. We're sorry we have to trouble you with this. And if you possess more extraordinary power and strength, then you can try cutting off this Chain so that our tribe will not be bothered by outsiders from now on."

The voice held a velvety tone to it that made it seem as if it held no strength, but when the words fell in people's ears, it made them feel enticed, as if they were targeted by poisonous snakes.

As the words traveled out, the crowd in Han Mountain City immediately fell silent and looked towards Su Ming. Nan Tian and the others were looking as well. The light in Nan Tian's eyes flickered. To him, the challenge of the Chains of Han Mountain this time was completely different from what he had seen before.

'Puqiang Tribe's words have just forced this person to his doom. If I were him, what would I do..?'

A cold smirk appeared on Xuan Lun's lips. He looked at Su Ming, who stood at the Chain suspended in midair, and that sneer on his lips became colder. He could already imagine Mo Su's hesitation. His actions and subsequent counterattack just now had just turned him into laughing stock.

Su Ming stared at Puqiang Mountain coldly. He lifted his right foot and stepped on the second stone pillar. Once he sat down, he closed his eyes, as if he did not hear that voice. He paid no heed to them and started resting.

At that moment, everyone in Han Mountain City fell silent. All of them were looking at Su Ming. Even the ones from Lake of Colors and Tranquil East were staring at him, waiting for the moment he chose to give answer to the statement.

After a while, Su Ming opened his eyes and got up to the move to the third section of the chain. The instant his feet landed, an imposing abruptly pressure spread out from the Chain. That pressure held an aged presence that seemed to have existed for a long time. It would appear each time someone came forth.

The moment the pressure fell upon him, Su Ming faltered for a heartbeat. He circulated his Qi, causing most of the pressure to dissipate. He lifted his foot and moved forward along the Chain.

The more steps he took, the stronger the pressure grew. Su Ming only took five steps forward, and he could already clearly feel a slight decaying sensation in his body due to this pressure. It was as if his entire being was gradually growing older.

‘So this is the true might of the Chains of Han Mountain..? No wonder even those who Transcended will shrink back in its presence... Even power will rot in the face of time.

‘The third section of the Chain will be difficult for those at the

eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm, but I can still handle it.'

Su Ming walked forth silently. The instant he took his 15th step, the delicate voice traveled out once more from Puqiang Mountain.

"Sir, about the thing we asked of you..."

The moment the voice came, the second stone pillar behind Su Ming suddenly shook and crumbled into a lot of debris. As it let out muffled rumbling booms, it shattered.

The voice instantly froze, as if it had just swallowed its subsequent words.

Right till the end, Su Ming did not open his mouth to answer the words from the delicate voice. Even if the second stone pillar behind him crumbled, he still did not turn his head back, and neither did he stop. The Chain sank abruptly, but he still continued onward towards the third stone pillar, facing the pressure brought by time as he approached the pillar.

His silence made all those who saw the stone pillar crumble stunned. It was not only because of the stone pillar shattering, but also due to their suspicions towards Su Ming.

"What's his name..? He's definitely not some ordinary person!"

"This person's personality is scary!"

"I wonder what Puqiang Tribe will do next..."

As the people discussed amongst themselves in low voices, Su Ming was already standing on the third pillar. He only stood there for a moment before continuing onwards.

Rumbling sounds came from behind him, and the third pillar crumbled.

He was still silent as he walked past the fourth and fifth pillars.

When the fifth pillar crumbled, Su Ming's footsteps on the Chain slowed down. His breathing had become slightly ragged. The aged feeling had enveloped his entire body, causing him to feel as if he had just turned into an old man.

Chapter 180: The Secret Behind The Chains Of Han Mountain

Half a day had gone by. It was already noon. The gentle sunlight should have been bringing about a scorching heat at that moment, but it was blocked by the thick, dark clouds in the sky that refused to leave. It could not shine through.

The rain was still falling heavily and created pattering sounds along with the whistling wind that swept through the mountain ranges under the heavens.

It might have still been raining, but it did not stop anyone in the crowd in Han Mountain City from watching. All of them wore straw capes and bamboo hats as they continued staring at Su Ming walking on the Chain swaying in the wind in midair!

The wind may have been strong and the rain heavy, but it did not at all stop them from watching the person who had sounded Han Mountain Bell twenty odd times, who completely shattered the five stone pillars he walked through, and who had walked up to the sixth section of the Chain.

Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to describe this person and this incident as something that would only happen once every thousand years, but it was inadequate to describe it as a sight that happened once every few centuries.

"He's slowing down at the sixth section of the Chain! There's definitely something strange in that section!"

"It's a pity that all those who successfully conquered the Chains of Han Mountain chose to keep the secret of the Chains to themselves. Most of those who failed the challenge died, and even those who survived by a stroke of luck chose to remain silent... It only makes people wonder why the Chains of Han Mountain are so difficult."

"Hmm? He stopped!"

Discussions broke out and multiple pairs of eyes gathered on Su Ming through the curtain of rain. Even Nan Tian, Xuan Lun, Ke Jiu Si, and Leng Ying all looked towards him with shining eyes.

Su Ming no longer continued onward on the swaying Chain. Instead, he sat down, looking as if his body was glued to the Chain. As it swayed, his body too, moved with it.

His breathing had become rapid. There was a bright glint in his eyes, but he was not looking at Puqiang Mountain. He was staring at the Chain beneath him instead. This Chain may have been bathed in rain, but signs of rust could still be seen in certain places, which proved the rumors that the Chains had been around for many years.

‘The pressure that makes it feel as if my time is flowing away is not coming from the land, neither is it coming from Puqiang, much less the stone pillars that I destroyed... It's coming from this Chain!’

Up to this point, as the pressure from time and age became stronger, Su Ming also felt that his life force was being sucked away by the Chain bit by bit.

The speed at which his life force was being absorbed was not quick, but the farther he moved along the Chain, the faster his life force was being absorbed.

Su Ming could still resist against it at the moment. After all, he had 979 blood veins. If he just circulated all his blood veins, it would provide his body with a vast amount of Qi. The circulation of Qi was part of his life, and it could cover up the portion that was absorbed.

However... Su Ming looked at the Chain that still spanned far into the distance before him.

‘I’m only at the sixth section right now. There’s still a lot to go... Just what is this Chain? How does it have such shocking power... and why is it absorbing life force!’

Su Ming chose to sit in this exact place because there was a particular portion of the Chain before him that had a lot of rust. It was also the one portion where the rust was the most obvious to the eye. Some of the rust would even break off from the Chain as rain fell on it.

Wind whistled by his ears and brought a lot of rainwater onto him. Thunder also rumbled in the sky. At times, lightning would flash. Beneath Su Ming were the canyons whose ends could not be

seen. When he lowered his head, what entered his sights was the rain falling into the canyons like millions of arrows that were let loose.

Su Ming recovered his breathing for a while and lifted his right hand, tapping a finger on the rusted portion of the Chain. The surface of his finger touched the rust.

The instant he did so, Su Ming's face started paling. Very soon, his right index finger turned white, all signs of red being lost. This was not a sign that his blood was absorbed, but a sign that the life force formed when he circulated his Qi and the life force used for his organs to work in his body was slowly being sucked away.

Time gradually passed by. Su Ming had already been sitting on the Chain for a long while. His right hand was still on the Chain, and he allowed his life force to be taken away as he remained still.

The people in Han Mountain City gradually discovered that something was afoot. However, they could not think of the reason. They could only speculate.

"Is he tired? The time it takes to burn an incense stick is already over, and he still doesn't seem to be getting up."

"Looks like the sixth section of the Chain is his limit. It's a pity... a real pity..."

"He already did pretty well for going up to the sixth section of the

Chain. After all, the Chains of the Han Mountain are unlike the bell. Your life is at risk if you challenge the Chains. I think that right now, he's also uncertain whether he should continue..."

"But can he even withdraw anymore? He already destroyed all the stone pillars behind him. Even if he chooses to walk back, it'll be difficult..."

The discussions spread in the rainstorm. Su Ming's actions had captured a lot of people's eyes and attention.

"Perhaps right from the moment he destroyed the first stone pillar, he chose not to give up..." Nan Tian looked at Su Ming sitting on the Chain and mumbled to himself.

After a little while longer, a bright glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he lifted his right hand slowly. He stared at that portion of the Chain and his pupils gradually shrank.

'It's just as I expected. The Chain absorbs life to repair itself.'

Right before Su Ming's eyes, the part that had most obviously rusted had started recovering. A part of the Chain had returned to a normal shade of color!

'The Chains of Han Mountain were created by Han Mountain's ancestor... He came from another world to the land of Berserkers. I can understand why he supported Han Mountain Tribe. By doing so he could have a place to stay.'

‘But why did he create the Chains of Han Mountain?! Just what was his real goal..? Did he create this Chain personally, or did he find the Chain somewhere in the land of Berserkers, or perhaps... it’s something he brought from..?’

Su Ming had met Han Kong. It could even be said that Han Kong’s death was directly related to him. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Han Kong died in his hands.

That was the reason why these series of thoughts and speculations that people rarely thought about appeared in Su Ming’s head.

The crowd in Han Mountain City and the Transcended Berserkers were not the only ones showing concern to Su Ming pausing in his challenge, the three tribes were also paying close attention to him.

The old woman on Lake of Colors Mountain stared into the distance and frowned.

"This person could fight for Han Mountain Bell against Si Ma Xin. I won’t believe that he can only go up to the sixth section," Yan Luan said softly by her side.

The old woman was silent for a moment before she spoke languidly. "He’s mulling over the Chain, just as we did in the past,"

The Elder and the rest were sitting cross-legged on Tranquil East Mountain. They were also puzzled by Su Ming's actions. As they pondered about it, Han Cang Zi appeared from the stairs on the side and walked to the summit. She did not pay attention to any of them, but chose to stand at the edge of the mountain and look towards the Chain of Han Mountain in the distance with a calm expression.

Puqiang Mountain remained in dead silence. All of their gazes were focused on Su Ming sitting cross-legged in the distance. Those gazes were filled with sullenness and uncertainty.

‘What is he doing?’ was the question practically in everyone's thoughts.

‘Just what are the Chains of Han Mountain..?’

Su Ming lowered his head and cast a glance at the canyons down below. Darkness filled everything there and looked like the mouth of a beast just waiting for people to fall down for it to swallow. Su Ming knew what laid at the pit of the canyons, and it was precisely because he knew that he was feeling doubtful about the Chain.

After a long while, he stood up slowly and took a step forward with his right foot, then he walked towards the sixth pillar standing before him.

At the very instant he stood up and moved, Han Mountain City burst into an uproar. All the people that had been watching Su Ming began discussing amongst themselves when they saw him

finally moving forward.

"He stood up!"

"We've waited for long enough, and now he's finally starting to move again. I'm curious though, why did he stop just now?"

Su Ming took a deep breath and moved forward. His footsteps had become much slower. With each step he took, some of his life force would be sucked away every single time his foot came into contact with the Chain, even though it was still the same Chain that he had walked on previously. It made him feel uncomfortable, and he started weakening.

In his mind, he was no longer walking on the Chains of Han Mountain, but walking through his lifespan. Each step he took felt as if he had just finished walking through a part of his life. This sort of feeling was difficult for others to understand. Only when their lifespans were passing by would people occasionally sigh for the time they lost.

Yet the Chains of Han Mountain shrank the total amount of time for a person to finish living his life, causing that wave of melancholy to be brought forward.

When dusk arrived, while layers of clouds still covered the sky, the rain had let up slightly. It was no longer a rainstorm, but started becoming a gentle shower. Su Ming finally managed to walk to the end of the sixth section of the Chain after an entire afternoon passed by. The sixth stone pillar lay 100 feet away from

him.

At that moment, Su Ming's face had become pale. He might be circulating his Qi to stimulate his life force, but the absorption of his life force became stronger as he moved along the way. He could no longer remain balanced. He could practically feel the Chain howling in excitement as it was absorbing his life force to strengthen itself.

It was only a distance of 100 feet, but Su Ming used the amount of time it takes to burn an incense stick to walk slowly through those final steps. The moment he arrived on the sixth stone pillar, he let out a long sigh and sat down cross-legged, staring at the seventh, eighth, and ninth section of the Chain lying before him, and at Puqiang Mountain, which was connected to the ninth section of the Chain. This distance might seem short, but it gave Su Ming a feeling that it was very far away. He could already imagine that the difficulty of the final three sections of the Chain would far surpass the previous ones.

"This Chain is somewhat familiar to me..." Su Ming mumbled with his eyes closed.

He had that feeling suppressed at the very bottom of his heart, and it only appeared in his mind when doubts and speculations arose, and he connected all of them with Han Kong.

The moment Su Ming stepped on the sixth stone pillar, a huge wave of discussions passed through the crowd in Han Mountain City.

"The sixth stone pillar! That's the start of the seventh section of the Chain!"

"Can he finish traversing the seventh section of the Chain..?"

"I don't think so. He was already staggering when he was walking on the sixth section. It'll be very difficult for him to finish the seventh section..."

"From what I know, all the previous challengers of the Chains of Han Mountain failed at the seventh section... This section might be different from the rest!"

When the discussions started, Su Ming was seated and unmoving. After a long while, when the sky turned completely dark and the moon peaked out from the clouds, he opened his eyes.

"Night has come..." he mumbled.

Chapter 181: Lei Chen!

Up till this point, Su Ming had only been circulating his Qi to counter the power sucking away his life force as he walked through the previous six sections of the Chain. He did not use any other method to counter the force.

The Branding Art was only used to destroy the stone pillar. At other times, Su Ming would keep it in himself. He did not wait for night to fall, did not activate the Branding Art, even fine control was rarely used. He only used the power of all the blood veins he had at that point in his body.

After the few months of meditating in the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor, Su Ming had discovered something unique that existed only within those who attained completion for the Blood Solidification Realm – if he did not want to, his blood veins would not appear on his skin.

During the first five sections, Su Ming only used the power of around 700 blood veins. He only used the full power of all 979 blood veins when he was walking on the sixth section of the Chain.

Su Ming knew he had to use some of his hidden techniques when he faced the seventh section of the Chain, or else, with just the power of the 979 blood veins, even if he managed to finish walking past the seventh section, the life force that was absorbed would affect his future plans.

‘My body will recover quicker under the moonlight... the same

goes for my blood circulation. It'll also produce more life force for me...'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the moon in the sky. Most of it was concealed by the clouds. The moon was not round, but in Su Ming's eyes, the moon belonged solely to him.

Moonlight shone on the ground without form. Some of the light was reflected off the small drops of rain, forming brilliant colors that could not be seen by others. As the light blended into Su Ming's body, he slowly rose up and walked towards the seventh section of the Chain.

"He started on the seventh section!"

"This section is incredibly dangerous. It's far too easy falling to your death here. I also heard that a lot of people failed at this section!"

"It's a pity... this person already wasted too much energy in the sixth section. The seventh section might be difficult for him."

Moonlight scattered on the ground at night. It might not be as bright as daylight, but the people could still see Su Ming walking towards the seventh section of the Chain. The crowd had already been watching for an entire morning, but they refused to go and rest even if it was night. Some of them even chose to go to places where there was no rain to sit down and watch as they talked amongst themselves.

The old woman might have been tired, but she continued standing on the summit of Lake of Colors Mountain with Yan Luan supporting her as she watched.

"The seventh section... the section of doom..." the old woman mumbled.

Yan Luan was silent. She did not speak, but simply looked onward.

At that moment, Su Ming did not realize that behind him, in a house on the second layer of Han Mountain, was Han Fei Zi, who had arrived some time ago. She had been standing there for a long time already, looking at Su Ming's back, pondering about something.

Everyone on the mountain belonging to Tranquil East Tribe was watching.

The tribe leader of Tranquil East hesitated for a moment before he looked towards the Elder by his side. "Can he walk through the seventh section..?"

"You should ask Han Cang Zi about that," the Elder of Tranquil East said languidly with a calm expression on his old and aged face.

Han Cang Zi was silent for a moment before she spoke in a gentle but firm tone.

"Yes."

The silent crowd on Puqiang Tribe also started discussing amongst themselves in low tones when Su Ming moved.

"Perhaps we don't even need to do anything anymore. Judging by his actions during the sixth section, he won't be able to complete the seventh section!"

"Even if it's me, walking through the sixth section wouldn't have been so difficult. Looks like we overestimated this person."

"Best that he fails, or else we'll have to continue waiting here, and I'll have to waste my time."

The sounds of discussion were low, but the words were cold, just like the Berserker Art Puqiang practiced, they were filled with the implications of death.

Only the Elder of Puqiang Tribe and the man who looked like a mountain of flesh did not speak along with the others. These two people's expressions were different. The Elder of Puqiang Tribe sat with narrowed eyes, not revealing his thoughts. As for the man who looked like a mountain of flesh, he was frowning.

"What are your thoughts?"

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe, the old man so dried up that he looked like a skeleton, cast a glance at the man beside him.

"There are three reasons as to why he destroyed the stone pillars. One, as a warning. Two, to be intimidating. Three, to cut off his own retreat, putting himself in a position where he must finish challenging the Chain.

"No one would do that, but he did... From these tiny details, we can tell that this person has a certain amount of confidence, but his confidence shouldn't be too great, or else he wouldn't need to cut off his own retreat.

"However, I think he can complete the seventh section," the man who looked like a mountain of flesh said slowly as a glint appeared in his eyes.

The rain at night was weak, but there was still the occasional thunder rumbling. Sometimes, lightning would flash in the sky and slice through the air, making the land bright for an instant.

At that moment, a bolt of lightning appeared, and in the short moment when the land was lit up, the crowd saw Su Ming taking his first step towards the seventh section of the Chain from the sixth stone pillar.

Yet the moment he took his first step, Su Ming lurched forward.

The others could not see it, but at that moment, the second his foot landed, Su Ming saw a person suddenly appear on the seventh section of the Chain.

This person's face was obscured, and it looked like it was just an apparition. It floated before Su Ming and over the Chain of Han Mountain, looking at him silently.

"Su... Ming..."

A faint voice floated towards him and traveled into Su Ming's ears, causing his heart, which was uninfluenced by virtually everything, to tremble the instant he heard the voice.

"Lei Chen!"

Su Ming immediately recognized the owner of the voice!

The moment he called out the name, the apparition no longer remained obscured, but instantly turned clear. Very soon, a person with an alien appearance, but with a pair of familiar eyes appeared before Su Ming!

There was a pained look on the person's face. He stood there with a baffled expression. There were numerous wounds on his body, and Su Ming could see some black insects crawling in those wounds. That person looked incredibly old, and his right eye was blind. At that moment, that eye let out a fierce light, but his left eye was staring at Su Ming dumbly, with disbelief.

"Su Ming... is that really you..? This is... This is..."

The person trembled and the pained look on his face grew worse. It was as if the pain he suffered at that moment was unbearable. Su Ming even saw a circular mark at the center of his brows.

That mark was completely black. There was even black mist coming out from it, as if the mark had penetrated through his entire skull.

"This is impossible... It's not you! You're not you! Who are you?"

The person suddenly roared and glared at Su Ming. He took a huge step forward and charged towards Su Ming.

A strong presence suddenly erupted forth from Lei Chen's body. When that presence appeared, Su Ming felt as if everything around him had frozen up. A mighty pressure fused with the aura of death pressed on him like a gigantic hand, causing his body to tremble.

"Lei Chen..." Su Ming mumbled.

His heart pounded and raced against his chest. He absolutely did not expect that something like this would appear on the seventh section of the Chain!

"This is fake. I'm challenging the Chains of Han Mountain, this is just an illusion formed in my heart..."

Su Ming's mind was not muddled. It was the opposite. His mind was incredibly clear, but it was this lucidity that made his heart

tremble.

"You! Who are you?" Lei Chen growled ferociously.

He was still closing in on Su Ming. A vicious presence crashed into Su Ming's body when Lei Chen was not even 100 feet away from him. A killing intent fueled by madness also appeared in Lei Chen's right eye.

"Lei Chen, I'm Su Ming..."

Su Ming was clearheaded, but the more lucid he was, the more terrified he became. He was not afraid of Lei Chen, nor of the heavens and earth, it was a fear that he could not describe!

"I am Su Ming... I am Su Ming..." he mumbled.

He looked at Lei Chen closing in on him viciously. He clenched his right hand and hurled his fist forward, but stopped abruptly when his fist was three inches away from his face.

He stopped because Su Ming uttered one sentence.

"You once asked whether we would change..."

Lei Chen trembled. His bloodshot eyes were filled with viciousness and the remnants of disbelief. There was even terror as he looked at Su Ming dumbly.

"That's impossible... I buried you with my own hands... Is this an illusion..? Is this another one of those illusions that're part of my training..?"

Lei Chen laughed brokenly and retracted his right fist before punching his own chest. A muffled boom reverberated through the air, and Lei Chen's body dissipated instantly, turning into an indistinct blur once again that gradually disappeared from Su Ming's eyes.

Su Ming's breathing quickened. He had not experienced such a change when he had walked through the six sections of the Chains of Han Mountain, neither did he act this way under Puqiang's delicate words. Yet now, he could barely control his own breathing. He panted harshly.

'Is this an illusion or is it the truth?!

'Is this my illusion... or Lei Chen's illusion...

'Is this my reality, or Lei Chen's reality?! Lei Chen's appearance has changed a lot, and he has become so powerful... Is this my imagination...?'

Su Ming trembled, as if he could not wake up from his nightmare.

At that moment, a shocking uproar broke out in Han Mountain

City. That commotion made all the people sitting down stand up once again. Lake of Colors Tribe, Tranquil East Tribe, and even Puqiang Tribe were taken aback.

All of them clearly saw Su Ming walking forward on the seventh section of the Chain in the night. Yet his movements were completely different from before. It was as if he had forgotten that this was the Chains of Han Mountain, and he had forgotten that he was walking on a chain, not a smooth pavement.

At that moment, Su Ming looked as if he had lost his soul and his mind before these people's eyes. Even if he was moving, he looked like a walking corpse. There was even once where he almost missed his footing.

This was definitely not something a person with a clear mind would do!

"This again?! I remember hearing from someone before that every challenger walking on the seventh section would become like this!

"Just what secret lies in the seventh section?!"

"It's over. He didn't slip when he almost missed his footing just now because the wind was small and the Chain wasn't swaying too hard... Now... the wind is here!"

The discussions that rose like tidal waves stopped

instantaneously due to the sudden appearance of the fierce wind. As the wind moaned in the air, the seventh section of the Chain started swaying furiously, and the speed at which it swung also increased.

At that moment, a bolt of lightning sliced through the air, causing the discussions that had halted to rise once again in a volume louder than before!

Because at the moment the bolt of lightning lit up the world, they saw clearly. On the Chain, Su Ming lifted his right foot stiffly, and... slipped!

Chapter 182: Failure

"He failed!"

"If you fail at the seventh section, it's the same as dying. He definitely doesn't have any Art that can keep him alive!"

"This seventh section... the seventh section... I can't believe it's so dangerous. I don't even know why he became like this. This shouldn't have happened by how he performed at the sixth section."

The sounds of discussing burst forth. Almost everyone stood up. Nan Tian and the others took a deep breath in disbelief.

"The seventh section might be difficult, but... he's the person who could fight for the ancient bell with Sir Si Ma, and he failed... just like that?"

"I knew that the seventh section is mysterious, but I don't know the details. Just what did this person go through in the seventh section..."

The discussions were endless, commotions broke out everywhere. Under everyone's eyes, Su Ming's foot missed the Chain of Han Mountain and he fell. His body toppled to the side, and he fell downwards!

The sight stirred up even stronger shock and cries of surprise.

Nan Tian and the other three people did not hesitate one bit. They all flew up to look from midair.

In the house on the second layer of Han Mountain City, Han Fei Zi's face turned pale under the veil. She did not move, but simply stood as she looked into the distance with a dumbfounded expression.

'It doesn't matter whether he is Mo Su. If he fails at the seventh section, then no one can save him...'

Han Fei Zi lowered her head and closed her eyes.

At the same time on Lake of Colors Mountain, the old woman widened her eyes. Yan Luan was also stunned by her side. Her face was filled with disbelief. This had happened too suddenly, catching them completely off-guard.

"This... This is..." Yan Luan was speechless and completely stunned.

"It's a pity... Hmm?"

The old woman sighed lightly. She turned around and was about to leave the place. The entire day of watching the challenge with close attention had made her extremely tired, yet when she was about to leave, she saw Han Mountain City with the corner of her eyes and was suddenly stunned.

The spot that she saw was where Han Mountain Bell was located. The bell did not experience any changes and continued lying silently in the corner.

When Su Ming's foot landed on thin air and his body fell from the seventh section, besides Lake of Colors Mountain, Tranquil East Mountain also experienced a shocking change.

For the first time, the Elder of Tranquil East stood up and took a few brisk steps to the edge of the mountain to look. He took a deep breath and his eyes sparkled with shock concealed within.

"With his power, even if he can't make it through the seventh section, he shouldn't have failed like that... this... this is... he's someone who's incredibly similar to Si Ma Xin, how could he just die like that?"

Fang Shen's face was pale. From the moment he recognized Mo Su to be the challenger of the Chains of Han Mountain, he had been in a constant state of nervousness. That nervousness did not stem from his worry about Su Ming's wellbeing, but his son's injuries.

When he saw Su Ming slip and fall from the Chain, Fang Shen's body swayed and he staggered a few steps backwards. He knew that Mo Su was dead. No one could survive if they fell from the seventh section of the Chain.

Han Cang Zi bit her bottom lip, and a baffled look appeared in her eyes. However, almost at the same instant that bafflement

appeared, it turned into resolution.

"He won't die!"

At that very moment, due to Su Ming's surprising fall, even the man who looked like a mountain of flesh stood up on Puqiang Mountain. All on the mountain took a few instinctive steps forward, including the Elder of Puqiang Tribe. They came to the edge of the mountain and looked down.

They could still see Su Ming's body falling downwards swiftly, and he was soon swallowed by darkness, disappearing without a trace.

"Hmph. Didn't I say it before? This person will definitely die!"

"The seventh section of the Chain is not so easy. He was just walking to his own death!"

"It's a pity. He sounded the bell 20 odd times, but he still died on the seventh section of the Chain, and no one can save him."

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe narrowed his eyes and a chilling glint appeared in his eyes. He no longer looked at the canyons, but lifted his head and spoke with a surly tone. "Send someone down and get his corpse back."

Someone behind him immediately obeyed and quickly walked down the stairs to arrange for the task to be done.

A disbelieving look appeared on the man who looked like a mountain of flesh. He looked at the canyons and then at the seventh section of the Chain. A respectful look appeared in his eyes.

"Chains of Han Mountain..."

The crowd in Han Mountain City still had not recovered from the shock after witnessing the sudden scene. Even in the midst of all the buzzing discussions and commotion, most of their gazes would still turn back towards the seventh section of the Chain in the moonlight.

"The Chains of Han Mountain become incredibly dangerous starting from the seventh section... Ah, if even such a prodigy failed, then how can we even challenge it?!"

"Only if you walk up to the ninth section are you qualified to enter Freezing Sky Clan, but that's just a qualification... But if you're from one of the three tribes, then you won't need to walk through all nine sections of the Chain, just like how Han Cang Zi did in the past."

Time trickled by slowly, and the people in Han Mountain City gradually accepted the reality. Some of them felt that it was a pity, some of them were mocking him, some of them felt pleased with what had happened, and some were sighing deeply.

Yet no matter what, everything had ended. The person who

made the bell chime 20 odd times had become something in the past. Another person failed the challenge of the Chains of Han Mountain once again. Another innocent soul died because of them.

"Hah... let's go..."

"It has ended. Let's go back to meditate and increase our blood veins. The Chains of Han Mountain are not something we can challenge..."

"It's a pity. We don't even know what that person's name was. We didn't even manage to see his face. Let's hope Puqiang can find his corpse."

The topic of people's discussions gradually started to move away from what had happened over the day, and they went back to their own houses with deep sighs.

In the sky, Ke Jiu Si and the other three people were all silent. Besides Xuan Lun, who was laughing coldly in a gleeful manner in his heart, the other three had mixed feelings in their hearts as they looked at the Chains of Han Mountain. They began to feel helpless as they were reminded of the approaching date of Freezing Sky Clan coming to take in disciples.

Strong Transcended Berserkers like themselves could go back to their own tribes and enjoy life if they were satisfied and were willing to stop with their training. That was their best choice. However, they were not satisfied, even though they had already reached the Transcendence Realm.

"I'll go back first..."

Nan Tian sighed and wrapped his fist in his palm towards the other three people before he turned into a long arc and went back to the second layer. Ke Jiu Si and Leng Ying wrapped their fists in their palms too and saluted each other in silence before they left.

Only Xuan Lun remained standing in midair with a faint smile on his lips.

‘You overestimated yourself and challenged the Chains of Han Mountain. Mo Su, you brought about your own death!’

Xuan Lun laughed coldly. He moved, but not back to his own domain. He flew instead to Puqiang Mountain. He wanted to see whether Mo Su’s face could be seen if he was brought back. If he even had a corpse left, that is. He already had a vague guess in his heart and wanted to prove himself right.

In the house on the second layer of Han Mountain City, Han Fei Zi’s eyelashes fluttered. She opened her eyes and took a step forward silently. White clouds manifested under her feet and lifted her up to bring her back to Lake of Colors Mountain.

She was not curious about how the dead failure looked like, neither was she curious about his identity, because he was dead. To her, it no longer mattered whether this person was Mo Su or not.

‘If he’s Mo Su, then I’ll have to look for another companion... Such a pity...’

Han Fei Zi sighed and flew into the distance on the white cloud.

Yet at that moment, when Tranquil East Mountain fell into silence, Puqiang Mountain was celebrating Mo Su’s misfortune and some were even went to search for his corpse, suddenly, in the dispersing crowd in Han Mountain City, a dense boy standing beside an old man took a look at the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth stone pillars that were still underneath the Chain of Han Mountain connecting to Puqiang Mountain with uncertainty and bewilderment. Then he whispered something into the old man’s ear.

The old man was momentarily stunned, then he quickly lifted his head to look at the Chain.

"Everyone..."

The more he looked, the brighter the old man’s eyes became. However, he was still a little sceptical. After a moment of hesitation, he called out to the people around him in a low voice.

Yet no one took note of his words. Thunder rumbled and lightning flashed in the sky. The rain became heavier.

The rain during the day might have been heavy, but people were still standing outside to watch the Chains of Han Mountain. Yet

now, when the rain became just slightly heavier, these people were already walking briskly back to their houses.

"Everyone... The... The pillars supporting the Chain are still there!" the old man yelled out. His voice did not travel too far. Most of the people who heard it ignored him at first, but very soon, they jolted, then whipped their heads back to look.

The stone pillars... were still standing tall underneath the Chain connecting to Puqiang Mountain!

"Eh?!"

"The stone pillars are still there! Once anyone fails in challenging the Chains of Han Mountain, the stone pillars will all sink down instantly. This isn't something the three tribes can control. This is the mystery of the Chains of Han Mountain!"

"How... How could they still be there?! Could it... Could it be...?"

The old man and the boy were not the only ones who noticed it. People gradually started noticing this sight in other areas within Han Mountain City. Very soon, discussions and commotions broke out once again. After a while, most of the people who heard the sounds stopped and turned to look.

"They're right! The stone pillars haven't sunk!"

"Could it be...?"

"He's not dead yet?!"

Cries of surprise reverberated through the air and eventually fused together. People's voices were like a windstorm blowing within Han Mountain City, causing all those who had originally wanted to go back to their houses to be stunned when they heard the words, and they immediately returned. As they listened to the cries of surprise around them and saw the stone pillars of Han Mountain standing tall before them, disbelief appeared on their faces!

'Is he really not dead?!'

Nan Tian came to an abrupt pause in midair and turned around. Shock appeared on his face.

He was not the only one. Leng Ying and Ke Jiu Si similarly stopped in midair and looked towards the stone pillars.

Xuan Lun was the same. He had been laughing coldly and was just about to go to Puqiang Tribe when he heard the cries of surprise from Han Mountain City. A jolt crawled down his body and he immediately turned around to look.

"That's impossible!"

Han Mountain City was not the only one in an uproar at that moment. The expressions of the Elder, the man who looked like a

mountain of flesh, and even all the other people behind them on Puqiang Mountain all changed drastically!

They also noticed this!

The cloud underneath Han Fei Zi's feet stopped momentarily. As she stood on the white cloud, she turned her head back and focused her gaze at the canyons underneath the Chains of Han Mountain!

"He's... still alive?"

"He's still alive? The challenge for the Chains of Han Mountain hasn't ended?" The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe took in a sharp breath on Tranquil East Mountain. A rare look of disbelief appeared on his aged face.

Han Cang Zi stood not far in the distance. A hint of red finally appeared on her pale face.

Chapter 183: Awaken!

The old woman's dark eyes sparkled as she stood on Lake of Colors Mountain. She looked at Han Mountain Bell, then at the stone pillars everyone was looking at while crying out in surprise.

By the old woman's side, Yan Luan was also in a state of disbelief when the same thought that was going through everyone's head appeared in her mind.

‘Could it be... Is he really not dead?! Why else would the stone pillars not sink?!’

The old woman was silent. She stared at the stone pillars and frowned. This matter threw her into a rare state of bafflement.

Due to the dark clouds, moonlight could not fall completely to the ground. While it may not be so dark that people could not even see their own hands if they stretched them out in front of their eyes, but it was still rather dark, and they could only barely see the Chain of Han Mountain swaying in the wind. The stone pillars continued standing tall underneath the pillars without any signs of sinking.

The amount of labored breathing gradually increased in Han Mountain City. All of the watchers, including the people who originally wanted to leave, were all looking at the Chain with full attention.

An indescribable feeling, like the calm before a storm, fell upon

on the entire Han Mountain. All of them were waiting for the person who might appear in their sights under the swaying Chain.

Su Ming did not know that there were so many people waiting for him to appear. He did not even know that he slipped off the Chain. Contrary to what the crowd saw, Su Ming was not in a muddled state. His mind was very clear, but what he saw was completely different from what the crowd saw!

What he saw was still the swaying Chain of Han Mountain in the wind. What he saw was still him with one foot on the seventh section of the Chain. He saw Lei Chen's apparition breaking apart before him. That devastated laughter made his heart tremble.

He could not tell whether it was his own illusion or whether it was Lei Chen's illusion. He did not even know whether this was real or fake. Even if he knew that everything might be a product of his own mind, Lei Chen's current appearance and his words made an uncontrollable sharp pain spike through his entire body.

"He buried me with his own hands..." Su Ming mumbled.

He fell silent for a long time, for a very long time. He did not hear the thunder in the sky, did not hear the wind whistling, did not see the lightning.

He looked at the Chain. Suddenly, the Chain was no longer horizontal in his sight, but had turned vertical. The world too, had turned upside down.

He lifted his foot silently and moved forward. Yet when he felt that he had taken ten steps forward, mist instantly gathered before him once again. A shudder ran through his body.

The mist quickly gathered and eventually turned into the figure of a man. This person did not have his right arm. He wore a green robe and was standing there with a baffled expression, as if he did not know why he had appeared there. He had a handsome face, and after a short moment, the bafflement in his eyes was replaced by a piercing glint that was akin to light reflecting off a sword.

Yet this piercing glint turned into a stunned expression when he saw Su Ming, which was quickly followed by a frown. His face became dark.

"Bei Ling..." Su Ming mumbled and stared dumbly at the man who had obviously aged before him. An indescribable feeling rose within his heart.

"Who are you? Why did you lead my consciousness here..? You... Your presence... Have we met before?"

Bei Ling hesitated for a moment. The moment he saw this person, an incredibly familiar feeling rose within him. It felt as if it was something that was carved into his bones, as if it was a feeling that existed from a long time ago.

Su Ming was silent for a time. After a long while, he said softly, "I'm... Su Ming..."

The moment he heard Su Ming's name, Bei Ling trembled. He glared at him, with an expression that spoke of disbelief and that he could not imagine this happening. It was as if these two words left behind an impression that was difficult to erase within him.

Bei Ling was silent. Su Ming did not speak either. He could not tell whether this was real or fake. Bewilderment filled every corner of his body.

Neither knew how much time had passed when Bei Ling suddenly laughed coldly. He cast a deep look at Su Ming and his eyes became cold.

"Since when did the Great Tribe of Miao Man toy with Berserker Illusionary Arts? And you don't even try forming the illusions of those around me, but chose to form Su... Ming's illusion, who had already died... I don't care which Miao Man Ancestor you are, but you shouldn't have created Su Ming's illusion... Su Ming is a member of my tribe. He is the hero of Dark Mountain... You... have no right to turn into him!"

Bei Ling's last words were practically shouted out. Anger and sadness filled his face, as if an old scar that had been sealed off was forcefully ripped open, which caused Bei Ling to lift up his left hand abruptly, and immediately, the apparition of a giant bow appeared behind him. That bow exuded a presence that could destroy heaven and earth.

The moment it appeared, it was drawn out as if an invisible person was drawing it. Wisps of black mist appeared from within Bei Ling's body and gathered around him, turning into a black mist

arrow. The moment the bow was drawn out, the arrow shot out from the bow with a buzzing sound and charged straight at Su Ming.

"Bei Ling... Big brother..." Su Ming mumbled.

His mind was very clear. He knew that all of this was fake... but even if he knew that it was fake, he still wanted to see whether after Bei Ling, the elder would appear, and whether the girl whom he failed to keep his promise with her would appear.

The charging arrow came to an abrupt halt before Su Ming. It was just like with Lei Chen's punch, it stopped.

"What... You... What did you just say?"

The pain on Bei Ling's face grew stronger. He looked at Su Ming, and after a long while, he closed his eyes.

"Thank you, for letting me see Su Ming once again... I don't care why you chose to cast this illusion, but today, I thank you..."

After a while, Bei Ling opened his eyes. A calm look settled on his face. There was a gentle look in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming, as if he was looking at his own younger brother.

"Su Ming, take care..."

Bei Ling turned around. There were tears in his eyes. He slowly walked into the distance, looking as if he was about to disappear from the world.

"Big brother Bei Ling, is Chen Xin alright...?"

At that moment, Su Ming forgot to remind himself that all of this was fake. He looked at Bei Ling walking away and instinctively opened his mouth to ask.

Bei Ling shuddered and stopped. He turned around and his breathing became rapid as he stared at Su Ming. Bafflement and uncertainty appeared on his face.

Su Ming looked at Bei Ling, then quickly put his right hand into his bosom. When he took his hand out, there was a black shard in his palm. That shard was the piece he took when Dark Mountain's statue of the God of Berserkers broke!

"Even if all of this is fake... even if none of this is real... Even so... Even so... It doesn't matter!" Su Ming lifted his head and placed the shard in his hand for Bei Ling to see.

The moment he saw the shard, Bei Ling's body trembled furiously. Shock appeared on his face and he stared at Su Ming dumbly.

"Are... you really Su Ming...?"

"I am," Su Ming said bitterly.

Bei Ling suddenly started laughing loudly. That laughter was filled with misery and a pain that Su Ming did not understand.

"If you are Su Ming, why didn't you come back?! Do you know how long we waited for you..? Do you know just how long we waited for you..? Su Ming, Su Ming... you're not him!"

There was sorrow on Bei Ling's face. He turned around and gradually walked into the distance as he laughed miserably, disappearing from the Chains of Han Mountain, from Su Ming's sight.

Su Ming stood there right up until Bei Ling's body disappeared. Tears fell from the corners of his eyes... It had been a long time since he cried.

At that moment, tears fell down his cheeks and on the Chain, then into the canyons, disappearing without a trace.

'Chains of Han Mountain, just what sort of chains are you? Why did this scene appear? Are you trying to tell me something..?'

Su Ming closed his eyes and only opened them after a long while before silently starting to walk forward again.

Walking through the Chain was no longer important. Su Ming did not want to think whether it was real or fake any longer. He

did not even care whether it was dangerous. He just wanted to see who he would see as he continued walking forward...

He continued onward. When he was halfway through the seventh section of the Chain, he saw Wu La, the Head of the Guards, Shan Hen... Eventually, the back of an old person with white hair appeared in the mist before him.

"Elder..."

Su Ming's heart clenched in pain. He was just about to see the old man clearly when he turned around, his vision suddenly blurring and a sword whistle echoing in his head. At the same time, a voice filled with anxiety repeatedly crashed into his mind. This voice belonged to He Feng, who was shocked awake when he sensed death looming over him.

"Master! Master, wake up!

"Master! You-You- If you don't wake up, then we'll die! Damn you! Curse you! why aren't you awake yet?!"

"If you want to die, at least release me first, I... I..." He Feng was in a state of frenzy as he yelled in a panic in his head.

Su Ming's Qi was not circulating at all. It was as if his Qi was suppressed, but the small virescent sword hidden within the path of blood that had been opened inside him was letting out a buzzing sound that only he could hear. That buzzing sound was becoming

increasingly stronger and was stimulating Su Ming's mind, causing him to wake up as he was dangerously falling.

The moment he woke up, a sense of death looming over him instantly rushed into his heart and broke through everything in sight, as if the world before him shattered into pieces. Once it disappeared, what appeared before Su Ming was endless darkness and his rapidly falling body.

He became truly awake.

The moment he woke up, Su Ming suddenly understood. It did not matter whether what he saw was real or fake, in truth, these were all the lingering sights from the illusions that appeared when he was walking on the seventh section of the Chain, which all remained in his head as he fell.

‘Have I failed..? But I haven’t seen the elder!’

Su Ming was falling rapidly. The canyon was very deep. He could feel the wind around him roaring as his body rapidly closed in on the pit below.

He Feng's panicked and terrified screams, along with the sword whistles reverberated in his head like thunder.

‘No wonder the people who challenge the Chains rarely survive if they fail... The Chains of Han Mountain are really strange. They can suppress your Qi and cause it to not circulate, and it can also

make people lose consciousness. The only outcome is death. It's very hard for others to save the challengers. He Feng survived in the past not just due to Han Fei Zi's preparations, but also because of his luck.'

Su Ming became calm as his body continued falling. He might not know just how far the ground was, but the approaching impact and the increasingly stronger sense of death was enough to tell him that death was closing in on him rapidly.

Chapter 184: Elder, Please Come Out

"Master, you're finally awake!"

There was a hint of bitterness in He Feng's voice. He already did not know how to express himself. He was shocked awake when he sensed death looming dangerously over him and immediately discovered that something was wrong with Su Ming. It was as if he had lost his soul, and his body was falling rapidly. Before long, he would crash and his body would turn to smithereens.

Su Ming was unaware of his surroundings, so it was only natural that he did not know fear, but He Feng was conscious. He could only watch Su Ming's body fall, watch himself dying together with Su Ming, and he could do nothing about it. He could not control Su Ming's body, and neither could he leave it. The power outside that was suppressing his Qi would also bring about destructive harm to him.

He was truly afraid. This sort of torture where he had to walk to his own death and could do nothing about it made him mad. He called out to Su Ming in panic, had even started cursing him without bothering to sugarcoat his words by the end when he sank into despair.

Yet when he saw that Su Ming was awake, He Feng suddenly became afraid again. That fear was no longer due to possibility of death, but due to the possibility of Su Ming having heard his words just now. If he did, then he might be in serious trouble.

"Mas... Master? What did you hear just now? I was just worried about your safety..." He Feng quickly explained himself cautiously, worried that Su Ming would punish him because of that.

Su Ming ignored He Feng. His body was falling rapidly. All sorts of thoughts flashed through his mind, and eventually, a faint glint appeared in his eyes. Immediately, the souls of Wings of Moon spread out from within his body. Yet the moment they came out, a mighty pressure fell upon him instantly, trapping the souls of Wings of the Moon within his body, causing them to be unable to come out.

‘I can’t circulate my Qi, and the souls of Wings of the Moon can’t leave my body either... This is the only way now!’

Su Ming activated the Branding Art in his mind, and a green light flashed at the center of his brows before the small virescent sword charged out.

The small sword was also not faring very well under the pressure of the place when it appeared. It swayed as if it could not bear the pressure, but when Su Ming gathered all the power of the Branding Art on the sword, it immediately stabilized, and with a flash, it dashed underneath Su Ming’s feet to support him, allowing him to step on the blade.

Due to the force of the fall, the moment his feet landed on the blade, Su Ming felt as if he was crushed. The small sword only managed to dissipate some of the force, the rest was all gathered in his body. Banging sounds reverberated within him, and Su Ming’s face immediately turned pale. He coughed out a mouthful of blood,

and the small sword abruptly sank hundreds of feet before it slowly came to a halt.

Su Ming was gasping as he stood on the small sword. He lifted his head swiftly and looked at the dark sky above him. He saw lighting flashing in the sky. During the short instance when the world was bright, he saw the faint and indistinct Chain swaying above him.

"I haven't finished challenging the Chain!" Su Ming mumbled.

He was wearing a black robe, but the hood had flown off when he was falling so he lifted it back up to cover his head once more. He then loosened the robes around his feet so that he could hide what was lifting him up.

The small virescent sword slowly rose up under his will, supporting his body from the depths of the canyons as he gradually floated upwards.

He returned!

Within Han Mountain City, as time trickled by and innumerable thunders rumbled in the sky, occasionally, lightning would slice through the air and light up the area. It also illuminated the Chain that was under the scrutiny of everyone in Han Mountain City. Similarly, the faces of the crowd standing in the city waiting were also illuminated when lightning flashed in the sky.

No one felt impatient. All of them knew clearly in their hearts

that there was only one explanation to the strange sight of the stone pillars not sinking.

The challenge of the Chains of Han Mountain had not ended. The challenger did not fail!

However, they might know the reason behind it, but the people could not help but be skeptical due to everything that had happened that day.

"Is... he really not dead?"

"It's been a long time since then. If he's really not dead, then why hasn't he appeared?"

"Puqiang Tribe should have sent someone to look for his corpse. I wonder how they fared..."

The low sounds of discussions broke the silence. It had been too long. Even if the people knew the reason as to why the stone pillars had not sunk, their uncertainty grew stronger as time passed by.

The Elder of Tranquil East had a grave expression on his face as he stood at the edge of Tranquil East Mountain. He kept his gaze fixed on the Canyon. Behind him, Fang Shen and Han Cang Zi, who stood a little further away, were doing the same.

"This has never happened before... Is he really not dead?"

Soon, an hour passed by. An hour usually passed by quickly for people, but now, to these people, this hour seemed to be passing by so slowly it was as if time had been lengthened by several fold.

On Puqiang Mountain, the thin and dried up Elder sucked in a deep breath, and the grave expression on his face gradually relaxed.

"It has been over an hour, perhaps something is wrong with the Chains of Han Mountain, and not because the person... hasn't died... What do you think?"

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe's final sentence was directed towards the man who looked like a mountain of flesh and stood by his side.

The man hesitated for a moment, looked at the sky, then looked at the canyons before he spoke slowly. "It has been quite some time. There's a high chance that this person is dead... The tribe members who went down to look should have also..."

He did not manage to finish speaking. Suddenly, his body lurched forward and he stared fixedly at the canyons. He... saw it!

He was not the only one. Beside him, the expression of Puqiang Tribe's Elder also changed. It was as if there was anger roaring with the might of a windstorm and giant waves within his body, ready to erupt forth at any moment as he stared into the canyons. He saw it!

Besides the two of them, the other people on Puqiang Mountain also trembled and looked into the canyons. Their expressions changed drastically because of what they saw!

They saw it!

Lightning flashed in the sky at that moment, and during the instant the light from the bolt of lightning illuminated the world, a person in black robes could be seen rising slowly from within Han Mountain's canyons!

Cries of surprise rose from Han Mountain!

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe took a deep breath and a piercing glint appeared in his eyes as he stared into the canyons with a look of amazement. He too, saw it!

Fang Shen and Han Cang Zi, who were standing by his side, had different expressions on their faces. Fang Shen was shocked, while Han Cang Zi let out a huge sigh of relief. They also saw it!

On Lake of Colors Tribe, the old woman instinctively clenched and loosened her right hand before she clenched it again. This repeated several times, but her expression remained calm. It was as if even if she saw that shocking scene in the canyons, her emotions would not surge too much.

By her side, Yan Luan was stunned for a moment when she saw

what was happening in the canyons, then a brilliant light appeared in her eyes. She was about to say something when she suddenly noticed the old woman's right hand, and her heart skipped a beat.

Everyone said that her power was stronger than the Elder's. This was true, but only Yan Luan herself knew the might of Lake of Colors' Elder. She also knew that the Elder had a habit. When she was uncertain about something, her right hand would clench and unclench multiple times, just like now.

"Elder, what are you hesitating about?"

Yan Luan did not quite understand what was going on. Right now, this had nothing to do with Lake of Colors Tribe, so why would there be anything that would make the Elder so uncertain?

Besides the mountains that belonged to the three tribes, the entire crowd in Han Mountain City that was watching the Chain also saw what was happening in the canyons. Once they saw it, the crowd burst into a shocked uproar. The waves of sounds rose and fell with such a volume that it seemed to be able to surpass the thunder rumbling in the sky.

"He really hasn't died!"

"It's him! He's out!"

"Just what is his level of cultivation? He... He actually managed to come out from the canyons!"

"No one has ever managed to stay alive after falling for such a long time. This person... He really hasn't died, and he even came out from the canyons!"

Nan Tian took a deep breath and admiration appeared for the first time in his eyes. He looked at the canyons and mumbled under his breath.

Leng Ying and Ke Jiu Si's expressions also changed once they saw what was happening in the canyons. Just like Nan Tian, they came to admire this man. Powerful Berserkers should be respected, and the person who walked out of the canyons especially so.

Han Fei Zi stood on the white cloud in midair. The veil covered the smile that appeared on her lips. Her eyes also became much brighter compared to before.

Only Xuan Lun's face turned so dark his expression was like ice. He clenched his fists tightly and lowered his head, hiding the jealousy and killing intent in his eyes!

Su Ming stood on the small virescent sword that was hidden by his robes and slowly rose from the canyon. He appeared in the air and before the people's eyes.

After what happened, he could be said to truly be the center of everyone's attention. His every action moved the people's hearts. Even the disdain held by some when they previously watched him was gone like the wind.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that he crawled out from death's door. To be able to walk out from the canyons after falling was a feat that would surely make him famous in Han Mountain. He was bound to be remembered by people even after centuries had gone by, and this incident was bound to be talked about by the people who watched what had happened on this day every time whenever someone else challenged the Chains of Han Mountain in the future!

It was also destined that this time, Su Ming's challenge would stun the entire Han Mountain because nothing like this had ever happened before, allowing him to achieve his goal of shocking these people!

He floated up, and when Su Ming's body was at the same level as the seventh section of the Chain, an even stronger outcry and uproar stirred up within Han Mountain City. Even Su Ming could hear the sounds reverberating in the city.

"Does he still want to continue?!"

"Just how does he look like?! What's his name?!"

"He's definitely going to be chosen by Freezing Sky Clan as a disciple. Even if he doesn't continue, there's still a high chance that Freezing Sky Clan will take him in!"

Su Ming stood beside the seventh section of the Chain amidst the buzzing sounds of discussions. He did not look at the silent Puqiang

Mountain, which was connected to the Chain, but lifted his foot and stepped on the Chain instead.

The instant he stepped on the same Chain the second time, the volume of the discussions in Han Mountain City reached their peak. The people of the three tribes also looked on anxiously from their mountains.

At the same time Su Ming stepped on the Chain, the small virescent sword disappeared without a trace under his feet. Su Ming stood on the seventh section of the Chain and welcomed the mountain breeze. He let out a deep breath.

"Let's continue, Chains of Han Mountain..." he mumbled.

He lifted his right foot and took a step forward on the Chain. As he moved, the sixth stone pillar behind him shattered and turned into a countless debris that fell into the canyons.

Even now, Su Ming had not forgotten what Puqiang Tribe had asked of him...

‘Elder, please come out...’

Su Ming moved forward. His footsteps were not quick. He didn't want to walk through this section too quickly.

Chapter 185: Refuse!

After what had happened at daytime and how he had crawled back to life from death, every single one of Su Ming's actions now tugged at the heartstrings of many who were watching.

They watched Su Ming walking on the seventh section of the Chain. They looked at the person basked in moonlight, and for some unknown reason, the person in the air seemed to let out a lonely presence. This feeling was very faint, and since everyone's perception was different, what they saw and felt was also slightly different.

‘Elder, please come out...’

Su Ming slowly walked forward. He longed and yearned to see the elder, even if it was just a glance.

Before him was Puqiang Mountain, which laid behind the eighth and ninth sections of the Chain. After being silent for a moment, the delicate voice that the people had heard before traveled forth.

"Sir, you've already failed, why do you persist?! Even if you continue on, you've still failed! Your challenge has ended!"

The delicate voice spoke slowly, and it traveled all over the region.

The instant this voice reached them, the people in Han Mountain

City immediately fell silent. Even Nan Tian and the others frowned, but once Nan Tian looked at Puqiang Mountain, he chose not to speak.

Su Ming ignored them and continued walking forward silently on the Chain. His eyes fell on the end of the seventh section of the Chain, and a hint of longing that was hidden deep within his eyes appeared.

"Elder... elder..." he mumbled.

He did not stop. At that moment, his heart jumped. He saw what other people could not see. The black mist on the Chain was gathering and slowly turning into an old man's back. That back was familiar to Su Ming, and his eyes lit up with eagerness.

He knew that it was fake, but if he could just see the elder even once, he would be satisfied.

"Your challenge has ended. You have failed. You are fortunate you didn't die. I suggest that you leave as soon as possible. If you insist on continuing, then you will be treated as challenging the might of Puqiang Tribe..."

That delicate voice resounded once again. The voice had a velvety quality to it, but there was a hint of venom hidden within.

The voice from Puqiang Tribe made the entire Han Mountain City fall into silence. Almost everyone became quiet. In the face of

one of the three masters of Han Mountain City, Puqiang, the visitors who came to this city had no power to resist their will.

They were not the ones who set the rules, even if they wanted to change it, they were not the ones in power to do so. Even if this was slightly against the original intention set for the Chains of Han Mountain, Su Ming had failed once, even if that failure was not acknowledged by the Chain itself and he had risen from the canyons.

However, if Puqiang Tribe used this as a reason, it was difficult for them to say anything about it, nor did they have the right to say anything about it.

Perhaps Nan Tian had some right to do so, but he chose to remain silent.

Ke Jiu Si hesitated for a moment before he sighed. He knew that he was in Han Mountain City and he was an outsider to Puqiang Tribe, that was why he did not have any right to refute their decision.

Leng Ying frowned, but he also stayed silent.

Xuan Lun stood in the air in the distance and loosened his clenched fist. Sadistic delight appeared in his eyes. He wanted Su Ming to refuse it, because if that was the case, then it meant he was going up against Puqiang. Xuan Lun himself did not even need to do anything, and Su Ming would be destroyed!

Everyone fell silent. Han Fei Zi lowered her head thinking about something.

Lake of Colors Mountain and Tranquil East Mountain also fell silent when they heard that delicate voice from Puqiang Mountain.

The world suddenly became silent. Even thunder did not rang out.

Pairs of eyes from Han Mountain City became fixated on Su Ming. The owners of these gazes wanted to know what he would choose.

However, they did not know that Su Ming did not have the time to be bothered by the delicate voice. His gaze was completely captured by the old man's back that appeared from the mist.

He trembled. Tears fell once again from his eyes. He looked at the old man standing not too far away, turning around slowly to look at him. Su Ming's voice became hoarse.

"Elder..."

That old man was the elder of Dark Mountain Tribe – Mo Sang!

He was still wearing the same clothes as he did when Su Ming saw him last. When he saw Su Ming, a baffled look appeared on his face. There was also a hint of conflict as he looked at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, at the child he took care of since he

was young.

He looked like he was about to say something, but no sound came out. The bewilderment and conflict in his eyes were replaced by gentleness and love. There was even a hint of praise, as if he was very pleased with the current Su Ming. Very, very pleased.

Su Ming looked at the elder and the tests that would not stop. No matter how much he grew, how much he learned to be indifferent, and how much he embraced solitude, no matter how many people he killed and how many things he went through, the moment he saw the elder, all of these vanished. He was still the carefree child that lived in Dark Mountain. He had Xiao Hong's companionship and the elder's love. He would wait for rain to come to collect Dark Dragon's Saliva, would wait for the bonfire to burn in the tribe, and he would dance around the elder as he laughed happily.

The sky then was very blue, the clouds were very white, but he could no longer recall them as clearly.

"Elder... I miss home..."

Su Ming moved forward. He wanted to get closer to look at his elder. Even if this was an illusion, he did not mind.

The elder looked at Su Ming, and the gentleness in his eyes made Su Ming's heart tremble, and he could not help but see all the happy memories of his youth surfacing in his mind.

When he got closer and stood before the elder formed from the mist, he cried even harder. He looked at the white haired old man and the same clothes his elder wore in his memories. Su Ming looked at him and forced out a smile on his face.

"Elder, your La Su grew up. Look, I grew much taller..."

The elder smiled as he looked at Su Ming. Then he sighed softly, and the gentleness in his eyes was once again replaced by conflict. Within that conflict was a hint of compassion. A hint... of profoundness that Su Ming could not understand.

Eventually, Su Ming saw a hint of resolution and determination on the elder's face. He saw a strange glint suddenly appearing in the elder's eyes. That glint went into Su Ming's mind, making a boom resound in his head, as if his mind trembled.

At the same moment, he clearly heard the voice that only existed in his memories!

"Su Ming... you..."

Su Ming shuddered, but the moment the voice began speaking, the elder's body suddenly trembled and abruptly dissipated before the words could even be clearly heard. That mist seemed to be blown apart by a strong force that came from behind it, causing everything before Su Ming's eyes to completely disappear!

The mist disappeared, the elder disappeared, and even his voice

turned into a faint lingering echo in his mind, causing Su Ming to be unable to hear it clearly. But all of this was not due to him missing a step, neither was it due to something going wrong with the Chains of Han Mountain. All of this was due to the strong force charging towards him at that moment.

The source of that strong force was a black bone ring. That bone ring whistled as it flew out from Puqiang Mountain and charged towards Su Ming. It was the thing that shook the Chain, causing the illusions from the Chain that were reflected in Su Ming's eyes to disappear.

Su Ming's eyes immediately turned red. He had originally learned how to remain calm and not be reckless, but there were certain things that he could not tolerate, that he absolutely refused to take lying down!

The elder was among these things!

The incoming bone ring dissipated the mist that turned into the elder, scattering away the beautiful and happy memories of his youth that had appeared in his heart. This scene was like when he saw the gaze that appeared when Dark Mountain was eventually shattered by a giant hand when he was walking through the blood path leading to the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor.

The bone ring and its owner broke the bottom line that Su Ming refused to let anyone stain, causing him... to fall into madness!

He let out a roar that had not come from his mouth for a very

long time. It spread through the land swiftly and blended with the thunder that rang in the sky at that very moment. It was as if his anger was the sky's anger.

As he roared, Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and the shadow of the blood moon appeared in his eyes. He looked at the bone ring closing in on him and took a huge step forward. His Qi surged out of his body, and as it erupted forth with astonishing power, a large amount of moonlight rapidly descended upon him. The Branding Art also burst forth, causing green light to flash on the center of his brows, and the small virescent sword turned into a ray of green light that gathered all the power of his Qi, the shadow of the blood moon, and the Branding Art. Then the green light flashed!

Light illuminated the sky. There was no lightning, but at that moment, the world was illuminated by green light in an instant. Thunder rumbled, and the green light charged into the incoming bone ring. The instant it touched the ring, the light cut through the ring with one slash!

There was a loud crash, and the world trembled. Tremors shook the land. Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood and staggered backwards, but each time his feet landed, they would fall precisely on the Chain.

The green light dissipated and tumbled backwards into Su Ming's body. The green light only appeared for an instant from its emergence to the moment it dissipated. No one managed to see what it actually was!

Before Su Ming, the black bone ring remained unmoving. A thin

crack appeared on its surface, and it abruptly shattered, splitting into half before it fell into the canyons!

At that moment, the man who looked like a mountain of flesh trembled furiously and coughed out a huge mouthful of blood on Puqiang Mountain. His face instantly turned deathly pale, and the flesh on his body mysteriously shrank by a large portion.

"How dare you! We've already warned you that if you continue, then you will be treated as provoking Puqiang Tribe. This is your final chance, turn back now! You have failed!" the man who looked like a mountain of flesh yelled out with a weakened, venomous voice.

"I refuse!"

Su Ming wiped off the blood at the corners of his mouth and glared at Puqiang Mountain coldly. At that moment, he had returned to being calm.

"You refuse? What right do you have to refuse? You're just an outsider in Han Mountain! The three tribes make all decisions within Han Mountain! Within three breaths, if you don't leave, then don't think about leaving ever again!"

The one who spoke this time was not the man who looked like a mountain of flesh, but another old man who stood beside the Elder of Puqiang Tribe. That old man had an arrogant and wild look on his face, and his cold laughter carried contempt.

The moment he spoke, the man who looked like a mountain of flesh immediately frowned. He looked as if he was about to say something, but did not voice his thoughts.

As for the Elder of Puqiang Tribe, he remained silent, but the freezing look in his eyes revealed his thoughts.

Su Ming fell silent.

Some of the people in Han Mountain City had clenched their fists. They were also outsiders in Han Mountain. Even if they had lived in Han Mountain City for many years, the city belonged to the three tribes. As long as they were not from the three tribes, then they were all outsiders!

They did indeed not have any right to refute, but gradually, more people's gazes turned cold as they looked at Puqiang Tribe. Some sort of acknowledgement slowly arose within them towards Su Ming, because they were all outsiders.

Nan Tian, Ke Jiu Si, and Leng Ying looked at Puqiang Mountain coldly when they heard those words, but they still chose to remain silent.

"Then do I have the right?"

Chapter 186: The Outburst In The Midst Of Silence

When everyone fell silent in Han Mountain City, an old and aged voice suddenly came from Lake of Colors Mountain. That voice was a little weak, but the moment that voice appeared, it instantly broke the stillness caused by the people's silence!

All their eyes gathered on Lake of Colors Mountain. Most of the people were unfamiliar with the voice that suddenly rang out. They only knew that the voice came from Lake of Colors Tribe, but they did not know the identity of the person who spoke.

However, there were still people who recognized the owner of the voice. Shocked expressions immediately appeared on their faces, and they whipped their heads around to look at Lake of Colors Mountain.

Nan Tian's body shuddered. He had, of course, recognized the owner of the voice, and he immediately looked over.

Leng Yin also sucked in a sharp breath and looked towards Lake of Colors Mountain.

Ke Jiu Si was definitely the one outsider who was feeling the most overwhelmed at that moment. He knew the identity of the person who spoke, and because he had been a guest in Lake of Colors, he also knew a secret that practically no outsider would know - the terrifying aspects of the oft ignored Lake of Colors' Elder due to the rumors spread among the outsiders that the head

of Lake of Colors was the tribe leader.

"Lake of Colors'... Elder!"

Yan Luan's expression immediately changed on Lake of Colors Mountain. She looked towards the old woman by her side. She did not expect the Elder to say such words at this moment. This act would in no doubt offend Puqiang. Even with the previous attempts to repair their relationship, it would be completely broken because of this.

Sometimes, killing someone for personal gain was perhaps something trivial for two small tribes, but at this moment, if she said this before all the people in Han Mountain City, then this sentence would bring about almost irreparable damage!

She suddenly understood why the Elder had been flexing her right hand repeatedly just now. The answer to the Elder's hesitation, which she did not understand, was revealed.

'Could the Elder have predicted that something like this would happen, that's why... she was hesitant..?'

Yan Luan took a deep breath and lowered her head.

The words of Lake of Colors' Elder reverberated in the area, causing the signs of an outburst in Han Mountain City to begin appearing among the crowd. However, they still remained silent.

On Puqiang Mountain, the expression immediately changed on the man who looked like a mountain of flesh. The sullen old man who spoke by his side was momentarily stunned and found himself at a loss for words.

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe frowned and anger appeared in his eyes. He slowly stood up and looked towards Lake of Colors Mountain.

After a long while, he uttered his words slowly. "You are the Elder of Lake of Colors, of course you have the right."

The moment he spoke, the ones who did not know the identity of the person in Han Mountain City immediately fell into a state of shock and amazement. However, oddly enough, they did not talk amongst themselves. Instead, they turned this shock into a force for an outburst that was about to appear in the midst of their silence.

"I disagree with this!" The Elder of Lake of Colors Tribe, the old woman who looked increasingly lethargic, said languidly.

Yan Luan gritted her teeth and shouted out, "I, Yan Luan, tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe, also disagree with this!"

The voices of the tribe leader and the Elder were the most significant will in a tribe. Yan Luan and the Elder's words symbolized the stand Lake of Colors Tribe decided to take. The meaning behind their words was enough to shake the entire Han Mountain!

"Very well! Very well!"

The entire Puqiang Tribe was in shock. Countless Puqiang Tribe's members were filled with anger, and their expressions changed. On the summit, the Elder of Puqiang Tribe laughed in anger, and his laughter was incredibly dark.

The old man who previously spoke by his side was shivering. He had a feeling that all of this was related to what he had just said. That feeling became stronger when the man who looked like a mountain of flesh glared at him coldly.

The man who looked like a mountain of flesh took a deep breath and stood up beside the Elder of Puqiang Tribe. He glared at Lake of Colors Mountain venomously and was just about to speak...

Yet at that moment!

An old and aged bark of laughter traveled forth from Tranquil East Mountain.

"I disagree with this as well!"

"I, Fang Shen, tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, too, disagree with this!"

Right after the Elder of Tranquil East spoke, Fang Shen's

authoritative voice also reverberated in the air.

"I, Han Cang Zi, disciple of Freezing Sky Clan, tribe member of Tranquil East Tribe, also disagree with this!"

Han Cang Zi's voice had always been delicate, yet at this moment, there was a steadfast tone within that delicate voice.

On Puqiang Mountain, the man who looked like a mountain of flesh staggered and his expression changed. At that moment, the people of Puqiang Tribe were no longer angry, but incredibly uneasy. They had a feeling that something big was about to happen!

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe turned pale. The anger in his eyes burned stronger. He was about to speak, when suddenly, voices came once again, this time from Han Mountain City.

"I, Yan Fei from Lake of Colors Tribe, disagree with Puqiang's decision."

"I, Nan Tian of the Transcendence Realm of Han Mountain City, disagree!"

"I, Ke Jiu Si of the Transcendence Realm of Han Mountain City, disagree!"

"I, Leng Ying of Han Mountain City, disagree with Puqiang Tribe's decision!"

Right after Lake of Colors and Tranquil East, the four voices that traveled forth from Han Mountain City finally provided the final burst of energy necessary to break the silence. Without including Han Fei Zi, the other three were powerful Transcended Berserkers. It would have been useful if only one of them spoke, but the intimidating force created when the three of them spoke in succession, while not as powerful as a small tribe, was still a force that could not be overlooked!

Especially when they were also outsiders!

That was enough!

"I, Lu Tao, Han Mountain outsider, disagree with this!"

"I'm also an outsider in Han Mountain, even if I don't have the right, I'm also telling you, Puqiang! I disagree!"

"I, Song Yun, an outsider, disagree with this!"

Roars broke out from among the silent crowd within Han Mountain City. As the voices shouted out, more and more people broke out from their silence and cried out. They broke out of their silence and opened their mouths, howling towards Puqiang Mountain!

"I, Luo Hai, Han Mountain outsider, disagree!"

"I, Yan Luo, Han Mountain outsider, disagree!"

"I, Chen Feng, outsider, disagree!"

"I, Qiao Da, also disagree!"

"Me too. I, Qiao Song, also disagree..."

The voices shook the sky and earth, and gradually, everyone within Han Mountain City shouted out their thoughts. The countless people within Han Mountain City cried out the same words, and their voices blended together to form an outcry that could overcome the sound of thunder. Although saying that their voices shook the sky and earth was slightly too much of an exaggeration, it could still cause alarm to Puqiang Tribe.

The voices rumbled and shook the region, as if it could drown Puqiang Tribe in a wave of sound, causing all the people on Puqiang Mountain to turn pale with terror and disbelief.

The man who looked like a mountain of flesh did not speak for a long time on the mountain. He had not expected for things to turn out this way. This was no longer something that was solely related to the challenger of the Chain. This was a surprise attack launched against them by all the people in Han Mountain City, along with Lake of Colors and Tranquil East!

It was something of such epic proportions that could overturn the entire Puqiang Tribe. This was blatant animosity. If they did

not handle this with care, then they might even bring doom upon themselves!

He was afraid. This fear even turned into terror.

"This is a conspiracy! This must be a conspiracy that was planned a long time ago!"

The man who looked like a mountain of flesh whipped his head around to look at the Elder.

The Elder's face was pale. This had long since exceeded his expectations, and just like the man who looked like a mountain of flesh, he too, absolutely did not expect things to turn out this way.

"Elder, please make a decision quickly!"

The man that looked like a mountain of flesh was brimming with anxiety. He saw that the people around them were already overcome by terror, and their tribe members were crying out in fear.

The shouts of disagreement traveled from outside, growing stronger to the volume of thunder, causing them to feel shocked and terrified. Even though only some of the people who shouted were Transcended Berserkers, even though most of those who cried out were only at the Blood Solidification Realm, and some were even like ants in their eyes.

"Elder!"

When the man who looked like a mountain of flesh saw that the Elder still remained unmoving, he whipped his head around to look at the old man who had spoken rashly in his panic.

The old man trembled. He had felt that something bad was about to happen to him, and when he saw the tribe leader turning to look at him, the old man instinctively backed down. A sense of death looming over his head abruptly rose within him, and right at the moment the man who looked like a mountain of flesh moved and charged towards him, the old man quickly withdrew, a shrill cry tumbling out of his mouth.

"I'm the chief of the hunters, even if you're the tribe leader, you can't apprehend me because of one sentence!"

Even if the old man was running, the man who looked like a mountain of flesh had already closed in on him.

"Elder! I contributed to the tribe! I'm one of the leaders in the tribe!"

The old man was terrified. Even as he retreated, no one came forth to help him. All of them were silent and watched as the man who looked like a mountain of flesh closed in on him and seized him with his right hand.

"You forced my hand!"

When the old man saw that he was cornered, hatred and viciousness immediately appeared on his face. He did not want to die. He was just about to launch a desperate attack when the Elder who had been staying silent all this while turned around at this moment.

"Stop!"

His voice was not great, but it was filled with authority, causing the man who looked like a mountain of flesh to flinch. Once he descended to the ground, he looked at the Elder anxiously.

The old man also let out a huge sigh of relief. He also looked at the Elder with anxiousness and uncertainty.

"The chief of hunters has contributed to the tribe..."

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe was passive, and no emotion could be seen on his face, be it happiness or anger. As he spoke, he walked forward.

"But, Elder..." The man who looked like a mountain of flesh was just about to speak, but his words were cut off by the Elder.

"Not only did he contribute to the tribe, he's also loyal to the tribe. How can we condemn him because of one sentence? I cannot do something like this!" The Elder said languidly as he continued walking forward.

Only then did the old man completely relax. Sweat beaded on his forehead and gratitude appeared in his eyes as he looked at the Elder. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards him.

"He is loyal and even if the tribe is in danger of destruction, he would not run for his own life. He would live for the tribe, and die for the tribe. Is that not so, chief of the hunters?"

As the Elder spoke, he was already 30 feet away from the old man.

"As long as the tribe is here, then I will be here! If the tribe is in danger, then I won't live either!" the old man quickly said.

The Elder came within ten feet from the old man and spoke languidly. "If that is the case, then I will fulfil your wish. Thank you for all that you've done for the tribe."

The moment his words came out, the old man was dumbfounded, then his expression drastically changed. Just as he was about to run away, the Elder lifted his right hand and swung it abruptly. The chief of the hunters immediately let out a pained scream and bundles of black mist instantly surrounded his body. He trembled, and his body was enveloped by the mist before it charged out of Puqiang Mountain. In the blink of an eye, he was brought above the howling Han Mountain City.

Chapter 187: It's Him!

"This person intentionally said such words because he is a spy from another tribe. He is here to sow discord between Puqiang and Han Mountain, and this alone is a crime punishable by death! I will personally end this person's life, and will agree to the continuation of the challenge!"

As the old and aged voice of the Elder of Puqiang Tribe reverberated in the air, the person who was enveloped by the black mist above Han Mountain City burst apart with a bang and a shrill cry, turning into pieces of flesh and blood. Before he even fell down, he turned into wisps of black mist that disappeared into the air.

Wind was blowing, and it took away the stench of blood that filled the air in the city, causing the angered people in Han Mountain City to gradually calm down.

Su Ming stood on the seventh section of the Chain and turned around to look at Han Mountain City, then he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply in the city's direction.

When he bowed, he immediately caused the crowd who became calm in Han Mountain City to let out shocked cries once again.

"Sir, you have to finish walking through the entire Chain! Walk through the ninth section and fight for all us outsiders in Han Mountain!"

"Go on! We're all watching you! Please, walk forward!"

"Go to Puqiang Mountain and complete your challenge! Enter Freezing Sky Clan and give us fellow outsiders hope!"

The voices that rose one after another were different from before. At that moment, all their words were filled with encouragement and hope. To them, the challenger, Su Ming, was no longer a stranger. He was the symbol of their hope and the representative of all the outsiders in Han Mountain.

"Brother, you have to complete the challenge! Once you return, I will prepare a feast. Let's hook arms and have a toast!"

Nan Tian's boisterous voice reverberated in the air. The admiration in his eyes had seeped into his invitation as he spoke.

"Count me in!"

Leng Ying's face was still cold and detached, but there was the ghost of a smile on his lips at that moment.

"Don't exclude me in this. Brother Nan, you'll have to bring out the drunken flower wine you have this time."

When Ke Jiu Si's laughter appeared, it caused the voices coming out from within Han Mountain City to be stronger.

"That can be easily arranged! I'll definitely take it out!" Nan Tian laughed heartily.

Xuan Lun's face turned darker. He stood in the distance and did not say a word.

Su Ming heard all of their words. He lifted his head and looked at Han Mountain for a long while before he turned around and walked towards the seventh stone pillar at the end of the seventh section of the Chain.

He no longer saw his elder on the Chain. The girl that was hidden deep within his heart too, did not appear.

Su Ming did not want to think what this signified. He could not tell himself calmly that everything on the Chain was fake. He was no longer certain.

Amidst the discussions and excited hollers from outside, Su Ming moved forward silently until he completed the seventh section of the Chain and stood on the seventh stone pillar.

At that moment, the sky was starting to brighten up. He could see dark clouds still covering most parts of the sky, including the light, casting the world in dimness.

"The eighth section..."

Su Ming did not stop to rest on the seventh stone pillar. He lifted

his foot instead and stepped on the eighth section of the Chain. He still did not see the girl he hoped to see the moment he stepped on the Chain. It was clouded before him, but he was already very close to Puqiang Mountain.

He could even see the people on Puqiang Mountain glaring at him coldly.

Su Ming felt the pressure formed by age and time when he walked on the eighth section on the Chain. It was the feeling of a lot of his life force being sucked away with each step he took. Even if he circulated his Qi, it was becoming harder for him to persist as he walked on.

Fatigue filled Su Ming's entire body. Once he moved 100 feet forward, his breathing was ragged and harsh. He could even feel age sweeping by on his body in his fatigue, taking away his life force, his strength, his vitality.

It was as if he was aging slowly in the face of time. In fact, he had the feeling that once he became old, he would turn into ashes and scatter away.

'Is this the mystery of the eighth section of the Chain? Time is passing so quickly that before anyone can embrace it, it's already over.'

Su Ming continued moving forward. He had no idea how much time passed. When the world gradually escaped from darkness, he looked at his hand. Wrinkles had appeared on his skin, and he no

longer looked like a young man, but an old person.

At that moment, he was only half way through the eighth section of the Chain. The other half left was swaying in the air, and seemed like it was rocking away time, making people feel that they could not keep time by their side even if they noticed it leaving.

As the world brightened up and morning arrived, the Elder of Puqiang Tribe and the others glared coldly at Su Ming, who was already very close to them on the Chain. Their gazes turned chilling.

Su Ming lifted his head to look at Puqiang Mountain, which was lightening up in the sun. He saw the cold gazes and fell into pensive silence for a moment.

‘I can’t go over... If I can’t cancel out the power of time, even if I walk to the end of the eighth section, I’ll still lose all of my life force and die.

‘Then I might as well... not hide anymore!’

A bright sparkle appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He slowly lifted his head to look at the cloud covered sky, and blood veins surfaced on his body rapidly.

They appeared first on his face. In an instant, many blood veins appeared on the face that he hid underneath the hood. The blood veins were like a totem that formed a strange picture.

At the same time, a shocking, powerful presence erupted forth from his body. The moment the presence appeared, the dark clouds in the sky seemed to change, showing signs of tumbling backwards.

The Elder and the others on Puqiang Mountain were the first to notice this. As the Elder's pupils shrank and the expression of the man who looked like a mountain of flesh changed instantly, all the people on Puqiang Mountain felt a wave of restlessness come over them that stemmed from the blood veins in their bodies. It was an impulse that they could not control!

Under the robes, Su Ming's upper torso and his arms were covered in many blood veins in an instant, and the astonishing presence continued growing. A much stronger presence erupted forth with a loud crash!

Having his blood veins circulate in his body while they were hidden and having them circulate while they were completely manifested on his body was different. If he circulated them within his body, he would be using his own Qi, but if he manifested them on his body, then his Qi would be connected to the heavens and earth, and the strongest power he could muster would burst forth.

Su Ming had concealed his blood veins within his body all this while. Right then, he no longer hid them, but chose to completely manifest them!

As the astonishing Qi within his body grew stronger, cries of

surprise and uproars resounded from Puqiang Mountain. On the mountain, besides the Elder, even the man who looked like a mountain of flesh was also in a state of shock. At that moment, the same memory appeared in their minds – the incredible event that caused the weather to change a few months ago in Han Mountain!

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe may have seemed calm, but there was a fierce storm raging in his heart, in a manner that was not at all weaker than the wrath he showed the people just now.

"He... He is..."

Disbelief appeared in the Elder's eyes. There was even a hint of shock within them. He suddenly realized that while he had already viewed this person highly since the beginning, but now, it turned out that it was not enough, he still underestimated him.

Fear rose inside the Elder of Puqiang Tribe. He suddenly understood that Puqiang's greatest mistake was not in inciting the wrath of the crowd in Han Mountain, or Lake of Colors and Tranquil East, but that they did not see through this person!

"Completion of the Blood Solidification Realm..."

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe staggered a few steps back, and his face turned pale.

The moment he mumbled out his words, Su Ming's legs were covered by dense blood veins. Even if his blood veins were hidden

under the robes, a power of Qi so incredible it shook the heavens and earth was surging forth from his body. It made the color of the sky change, the clouds tumble, made the wind in the area still. The world turned dark!

Su Ming lifted his head. At that moment, the dark clouds were tumbling in the sky, just like the strange phenomenon that had happened a few months ago. The deity statue of Transcendence was about to descend upon Han Mountain once again!

At the same time, red lines appeared out of thin air above Su Ming. The red lines were mere illusions, but the moment they appeared, they started gathering together rapidly. In a few moments, a gigantic figure of hundreds of feet appeared in the air above Su Ming.

That person did not have a face, only the contour of its countenance. The contour was formed by the 979 blood veins. The moment it appeared, the presence of a Berserker who attained completion during the Blood Solidification Realm on Su Ming reached its peak!

"It's... him! Completion in the Blood Solidification Realm... 979 blood veins, only one more, and he'll attain the great completion that's only spoken in legends... Such a person is challenging Puqiang Tribe's Chain, and we even wanted to plot against him just now..."

On Puqiang Mountain, when the man who looked like a mountain of flesh saw the giant formed from blood veins hovering above Su Ming, he coughed out a mouthful of blood. Shock

replaced all other emotions on his face. The others behind him were all dumbfounded, their expressions saying that they could not conceive what was happening before them.

Yan Luan sucked in a breath on Lake of Colors Mountain. She was shaken, and shock appeared on her face. She did not expect that the Chain's challenger would be the person who appeared a few months ago!

"I can't believe... it's him!"

Beside her, a healthy red hue replaced the lethargic look on the old woman's face. She looked at Su Ming and at the person above him, and a brightness that was never seen before appeared in her eyes.

Tranquil East Mountain burst into an earth shattering uproar. The Elder of Tranquil East instinctively took a few steps back. His expression changed and eventually settled on shock. If he was in this state, then it was even more so for Fang Shen, who stood beside him. Fang Shen was already completely stunned.

Only Han Cang Zi appeared excited as she trembled.

Han Mountain City fell into momentary silence before shouts filled with excitement and surprise broke out from within the city. The manifested blood veins on Su Ming's body stirred up a drastic change that made them all mystified.

Han Fei Zi trembled and her breathing quickened. Nan Tian, Ke Jiu Si, and Leng Ying were stunned, and only wrapped their heads around what had happened after a long while. Their gazes as they looked towards Su Ming were no longer of admiration, but respect!

"979 blood veins, he just needs one more, and... he'll attain... great completion! If he Transcends during great completion, his power can rival those in the middle stage of Transcendence, and he can even hold his own with an ordinary Berserker in the later stage of the Transcendence Realm!"

"This person... if he Transcends during great completion, then the strongest in Han Mountain City and the three tribes will be him. He'll be able to massacre an entire tribe on his own if he so wishes!"

"I know why he didn't choose to Transcend a few months ago. He wants to manifest that one more blood vein. I'm guessing that he chose to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain to use that as a shock to gain one more blood vein!"

Chapter 188: Great Completion!

The crowd's opinions varied. Discussions and uproars that shook the sky rose among them. The challenge of the Chains of Han Mountain this time made all those paying attention feel as if their emotions were surging like waves, and they could not help it. Whether it was Su Ming's failure and fall, or his subsequent rise from the canyons, or even the words that came from Puqiang that eventually sparked the anger and outcries of disagreements that broke the silence that seemed to be still lingering in their ears—all of these made them excited, made their hearts surge with waves of emotions.

However, compared to these, the shock they felt at the moment completely overcame all that they previously felt. The sight that unfolded before them was of a person with his head lifted towards the sky on the Chain and a giant above them, catching all their attention.

979 blood veins. This was something that most people could not see in their lives. It was also something that most people could not do in their lives.

As the clouds tumbled in the sky, the sight that had appeared a few months ago surfaced in their hearts, and one of the two great mysterious people that was the center of all topics in Han Mountain City appeared before their eyes.

That emotion was too difficult to describe with words, only shock could be marginally used to describe it!

On Puqiang Mountain, the Elder of Puqiang Tribe was deathly pale. His mind was in turmoil, and he lost all ability to think. All the things that had happened during that one day made him feel helpless. First it was Han Mountain Bell's chimes that caused the fog protecting their mountain to scatter, then it was the catastrophe that almost fell upon them. They had just managed to escape from it by a hair's breadth and he was looking at the person who brought the disaster on their heads with a cold, murderous look, when he suddenly realized that the person who was the source of the calamity only needed one more blood vein before he attained full completion right before his eyes.

Even if the three tribes banded together, they still could not provoke a person like this, much less him alone!

If such a person manifested one more blood vein and Transcended, he could surpass all the powerful Berserkers in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm! There was no way Puqiang Tribe would dare to provoke such a person!

When he thought back on their plots against this person as they tried to prevent him from continuing the challenge, it made a strong sense of fear grow within the Elder's heart.

"He wanted to use the Chains of Han Mountain as a shock to himself so that he could gain one more blood vein... and we were deliberately making things difficult for him. Once he succeeds..." the Elder of Puqiang Tribe mumbled, and anguish rose within his heart.

"No wonder he had dared to snatch what belonged to Sir Si Ma.

He... has the right to do so!"

The man who looked like a mountain of flesh took a deep breath and immediately took a few steps forward to stand at the edge of the mountain. He forced out a smile and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing deeply towards Su Ming, who was standing on the eighth section of the Chain.

"I am Kuang Zhang Ning, tribe leader of Puqiang Tribe. Greetings, sir. I hope you will forgive our previous transgressions. It is our honor that you chose our tribe's Chain. We will all wait here and hope that you will be able to gain one more blood vein. When your name sounds through all of South Morning, our tribe will be honored as well."

The man's voice was very sincere and his face was filled with reverence as he bowed three times in succession.

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe remained silent for a moment before he bowed deeply towards Su Ming. "I am Kuang Bei Xing, Elder of Puqiang Tribe. Greetings... sir."

When they saw their tribe leader and Elder doing so, the other leaders of Puqiang Tribe standing behind them also bowed in reverence.

Su Ming cast a glance at the Elder and tribe leader on Puqiang Mountain. He did not speak. When he manifested all his blood veins, he had already speculated that this would happen. If the Elder and tribe leader of a middle-sized tribe did not have this sort

of resolution and forbearance, they would have long since been replaced by someone else.

Yet he was short on time. As the clouds tumbled in the sky, Su Ming felt the urge to Transcend that had been suppressed within his body showing signs of running out of control. He might Transcend at any moment.

"I will Transcend at Puqiang Mountain today. Defend me, and I will forgive all your previous transgressions," he stated languidly.

The Elder and tribe leader of Puqiang Tribe immediately lifted their heads. Shock appeared on their faces, but it was quickly replaced by a solemn expression as they nodded their heads and obeyed.

"Sir, worry not! I can also defend you! Please Transcend without worry. I will not agree to anyone disturbing you!" the old woman's voice came from Lake of Colors Mountain. Her voice might be old and aged, but there was strength in it, and a hint of steadfastness.

"I, Yan Luan, will also defend you. Please Transcend without worry!"

"I, Fang Zhen, Elder of Tranquil East Tribe, wish that you can increase your blood veins once again and reach the Transcendence Realm when you have attained great completion. This is a major event for all the three tribes in Han Mountain. I will also defend you, please Transcend without worry!"

"I, Fang Shen, tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, am willing to defend you!"

"I, Nan Tian, am willing to defend you! Please, do not worry!"

"I, Ke Jiu Si, am willing to defend you!"

"Me too! I've never seen a Berserker who attained great completion Transcending. Today, I, Leng Ying, will defend you!"

At the same moment, waves of sounds stirred up in the crowd in Han Mountain City. Those waves were from numerous people telling Su Ming respectfully in declaration that they were willing to defend him. Gradually, the entire world seemed to be filled with the echoing waves of sounds, which turned into an earth shattering statement.

"We are willing to defend you!"

Su Ming stood on the Chain and wrapped his fist as thanks towards all those around him. Then he took an abrupt step forward as his Qi in his entire body circulated and turned into a blood red light that illuminated the sky. The blood-red light shone out from within his body. The apparition of a giant above him was also glowing with red light, causing the entire region to be dyed in an impressive shade of red at that very moment!

As his Qi circulated, Su Ming also activated the Branding Art and entered fine control, causing each step he took to be his most

powerful step. Due to his Qi, the absorption of his life force gradually balanced out on the Chain.

With each step, the red light flickered on Su Ming's body. He had already traversed half of the eighth section of the Chain. With all his Qi in motion, his speed increased. Eventually, he was practically not looking at the Chain under his feet as he moved forward, but each time he took a step, his feet would land precisely on the Chain.

After the time it takes to burn an incense stick, when Su Ming stood on the eighth stone pillar, there was only one final section left before him before he reached Puqiang Mountain!

It was also at that moment that due to the continuous circulation of Qi as he walked forward, the mighty presence coming out from within his body increased once again with a loud bang!

Su Ming expected this increase. It was already very difficult for him to suppress the urge to Transcend; he didn't have any further thoughts of suppressing it again. Today, he would finish challenging the Chains of Han Mountain. Today, he would Transcend!

A flash of shocking red light appeared on the forehead of the muddled face covered by blood veins belonging to the giant formed by blood veins... The 980th blood vein appeared!

The moment the blood vein appeared, the sky rumbled incessantly. The layers of clouds tumbled as if there was a pair of

hands that reached deep within them and split them apart forcefully. As the clouds were torn apart, sunlight fell on the earth clearly and gathered on Su Ming's body.

At the same time, a twisted apparition appeared in the sky. The scene that occurred in Han Mountain a few months ago appeared once again!

This was the sign that the deity statue of Transcendence was about to manifest. This symbolized that before long, the deity statue of Transcendence would descend upon them once more!

The sky rumbled incessantly. A large amount of clouds were ripped apart. A gentle light fell upon the entire world. The earth trembled slightly. A strong, imposing pressure accumulated in the sky. It had yet to fall upon people, but it was enough to make them feel shaken.

Su Ming jolted. There was also a blood vein gathering on his forehead. That blood vein laid diagonally as if it penetrated his entire face. Once it appeared, he could clearly feel a boom that could shake the sky and earth within his body. No one else could hear that sound. Only he could.

As the boom resounded, he felt strong. He could feel a vague calling in the sky! In fact, at that moment, he felt that all the people around him, even all the powerful Transcended Berserkers, were giving him a distinct sense that they were all weak.

It was even more so for those in the Blood Solidification Realm.

Su Ming had an impression that with just one thought, he could make all the blood veins leave the bodies of those still in the Blood Solidification Realm. As for those in the Transcendence Realm, they were no longer powerful in his eyes.

Only the presence of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm coming from each of the three tribes could make Su Ming pay slight attention to them.

‘This is the great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm..?’

Su Ming closed his eyes before he reopened them slowly, no longer suppressing the urge to Transcend. He lifted his foot and moved towards the ninth section of the Chain.

"9... 80... blood veins!"

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe trembled. He no longer harbored any antagonistic thoughts towards Su Ming, who stood on the stone pillar before him. There was only deep reverence within him.

"Great completion... of the Blood Solidification Realm... This is the first time I see someone like this. Berserkers who can attain great completion like this should be rare in the entire Land of South Morning!"

There was a frenzied look in the eyes of the tribe leader of Puqiang Tribe. All Berserkers worshipped the powerful. The person before him was definitely someone who could Transcend.

Once he Transcended, then he would in no doubt be the strongest person in the entire region in Han Mountain!

On Tranquil East Mountain, the Elder's breathing quickened. He had already come to a conclusion that this person was somehow connected to Si Ma Xin, perhaps something like... destiny?

The Elder of Tranquil East did not dare speculate. It did not matter whether it was Mo Su or Si Ma Xin, he could not freely form speculations about them. However, it was his belief that if Mo Su entered Freezing Sky Clan and returned to Han Mountain once again, he would be a presence that was akin to the blazing sun.

Fang Shen was thrilled. He knew that his son, Fang Mu, could truly be cured. Mo Su did not lie to him.

"He attained great completion!"

The old woman looked at the Chains of Han Mountain on Lake of Colors Mountain, then at Han Fei Zi, who stood in the distance, and a strange glint appeared in her eyes.

"Fei Er, I've already prepared everything for you, whether you succeed or not once you enter Freezing Sky Clan will depend on your luck."

As the power in the sky gathered together, when the crowd in Han Mountain City saw the 980th blood vein appear on Su Ming's

body, all sounds of discussions and uproars died. Their gazes spoke of everything in their thoughts.

Great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm!

It was also at this moment that Han Mountain Bell, which was located by the side of the stone gate connecting the third and second layer, let out a faint and muffled bell chime even though no one touched it.

Chapter 189: The Envoys From Freezing Sky

The ninth section of the Chain was the final section of the entire Chain of Han Mountain. It was connected to Puqiang Mountain. If he stood there, he could see all the details on Puqiang Mountain clearly.

Su Ming took a step forward. The moment his foot landed on the ninth section of the Chain, a loud boom echoed in his body once again. This time, however, he was not the only one who heard the boom. That sound also reverberated in the air.

This was a sign that another blood vein was about to manifest as his blood veins clashed against each other in his body in a strange manner!

The sound may not have been loud, but it made the Elder and tribe leader standing on Puqiang Mountain, along with all those who heard it, to be shocked. It was as if their blood veins were stirring up due to the boom and started appearing one by one on their bodies.

The feeling of time spreading out from the ninth section of the Chain was incredibly shocking, causing Su Ming to be unable to move fast. He moved forward, and once he covered two tenths of the ninth section, a jolt ran through his entire body. The booming sounds inside his body were growing stronger, reaching a volume that shook the heavens and earth. Amidst the dense blood veins covering the chest of the blood red giant above him, another blood vein appeared once again!

The 981st vein!

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the clear sky. His eyes, which were hidden underneath the hood, were sparkling brightly. By revealing that he had attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm when he climbed the Chains of Han Mountain, not only could he amaze the people, as per his goal, he could also use this method to increase his power as he walked through the Chains of Han Mountain.

The Elders of the three tribes and the other leaders had guessed that Su Ming wanted to use the Chains of Han Mountain to increase his blood veins, but they did not manage to speculate that Su Ming had a second goal.

Su Ming took in a deep breath. Mountain breeze blew against his face, causing him to feel as if his breathing had stilled. Even if he managed to suck in a breath into his mouth, it was difficult for him to inhale it. The Chain swayed under his feet. With each swing, it would feel as if time itself was surging like waves.

"981 blood veins... It's still not enough," Su Ming mumbled and moved forward once again.

He had no idea how those who managed to walk through the ninth section of the Chain did it. He could sense that the speed at which the Chain was absorbing his life force was so quick that even a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm would find it hard to counter it. Even if they managed to walk through it, their vitality would suffer greatly.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He walked forward and the distance between him and Puqiang Mountain continuously shrank. The presence emitting forth from his body grew once again after the time it takes to burn an incense stick.

This time, the additional blood vein also appeared on his chest. As it was reflected on the giant above him, all the people in the area saw the 982nd blood vein appearing abruptly on Su Ming's body.

Uproars broke out in the area. Han Mountain City was seething with excitement. All the people from the three tribes stood on the three mountains gazing upon Su Ming standing on the ninth section of the Chain with a respectful look.

"982 blood veins! If he finishes walking through the ninth section, just how many blood veins will he manage to obtain?!"

"I've never seen a Berserker attaining great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm before. Could... Could he be trying to create a miracle and challenge himself to achieve the one state that was considered rare even during the time of the Ancients... 1,000 blood veins?!"

"1,000 blood veins... I've heard about an old saying, 'Those who Transcend with 1,000 blood veins will be the strongest among all below the Bone Sacrifice Realm!'"

Discussions were rife in the air, but the Elders and tribe leaders

were silent, their faces filled with reverence towards Su Ming.

Su Ming continued walking down the Chain. He could sense his own might. As his blood veins increased, even if it was just by one blood vein, it felt as if he had taken a gigantic leap forward in his Path, making him realize clearly that he had total control over a certain power.

That power was the power of the Qi from all 982 blood veins. It was a power that was unique to all Berserkers who attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm!

He would even occasionally look at the sky. The clouds had been ripped apart and in their place was a layer of mist. That mist was not as thick as the clouds, but it was filled with a majestic presence. The deity statue of Transcendence was rapidly materializing in the sky. Once it appeared again, it would mean that Su Ming needed to Transcend.

"I've finally chosen to Transcend..."

Su Ming looked at the mist tumbling in the sky with a conflicted expression. He lifted his foot and walked forward along the Chain slowly.

Walking on the Chain was akin to walking on the passages of time. However, the memories of his life when he was in Dark Mountain surfaced in his mind. How many years had it been? Perhaps it had been four to five years, perhaps it was longer. Su Ming could not tell himself with certainty just how many years it

had been.

The memories of the confusion and sorrow when he initially arrived in the Land of South Morning, and when he laid on the mountainside crying as he looked at the sky at a loss were still fresh in his mind.

The already mighty presence within Su Ming's body increased once again, and there were 983 blood veins on the giant above him now!

The 983 blood veins glowed with a bright red light that lit up the sky and pierced into the eyes of all those watching. A mighty pressure that could make all those in the Blood Solidification Realm tremble erupted forth from Su Ming's body.

All those who were in the Blood Solidification Realm within Han Mountain City and the three tribes started shivering faintly under this pressure, as if they were about to lose control of their bodies and were going to fall down to their knees to worship.

This was the subjugation of blood veins. It was also something that would only appear once a Berserker attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm – a subjugation of a level equivalent to those in the Transcendence Realm!

During the first time he saw Jing Nan, the very first time he saw a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm, Su Ming's heart had been overwhelmed by shock and eagerness. The seed of desire to become a powerful Transcended Berserker was sown in his

heart since that time and been growing ever since.

"I want to Transcend. I want to be a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm..." Su Ming mumbled.

This was his most straightforward wish at that time – to become a powerful Transcended Berserker and protect his tribe.

Yet now... Sorrow appeared on Su Ming's face. He was close to Transcendence, so close that he could Transcend at any moment, however... he could no longer find the desire to Transcend in hopes to protect his tribe.

His sorrow melted into the presence emanating from his body, making the people sink into an indescribable state of depression, causing the commotion in the area to become silent.

As Su Ming walked, his blood veins increased by one again, and he now had 984 blood veins!

The existence of 984 blood veins caused Su Ming to be covered densely by blood veins, as if every inch of his skin was occupied.

The sky rumbled, thunder roared, lightning continued crackling in the sky. The mist that covered the sky gathered together and the contour of the deity statue of Transcendence appeared.

The instant the statue's contour appeared, its might descended upon everyone. All the living beings on the land felt their hearts

shaken to the core at that moment.

Su Ming continued walking, and the image of Bi Tu, the Elder of Black Mountain Tribe, surfaced in his mind. This was the second Transcended Berserker he saw. Su Ming even had the feeling that Bi Tu was stronger than Jing Nan.

Bi Tu's strength came from his power in the Transcendence Realm. The strange Berserker Arts he'd casted, their fierce battle against each other had caused Su Ming to feel powerless time and again, and his desire to Transcend had increased.

Booming sounds came from within Su Ming, and the 985th blood vein manifested! The shocking speed made all those who saw show expressions of disbelief. Even Nan Tian and the others, including Han Fei Zi, found it hard to hide the shock in their eyes.

They suddenly understood once again why Su Ming chose not to Transcend all those months ago! He was not pleased with the number of blood veins he had. He... wanted to obtain more!

With 985 blood veins, he could call himself a Berserker who attained great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm, yet with each individual increase of one more blood vein once he attained great completion, his strength once he Transcended would also increase.

The difference that existed between him and those who Transcended would also be gigantic!

Su Ming walked forth silently. He felt as if he had returned to the moment when he first arrived in Han Mountain City, had returned to the time when he first saw He Feng and Han Fei Zi. At that time, he had absolutely not expected that he would one day become He Feng's Master, much less cross hands with Han Fei Zi and from then on become entangled with her.

"Elder, do you know? Your La Su is about to Transcend... he's about draw his own Berserker Mark. How would my Berserker Mark look like..?" Su Ming mumbled as he took another step, another blood vein manifesting on his skin.

The 986th vein!

By then, Su Ming had walked through most of the ninth section of the Chain. There was not even 1,000 feet away between him and Puqiang Mountain. Not only could Su Ming see the faces of those standing on the summit, the Elder of Puqiang Tribe and the others could also see Su Ming's robes clearly.

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe lowered his head in reverence.

By his side, the tribe leader also lowered his head as if he was waiting for Su Ming's arrival.

At the moment, the sky was illuminated by blood light. Thunder rumbled above. The deity statue of Transcendence was materializing slowly, becoming whole from just being a mere outline.

The domineering might became stronger and covered the entire land!

It was also at that moment that a sudden bright light came from Lake of Colors Tribe. That light was white. If it were during normal times, the light would not garner much attention as it was also daylight, but since the world was illuminated in red, when the white light shone, it immediately became glaringly obvious.

The light caught a lot of people's attention, but only a handful people knew the source of the light.

"Relocation?"

The Elder of Tranquil East was stunned. He cast a glance at the tribe leader, and they saw the uncertainty in each other's eyes.

Puqiang Tribe was similarly swathed in uncertainty. Even Lake of Colors Tribe was also uncertain. The old woman turned her head around swiftly and looked towards the location where the light was shining. That was the center of the summit of Lake of Colors Mountain. There was a gigantic picture carved on the ground over there.

"Elder, this... that Relocation Rune can only be used by Freezing Sky Clan... could it be..?"

Yan Luan looked towards the old woman.

The old woman remained silent for a moment before she nodded.

However, right at the moment the Relocation light appeared, it was instantly crushed into mere fragments of light by the domineering pressure formed by the deity statue of Transcendence that appeared in the sky. The fragments scattered away.

At the same time, in the sky above a remote mountain 10,000 li away from Han Mountain City, a loud boom suddenly resounded in the sky. A white light came out of nowhere and turned into a complex picture that burst apart. Three people walked out of the white light, looking like a right mess.

"What happened in Han Mountain City? There's something interfering with the power of Relocation. It could only transfer us here!"

The leader of the three people was an old man in white. His eyes were sparkling with an intimidating might. At that moment, he was frowning as he looked towards Han Mountain City.

The two people by his side were a man and a woman respectively. The two of them were in their thirties. They were extraordinarily good-looking, and what was more, they were Berserkers in the Transcendence Realm!

The person who spoke was the younger man.

Chapter 190: It Must Be Junior Sister!

"The Relocation Rune in Lake of Colors Tribe was drawn based on the four dimensional layer Relocation Art. The Rune was given by the Elder of Lake of Colors once she fully explored its structures and gave it to the left preceptor. The frame is placed in two locations. We've tried it numerous times before, there shouldn't be anything wrong with it..." the woman from among the three people said languidly. Her voice had a gentle tone, but she was frowning, similarly not understanding what went wrong.

"We'll know if we go and take a look. If it's because of Lake of Colors Tribe, then we must tell the head preceptor that the Relocation Rune still can't be used widely in the Land of South Morning. Leader Liu, what do you say?"

The man with the extraordinarily good looks looked at the silent old man by his side with a respectful face.

The woman too, immediately turned towards the old man and bowed as a sign of respect.

"The both of you are acting as the school's envoys in Han Mountain City this time. I am only going there to meet my friends. You are free to make your own decisions," the old man said calmly, smiling faintly.

The man nodded and obeyed respectfully. He looked the woman in the eye, and just as he was about to speak, the old man suddenly frowned. He took a scrutinizing look into the distance, and a grave

expression appeared on his face.

"Wait..."

"Before you left for Han Mountain City, the left preceptor only gave one position and told you to receive Yan Fei of Lake of Colors Tribe into the school, is that so?"

The old man's expression became even more solemn as he spoke slowly.

The man and the woman were both stunned. The woman quickly nodded, but there was uneasiness on her face. Before she came, she had not regarded this task with much importance, simply thinking it was just a small task of taking away a disciple where no unexpected events would happen. It might have been decided that Han Fei Zi was someone close to attaining completion in the Blood Solidification Realm, but she was joining Freezing Sky Clan on her own free will, the issue of having to force her to join was non-existent.

However, when her junior fellow disciple was about to be Relocated, the old man before them suddenly approached them and activated the Relocation Rune with them.

This was not something they could refuse, neither did they have the right to refuse, much less dare to do so. The old man's family name was Liu. In Freezing Sky Clan, his post may not be as high as the left preceptor, but he had high seniority. He was usually rather eccentric, but lived alone in a mountain. He might be one of the

people in Freezing Sky Clan, but in truth, he did not bother with anything within Freezing Sky Clan. It was almost as if he was temporarily living in the school.

Sometimes, he would be very gentle, but there were also times when he would be terrifyingly sullen.

Even the left preceptor in Freezing Sky Clan had to wrap his fist in his palm and call this old man Sept Granduncle.

There were some rumors regarding this old man within Freezing Sky Clan. All of these rumors would make those who heard them feel shaken and not dare to act rashly before this old man.

However, oddly enough, the old man's level of cultivation remained at the Bone Sacrifice Realm and seemed to not have changed at all over the years.

When the old man asked the question, not only was the woman uneasy, the man beside her also became worried. They did not know the meaning behind the old man's sudden words.

"What is the lass' power?" the old man asked once again.

"Leader Liu, by the indications from the left preceptor, the woman's power is near completion of the Blood Solidification Realm. Once we take her into the school, the left preceptor will take her in as his disciple..." the man immediately said respectfully.

"Taking her in as his disciple? Your left preceptor has discovered a real gem this time..."

The old man seemed to have felt something as he looked into the distance.

"If I'm correct, then the Relocation was offset because the deity statue of Transcendence has appeared in Han Mountain City!"

A strange light appeared in the old man's eyes. The moment his words appeared, the man and the woman's expressions instantly changed, and they whipped their heads towards the direction of Han Mountain City.

"The deity statue of Transcendence?!"

The woman took in a sharp breath and felt shaken. She knew clearly of the implications behind the appearance of the deity statue of Transcendence. Even within Freezing Sky Clan, Berserkers who could summon the deity statue when they Transcended were still a rare sight.

"No wonder the Lord Left Preceptor regards this woman so highly. She managed to summon the deity statue of Transcendence before she even joined Freezing Sky Clan. Once she joins the school, her status will definitely be different!"

The man was shocked, and thoughts of becoming acquainted

with Yan Fei appeared in his mind.

"Unless there is another Berserker who attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm in Han Mountain City right now, then the lass you are about to receive has just reached a breakthrough."

The old man shook his head and seemed to be rather moved by what was happening as he walked forward.

"There's no way two Berserkers who attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm would appear in Han Mountain City so coincidentally. Junior sister Han Fei Zi must have summoned the deity statue of Transcendence."

A faint smile appeared on the man's face as he followed behind the old man.

"Once junior sister Han Fei Zi joins the school, she will definitely shine like a jewel and shock Freezing Sky. I'm very curious about her. Once we meet her, I'll have to get to know her."

A beautiful smile appeared on the woman's face as she spoke softly.

The old man did not speak. The three of them turned into long arcs and charged forward. As they got closer to Han Mountain City, they gradually sensed the domineering presence coming from the sky. The clouds tumbled, and it looked as if there was a vague

deity statue materializing rapidly within clouds.

The pressure fell upon them the strongest when the three of them were 5,000 li away from Han Mountain City.

"What great might, the deity statue that junior sister Han Fei Zi summoned... seems to be slightly different from the statues that the others summoned within the school when they Transcended," the man mused, though he was incredibly relaxed.

"That's right. I've seen the deity statue of Transcendence appear four times, this is the fifth time, but the pressure I feel this time is the strongest. We're not even close, and we already feel this way when we're 5,000 li away..."

The woman also gasped in admiration. Just like the man, the thought of befriending Han Fei Zi within her heart became clearer.

However, the two of them did not realize that a strange light appeared in the old man's eyes as they got closer, and his expression became more solemn. Eventually, he suddenly came to a halt and stared at the sky, gradually overcome with amazement and shock.

"You said before that the lass is close to attaining completion of the Blood Solidification Realm?" the old man suddenly asked.

The man and woman also stopped as he did so. They were slightly confused by the old man's words, but they still replied

respectfully.

"Leader Liu, junior sister Han Fei Zi was appraised by the Lord Left Preceptor personally in the past."

The old man fell silent for a moment before he asked again, "How long ago was that?"

"The left preceptor came here once about half a year ago," the extraordinarily good looking man quickly replied.

He was afraid the old man would want to take her in as a disciple, that was why he mentioned the left preceptor again in his words.

"The Lord Left Preceptor is placing a lot of importance on junior sister Han Fei Zi. I heard that he already wanted to take her in as a disciple a few years ago. He did not take in any other disciple during these few years because he wanted to focus all his attention on our junior sister."

The girl by his side spoke softly with a respectful tone.

"Half a year ago?"

A bright light appeared in the old man's eyes.

"Yes. Junior sister Han Fei Zi does indeed have shocking talent. To be able to attain completion of the Blood Solidification Realm

within half a year... I can't compare to her."

The man sighed deeply.

The old man remained silent for a while before he said slowly, "Is this just completion of the Blood Solidification Realm? Take a closer look. This deity statue of Transcendence would not appear for a Berserker who attained completion of the Blood Solidification Realm. This is clearly the true form of Transcendence that will only appear for a Berserker who attains the great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm!"

The moment he spoke, the man and woman's expressions drastically changed.

"Great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm?! Junior sister attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm within half a year?! This is... This is..."

The man was completely stunned. His eyes widened in disbelieving shock.

"Transcending during great completion... if the Lord Left Preceptor knew about this, he'd have definitely come personally!"

The woman trembled and looked towards Han Mountain City.

At that moment in Han Mountain City, as the deity statue of Transcendence materialized in the sky, its might descended upon

them, causing the earth to start shaking faintly. All those within the Blood Solidification Realm could no longer stand on their feet. They fell to the ground on their knees. Even some of the Transcended Berserkers found that they could not withstand the pressure. Before long, they would also be forced to fall to their knees and worship the statue.

Su Ming could feel the urge to Transcend within him reaching its limit, but 986 blood veins still could not make him satisfied.

He stood on the Chain and took a huge step forward, instantly closing up the 1,000 feet worth of distance between him and Puqiang Mountain. When there was only 700 feet between them, a booming sound rang out within Su Ming's body once again, and as the heavens and earth trembled, another blood vein manifested!

987 blood veins!

The moment the 987th blood vein manifested, the clouds in the sky tumbled furiously. An amorphous, gigantic deity statue appeared in the mist!

That statue seemed to look exactly the same as the deity statue of Transcendence that appeared a few months ago, but if people took a closer look, they would see that there were some differences. For starters, the pressure it exuded far surpassed the pressure they felt a few months ago. The liveliness and intelligence of the statue from a few months ago too could not compare with this statue. If the deity statue from a few months ago seemed to possess the spirit of a human, then the statue now seemed to contain the spirit of a deity!

"I order thee... Transcend!"

The voice traveled to the entire region and turned into a sound that drowned out the sounds of thunder. The voice droned as it descended from the sky, and as it came, the weather changed, the earth shook, and rocks fell from mountains. When the voice fell upon them, it caused all those who were in the Blood Solidification Realm to fall to their knees worshipping and feel shaken to the core. A buzzing sound filled their minds and turned them blank.

The Transcended Berserkers could no longer stand on their feet. Nan Tian and the others were forced onto their knees as well, and their bodies trembled. In the entire region around Han Mountain, only the Elders of the three tribes and Yan Luan could remain standing.

The Elder of Lake of Colors may seem frail, but the fact that she could remain standing in the face of the deity statue of Transcendence was a testament that her power was definitely not as rumored!

The moment Su Ming heard the voice, his Qi erupted forth from within his body. Many ripples also formed on the giant that was formed by his blood veins above him, looking as if it was about to break down and reassemble. The 987 blood veins on the giant's body started trembling.

Three people charged through the sky, still 4,000 li away from Han Mountain City. However, as they got closer to the city, the

pressure increased, causing their speed to decrease.

Nonetheless, although they were thousands of li away, the majestic voice that traveled out from Han Mountain still rang clearly in their ears!

The old man looked calm, the only change on him was that his pupils shrank slightly. However, the man and woman were so badly shaken that they could barely stand. Conflict and eagerness appeared on their faces.

"Junior sister Han Fei Zi has Transcended..."

"She Transcended during the great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm. Once she's done, her power..."

Chapter 191: Refining He Feng!

Su Ming lifted his head and stared at the indistinct, gigantic figure within the tumbling mist in the sky. The figure could not be seen clearly, and most of its body was concealed by the mist. The people could only see vaguely that the deity statue was built in the shape of a person sitting cross-legged in the sky.

It was covered in black armor that exuded a vicious aura, as if there was an innumerable amount of wronged souls sealed within the armor. A black wisp of air that eventually turned into the tumbling black mist in the sky surrounded the deity statue.

The voice was still echoing in the sky. It sounded as if the might of the heavens itself was reverberating in the air. If anyone heard it, their wills would break due to this sound. They would obey the voice despite themselves and act on the desire to Transcend, even though that will was practically imposed on them.

A bright flash appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was only 700 feet away from Puqiang Mountain. As the first order of Transcendence echoed in the air, he took huge steps forward, shortening the distance from 700 feet to 400 feet!

At the same time, booming sounds reverberated through his body. As if it was on the verge of breaking down, a change suddenly occurred on the giant and another blood vein formed on its body. The moment the blood vein appeared, the giant trembled, looking as if it wanted to lift its head and rage against the sky.

988 blood veins!

Su Ming did not hesitate, he moved forward like a shooting star. As he walked forth, the distance between him and Puqiang Mountain decreased once again. When he was only 100 feet away from the mountain, the majestic voice came from the sky once again!

"I order thee... Transcend!"

The moment the voice came, the giant above Su Ming broke down. Yet at the same time it shattered, the 989th blood vein manifested on Su Ming's body!

The additional blood vein shone with a brilliant red light that illuminated the sky, causing the collapsing giant to reform from its collapsing state to whole once again, the shattered parts starting to gather together.

This scene of Su Ming obviously wrestling control from the deity made all those who saw it to fall into a state where they could no longer describe what they were feeling. The Elder of Puqiang Tribe trembled, and as he stared at Su Ming standing 100 feet away, he fell to his knees and bowed deeply.

"Sir, we respectfully welcome you to Puqiang Tribe..."

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe was originally the only one standing on the mountain. The moment he fell to his knees, Su Ming took

another step and arrived on Puqiang Mountain from the ninth section of the Chain!

He had completed the challenge of the Chains of Han Mountain. From Han Mountain, he moved along the Chain and arrived at Puqiang Mountain!

The moment his feet landed on the mountain, another blood vein manifested on his body with a boom, and once the 990th blood vein appeared, the giant above him seemed to finally possess enough strength, and it let out a roar towards the deity statue of Transcendence in the sky.

The clouds reeled to the side and the weather changed. The roar made it seem as if the giant wanted to go up against the deity statue of Transcendence clad in black armor. A cold and indifferent glare appeared in the black armored figure's eyes. For the first time since it appeared, it lifted its right hand slowly.

As it lifted its hand, an indescribable pressure descended upon everyone abruptly. Unable to withstand it, the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe fell to his knees, and his actions were followed by Yan Luan, who also knelt down trembling.

The final one who knelt down was Lake of Colors Tribe's Elder!

At that moment, besides Su Ming, all those in the entire region around Han Mountain were on their knees prostrating on the ground.

"Puqiang Elder, allow me to loan the aura of death stored in your tribe. Hurry up and activate all the aura of death you have in store!"

Su Ming stood on Puqiang Mountain and looked at the prostrating Elder of Puqiang Tribe before him calmly. His voice was not loud, but in this situation, there was an inexplicable pressure in them.

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe trembled and closed his eyes before he lifted his arms and slammed them onto the ground by his sides.

The moment he pressed his palms on the ground, a surge of power traveled from his body into the mountain.

"With the blood of the Elder of Puqiang Tribe, I now activate the force of death of Puqiang, calling out to all the aura of death buried deep in the earth throughout the ages. Come forth!" the Elder of Puqiang Tribe mumbled and bit his tongue, coughing out a mouthful of blood. His blood turned black the moment it appeared, and once it spilled on the ground, the entire Puqiang Mountain started trembling furiously.

A thick surge of aura of death erupted forth from the depths of the earth under the mountain. It spread out abruptly along veins within the mountain, causing it to be enveloped by the aura of death in an instant!

In the midst of the endless aura of death were shrill cries. Everyone could see countless innocent souls within the aura of

death that had erupted forth from the ground, and those souls filled the entire area.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he stared at the large amount of aura of death surging forth. This was the critical moment, and he did not want to waste even a single instant. Almost at the same time the aura of death appeared, he slammed his right hand on the storage bag in his bosom, and immediately, a corpse covered by herbs appeared before him.

The corpse was entirely shrouded by herbs. It was impossible to see its face, yet the moment the corpse appeared, the aura of death around surged towards the corpse like a contained flood that suddenly found an exit.

It was as if the corpse had turned into a gigantic whirlpool that could make all the aura of death gravitate towards it. The wronged souls within the aura of death fell over one another as they rushed forth, letting out piercing howls. In an instant, they enveloped the corpse and rushed into its body madly.

This strange sight made Puqiang Tribe's Elder and tribe leader shocked. They had been training using the aura of death for all their life and activated their Berserker Arts with the aura of death, but they had never seen anything like this before.

"What... What is this Berserker Art?!"

Su Ming's breathing quickened. He had been waiting for this day for far too long.

‘Spirit Plunder... Whether I can make this pill into my Origin Transcendence Vessel all lies in this moment!’

Su Ming swung his right hand forward and the bones, along with the herbs growing on them, appeared in his hands. Once he crushed all of them, the herbs and broken bones fused into the corpse in a strange fashion.

A shocking presence burst forth from the corpse. The thick aura of death within that presence spread all around.

The urge to Transcend within Su Ming was already very difficult to suppress. Once the giant above him let out that roar, it broke down rapidly. Before long, it would completely shatter, and that would be the time Su Ming Transcended.

In the sky, the figure clad in black armor, the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence, was also lifting its right hand slowly. As it did so, the pressure also became stronger. Once it completely raised its hand, a great catastrophe would befall the entire land.

Su Ming’s face was grave with a hint of nervousness. Then, with the method to create Spirit Plunder ingrained in his head, he wrapped his entire body around He Feng’s corpse and beat it repeatedly. Every single time his palm landed on the corpse, the place he struck would sink down and a lot of aura of death would surge into the spot before it would swell up once again.

"What's he doing?!"

"He's not Transcending, but is filling a corpse with the aura of death! Just... what is he doing?!"

At that moment, that was the most dominant thought in the minds of the powerful Transcended Berserkers who were still conscious.

Time passed by slowly. After a moment, a boom echoed in the sky, and the giant above Su Ming broke down completely. The moment it fell apart was also the same instant the true form of the deity statue in the sky lowered its right hand and pointed towards Su Ming with one finger.

"I order thee... Transcend!!"

The moment it pointed downwards, a presence of Transcendence burst forth from Su Ming's body. Amidst that presence, the 990 blood veins within his body instantly showed signs of melting.

The melting of blood veins to form the Berserker Mark. That was the symbol of Transcendence!

Almost at the same moment, Su Ming's right hand fell on top of He Feng's skull. He slammed his palm down on the spot signaling the final step of creating the pill in his memories!

The instant he slammed his right hand down, He Feng's body

abruptly swelled up and his eyes opened up. His pupils were grey.

Those eyes seemed like they had been revived, and they were looking at the sky with a gaze that did not belong to He Feng. The first thing that entered their vision was the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence in the sky. The grey hue in the eyes flickered, and the herb covered body floated into the air, slowly crossing its legs to arrange itself in the same fashion as the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence.

This was something not even Su Ming had predicted. He was momentarily stunned, but did not have time to think much into it. This was a critical period for him. His blood veins were melting rapidly within his body. The desire to Transcend had reached its peak.

"I'm going to Transcend..." Su Ming mumbled.

He no longer cared about He Feng's corpse by his side. He might not understand its strange behavior, but he personally created this pill and no outsider had a hand in it during the entire procedure. From his memories regarding the method to create this pill, he could also feel surges of herbal aura flowing within He Feng's body, and they were quickly gathering at the corpse's brains. Once they gathered together and condensed into the pill, Spirit Plunder would be formed!

"Elder, I'm about to Transcend..."

Su Ming sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes. The moment

he did so, muffled sounds of thunder suddenly came from within the clouds that were torn apart in the sky. At the same time, in the sky much higher above the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence, some clouds started gathering together when thunder started rumbling.

This did not make sense. Under the might of the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence, the clouds could only be torn apart and replaced by mist. It was impossible for them to gather together once again. However, now, the clouds had gathered!

The moment the clouds converged, a bolt of blue lightning suddenly descended from among the clouds. The bolt of lightning was about the breadth of the rim of a water pail. It crackled past the deity statue of Transcendence and charged towards the earth, descending upon He Feng's corpse in a straight line.

Su Ming was shaken. He opened his eyes and saw the bolt of blue lightning suddenly falling on He Feng's corpse clearly. It caused the swelled up corpse to rapidly wither as numerous electric arcs swam around it.

The herbs on the body also turned into powder in an instant, but the herbal aura within He Feng's body seemed to have received great nourishment and came together even faster. It had already turned into a fuzzy orb that was rapidly spinning in He Feng's brain.

The two strange sights in the sky stirred up incredible panic within Han Mountain City. The people who had lost consciousness due to the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence had

woken up.

The deity statue of Transcendence in the sky shuddered. Due to the sudden appearance of the clouds and the bolt of lightning, some of the mighty pressure coming from its body was forcefully dissipated.

Because of that, the urge to Transcend within Su Ming eased up for a moment.

At that moment, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. During the moment the speed of his blood veins melting slowed down, another blood vein increased!

991 blood veins!

Su Ming closed his eyes. A memory that was buried by time surfaced in his head.

"I don't have any sense of propriety. I don't have parents. In your eyes, I have neither any right nor status... But, my elder once told me that you only see one part of the rain in the world. You will never know how much rain there is when it stops...

"You can only see the surface of the muddy water on the ground and never the bottom... This year, I am only 16 years old..."

In his memory, a teenager had his head lowered as he spoke his mind with calm resolution before the Elder of Dark Dragon Tribe!

Chapter 192: Blooming Thought!

As the land in Han Mountain City trembled furiously, no one made a sound, no matter what their level of cultivation was. At that moment, all those who were conscious waited with bated breath as they watched the sky and the person filled with the presence of Transcendence sitting cross-legged on Puqiang Mountain.

Three long arcs charged through the sky thousands of li away from Han Mountain City. They wanted to get closer, but they were already struggling forward when the area was just filled the pressure from the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence. When the clouds way above merged together and the blue bolt of lightning fell with a rumble, the pressure that filled the air seemed to become even stronger.

The man and woman were already pale and gasping for breath as they looked dumbly towards the direction of Han Mountain City. Their minds were blank, and the only thing left within them was awe born in the depths of their hearts towards their junior fellow disciple Han Fei Zi.

Only the old man was looking towards the direction of Han Mountain City with twinkling eyes. He did not speak, but there was shock in his heart.

‘The true form of the deity statue of Transcendence appeared and gave the order to Transcend three times. This can only mean that the person who is Transcending is suppressing his blood veins... This person is ambitious. Not only does he have extraordinary will,

he also has a method to increase his blood veins!

‘Is this person truly that lass, Han Fei Zi..? If it is, then Zhou Shan has gotten himself a good disciple. If he trains her well, then she might even have the chance to compete against Si Ma’s youngest for the Edge!

‘But that’s not the most shocking thing. Those clouds actually managed to merge together even under the might of the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence. And the blue bolt of lightning that descended... Why... did that lightning fall?’

The old man’s eyes sparkled, and he sighed. He did not abandon the people by his side to investigate on his own; that would just make his intentions too obvious. Instead, once he sighed, he calmed down and maintained the same speed as the man and woman as they flew towards the city slowly.

At that moment, the sky above Han Mountain City rumbled. The instant the 991st vein appeared on Su Ming’s body, the clouds above the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence clad in black armor glowed with a piercing shade of blue light once again. A bolt of blue lightning thicker than the one previously descended abruptly.

That bolt of lightning caused the space between the sky and earth to twist. Under the gaze of all the people in the region around Han Mountain who almost passed out with the lack of breathing, they saw the bolt of lightning coming down in a straight line with a crash, charging down towards He Feng who was beside Su Ming!

The herbal aura was rapidly gathering within He Feng's head. The fuzzy orb that was formed was spinning quickly inside, as if it wanted to absorb all the herbal aura within and materialize into a pill!

The bolt of lightning came with a boom. It crackled past the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence towards He Feng. In an instant, it crashed into He Feng's body. A shocking boom reverberated through the sky, and He Feng's body was shrouded in blue light. Cracking sounds spread throughout the area, and many electrical arcs swam around his body. Some of them even fell on Puqiang Mountain's ground before they spread outwards. There were even some that spread to Su Ming.

Su Ming jolted and opened his eyes. A strange light appeared in them. A faint hint of hesitation and inconceivability

The moment he opened his eyes, Su Ming immediately saw He Feng's limbs shattering under the blue bolt of lightning and dissipating once it turned into black mist. Even a large portion of his body disappeared without a trace under the bolt of lightning's relentless attack.

As of then, in Su Ming's eyes, there was only a small portion of He Feng's body left, including his head. Lightning traveled through his body and gradually fused into him. At the same time, the herbal aura within He Feng's body that had withstood two lightning calamities was merging at even faster, shocking pace within that fuzzy orb in He Feng's head. At that moment, a pill about the size of a fingernail had appeared within the fuzzy orb.

Before long, the pill would be complete.

Due to the two bolts of lightning, the mighty pressure from the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence in the sky weakened largely, causing Su Ming's desire to Transcend to disappear rapidly as well.

This was the chance of a lifetime for Su Ming!

This was out of his expectations. He had never expected such an incredible chance to appear when the lightning calamity was drawn out by his refining of Spirit Plunder occurred at the same time as he Transcended!

Originally, he could only manifest 990 blood veins. This was his body's limit. There was no way he could suppress the urge to Transcend within him either. His only choice was to Transcend!

He had thought it was a pity when he chose to Transcend, but he no longer thought about increasing his blood veins. The giant above him had shattered, his blood veins had melted. His entire person was enveloped by the presence of Transcendence. From that moment onwards, he lost all right to increase his blood veins.

He had to Transcend. It was especially so when the presence of Transcendence surged into his body, causing him to be unable to turn the tides. However... the appearance of two lightning calamities had opened up a path for him as if they had just blasted out a crack in a frozen river. The crack was not thin either. It appeared as if the ice was ripped apart.

The people who looked like they were moments away from suffocating suddenly looked as if they had just sucked in a breath of fresh air.

A brilliant flash appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The hesitance in them had been due to this!

Yet the hesitance did not last long before Su Ming made his decision. Once the 991st blood vein manifested, he used the presence of Transcendence to largely melt that Berserker Bone!

As it melted and the process of Su Ming's Transcendence had come to an abrupt halt, his blood veins increased once again!

992!

993!

994!

The increase of three blood veins made booming sounds echo in Su Ming's body. The power of the blood veins crashed against the presence of Transcendence as they could not tolerate each other in his body. However, the light in Su Ming's eyes just became brighter.

He could feel that with his condition, each extra blood vein made

him become stronger by several fold. He could feel his strength increasing with an explosive might along with his blood veins!

At that moment, the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence trembled in the sky. A blue electrical arc appeared once again strangely outside its body and traveled all around it. It was as if it was connected to He Feng's body, as if there was some sort of natural law contained within the act of He Feng's body manipulating himself to be in the exact same sitting position as the statue, which established some sort of connection between them, causing the deity statue of Transcendence to replace He Feng's body in taking the brunt of the lightning's force as if it was helping him.

As the lightning traveled through its body, a merciless glare appeared in the eyes of the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence. Gradually, it moved its body, as if it was about to stand up!

At the same moment, as the clouds high above the sky merged together, a large amount of blue light appeared for the third time. This time, the intensity of the blue light had clearly surpassed the previous two times. Even the entire cloud turned blue in that instant!

Lightning that was formed due to the rain from the other parts of the sky around the area sped towards that blue cloud and fused into it, turning into a strong amount of pressure that fell upon everyone.

Eventually, that bolt of lightning in that blue cloud reached a

point where people would be aghast just by casting a glance at it. All of them could tell that the bolt of lightning in the cloud was much stronger than the previous two times. In fact... the previous two bolts could not begin to compare with this!

The Elder and tribe leader of Puqiang Tribe were completely stunned as they prostrated themselves on the ground trembling.

It was the same on Tranquil East Mountain. Even Han Cang Zi was also pale. As she looked at the sky, reverence appeared on her face.

On Lake of Colors Mountain, even though Yan Luan might be in the middle stage of Transcendence, the strange phenomenon in the sky made her feel miniscule and weak. The power of the bolts of lightning shocked her.

The old woman knelt on the ground with her eyes closed. Her expression was calm, but she was reflexively clenching and unclenching her hand, which showed that what she felt within her heart was definitely not what she showed on her face.

There was deathly stillness within Han Mountain City. No one caused a ruckus. No one initiated any discussions. All the people seemed to have lost all process of thought in the midst of their nervousness and shock.

That included Nan Tian, Ke Jiu Si, Leng Ying, and Xuan Lun, who was also kneeling down somewhere in the distance.

Even the man and woman among the three figures charging towards the city from thousands of li away let out cries of surprise before they came to an abrupt halt. They were aghast as they looked at the clouds, unable to understand what was happening.

The old man who was leading the team looked at the blue cloud in the distance in silence. He, too, sucked in a deep breath.

Su Ming sat on Puqiang Mountain. The 994 blood veins within his body were strained to the absolute limit he could endure. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips. He gritted his teeth and melted the Berserker Bone within his body once again, but no matter how much he tried to melt it and how much he tried to endure it, his blood veins stayed at only 994 and refused to increase!

As the blue cloud gathered in the sky and the bolt of lightning seemed to be on the verge of striking down, as the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence clad in black armor was gradually standing up, Su Ming knew that his time was short. He lifted his head and looked at the blue cloud. The hesitation in his eyes before had been due to the blood veins, but besides hesitation, there was also inconceivability.

That inconceivability was not due to blood veins, neither was it due to Transcendence, but... was due to the electrical arcs that shocked him when the second bolt of lightning struck He Feng.

The electrical arcs fused into his body and made him jolt. They might have already dissipated, but they had stayed for an instant in his body.

It was during that one instant when it stayed that made a thought bloom in Su Ming's mind, one that made him think that it was slightly startling and unimaginable. He had never even heard of it before, and had no idea whether it was possible.

That thought was bold and reckless. It could even be said to be ridiculous.

Yet now, even if Su Ming himself thought that the idea itself was a fantasy, he still could not help but mull over it with excitement.

‘I only have one chance. This is the only time where I’ll know whether this is just a fantasy of mine, or that it can become reality... I want to try it!

Su Ming stared at the blue cloud in the sky, and calm madness appeared in his eyes.

‘Spirit Plunder might be able to become my Origin Transcendence Vessel because it has substance... and it’s not incorporeal. The Origin Vessel seems to require a concrete body...

‘But... this powerful blue bolt of lightning stayed in my body for a moment. Does this mean that during that instant it was a physical entity? But after a moment, it’ll become incorporeal again...’

Chapter 193: Transcendence!!

"What is the meaning of lightning calamity?" Su Ming mumbled.

The words 'lightning calamity' were mentioned in the method to create Spirit Plunder stored in his head.

In his memories, the lightning calamity only appeared due to Spirit Plunder. The laws of nature did not allow the use of humans for cauldrons to create medicinal pills, much less creating it using the aura of death. That was why celestial lightning turned into a calamity that fell on him. The purpose of this bolt of lightning was to destroy the medicinal pill, but as the medicinal pill was shielded by the corpse, the power of lightning once it struck down would diminish. When the corpse was eventually destroyed, the medicinal pill would be created!

Su Ming had never truly mulled over this description of the pill in detail. Based on his understanding, this was something that he could not possibly understand. However, at that moment, as his heart raced and the thought that made him excited bloomed in his head, the pill's description appeared in his mind.

'What is the meaning of lightning calamity? If we take off the word 'calamity', we are only left with lightning!'

Su Ming's mind raced. He was not unfamiliar with lightning. When he initially came to the Land of South Morning, he saw lightning striking trees.

At that time, he already analyzed it and believed that it was because the trunks were too moist, that was why lightning was drawn to them, causing the trees to be set ablaze instantly, until all that was eventually left were the materials he needed to create his medicinal pills.

However, there seemed to be some inaccuracies in his previous theory.

‘There are a lot of trees in the rainforest, so why did the taller trees attract lightning..? Perhaps it’s because the humidity on those trees was greater, or it could be because there’s another reason for it.

‘Lightning can strike trees, then this time, why did He Feng’s body draw in all the bolts of lightning from the lightning calamity? The description in my memories is too cryptic, it doesn’t seem like it’s the correct explanation for this.’

Su Ming could not understand this phenomenon.

In fact, there was a feeling within him telling him that it was only natural for lightning to fall. As for why it happened and the source for why it was happening was something he could not figure out.

Yet at that moment, if he wanted to bring that mad thought of his to fruition, he must understand all these completely!

Why does lightning exist?! What is lightning?!

‘If I can’t understand the causes for lightning, then I won’t be able to keep it inside my body and turn it... into my Origin Vessel!’

This was Su Ming’s idea, the insane, inconceivable, but exciting idea.

However, after some quick thinking, Su Ming had to give up on it. He could not understand what lightning was and where it came from. He had no confidence in making lightning stay in his body.

Those thoughts eventually turned into a sigh. Su Ming knew he was short on time. The deity statue of Transcendence was slowly standing up and the bolt of lightning in the sky was rapidly converging before it would strike down. No matter how hard he melted the Berserker Bone in his body, he could not increase anymore blood veins. It was not something that he could accomplish by just gritting his teeth to persevere and endure through it.

His current condition was of a stone bottle that was full. Even if he poured more water in it, he could not add more water into the bottle. It would only spill out.

If he wanted to manifest more blood veins, his only method was to make that stone bottle bigger!

In truth, once the 990th blood vein manifested on Su Ming’s

body, he was already filled like the stone bottle in his analogy. He could only manifest four more blood veins due to the presence of Transcendence fusing into his body, which in a way transformed his body, as if his body was the stone bottle, and it had become bigger. It allowed him to better complete the transition to become a powerful Transcended Berserker in a situation where it was impossible for him to do anything to increase his blood veins.

However, the unexpected appearance of the bolts of lightning broke this irreversible situation, giving Su Ming the chance of a lifetime. It allowed him to make the impossible possible – increasing four more blood veins.

Yet now, he was at his limit once again.

There was no way he could change anything to make the stone bottle contain more water and to make another blood vein appear on his body. This was something Su Ming understood fully. He knew that even the burning of blood could not help him with this.

‘I don’t know how the Ancients managed to manifest 1,000 blood veins. Perhaps there are people born who truly possess such astonishing potential that they can contain 1,000 blood veins in their bodies, but I’m not them...

‘I don’t know how they did it, but if I want to increase more blood veins... This... is the only way!’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He swiftly stood up and stomped on the ground to launch himself into the air. When he

was in midair, he spread his arms wide open.

‘My body is filled. I can’t add anymore blood veins. The only way I can think of is to break my own body, just like breaking the stone bottle. The instant it cracks, the amount of water it can contain will increase!

‘Even if my body breaks, if I can seize the precise moment and Transcend, it’s not impossible!’

Su Ming’s eyes shone with calmness and madness.

His madness stemmed from his idea, and his calmness came from every single planned action of his!

Su Ming could not stay too long in midair. Before long, he would fall

Right now, he had his arms spread wide, and loud banging sounds instantly came from his body. As the sounds reverberated in the air, the 994 blood veins in his body scattered as if they had just broken down and were set ablaze.

‘If I break my body and make myself to be no longer contained in a bottle, there’s no way I won’t be able to obtain more blood veins!’ Su Ming shouted out in his heart.

As roars came from within his body, blood trickled out from Su Ming’s mouth. Blood also flowed out from his eyes, ears, and nose.

The roaring coming from his body arrived at its loudest point. His blood veins erupted in his body. As they did so, the first to be affected was his body. It was just as he thought it would be - the stone bottle broke!

Thin cracks appeared on Su Ming's body. It was as if his body had been split apart. Once the cracks spread out, he would be torn to shreds!

Red light shone from the thin cracks and scattered out of them, even showing signs of spreading further.

An indescribable pain spread to every corner of Su Ming's body. It was a pain as if he was about to self-destruct, a pain that a common person would not be able to endure. Su Ming, too, was unable to withstand it. His expression twisted, but as his body continued breaking apart, his blood veins abruptly increased once again.

995!!

In a spot no one could see on Su Ming's right leg, the 995th blood vein appeared!

The additional blood vein increased the speed of Su Ming's body breaking down. More cracks appeared. A feeling as if he was about to be destroyed and die filled his entire being.

Yet a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips, which was hidden under the hood. That smile was cruel. This cruelty was not directed to others, but towards himself. He always remembered what his elder had once said.

If he wanted to obtain something, he must give up something in return.

The more he wanted to obtain something, the more he would have to sacrifice. Only he could determine whether the sacrifice was equivalent to the reward and whether it was worth it, not anyone else.

‘I’ve already taken this step and obtained the 995th blood vein. If I don’t pour everything I have and fight for it, I... won’t be satisfied!’

Su Ming's body started falling from the air. During the process, his body started rapidly breaking apart.

The roars echoed in the air, and as Su Ming fell, another blood vein appeared with an explosive might on his left leg!

996!

That additional blood vein made Su Ming's body reach its breaking point. Blood mist gushed out of his body, and his vision blurred. A feeling of death filled his entire body.

All these were seen by the people around him, and they were filled with shock and deep reverence.

At that moment, all those who were still conscious could see what Su Ming was trying to do. From his actions alone, they could feel his madness and desire to increase his blood veins.

As Su Ming fell, he looked at the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence clad in black armor that had now stood up completely. When the deity statue stood up, it looked like a giant that reached the sky. The black armor it wore exuded an endless amount of vicious aura.

It looked at Su Ming coldly and lifted its right hand to point at Su Ming.

"This is the final time... I order thee... Transcend!"

The moment its voice reverberated in the air, even the blue cloud in the sky stopped for an instant. Su Ming lifted his head and let out a low growl towards the sky.

"Blood veins!"

His body broke apart. The stone bottle completely shattered, his robes exploding in the process. The blood mist enveloping the area outside his body completely covered his face and his torn body so that no one could see his face.

The moment his body broke, Su Ming's blood veins started increasing madly with a shocking speed, as if the limits on his body had been lifted!

997!

998!

999!!

999 blood veins covered every corner of Su Ming's broken body. It seemed that there was no longer any space to take in the 1,000th blood vein!

The only spot left... was underneath his eyes under his crumbling face hidden away by the mist – the scar left behind when the broken shard from the destroyed Dark Mountain statue of the God of Berserkers slashed his face.

It was a normal scar, but to Su Ming, this was the only mark left of Dark Mountain on his body.

If the 1,000th blood vein appeared, the scar on Su Ming's face would disappear and be replaced. The instant the only mark he had left of Dark Mountain was about to disappear, conflict appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

To Transcend with 1,000 blood veins, a sight that was rare even during the age of the Ancients, and wipe away the only trace left of

Dark Mountain on his body, or to retain this scar and give up on the 1,000th blood vein? that was the question.

"If you want to obtain something, then you have to give up something in return... Only you can decide whether it is worth the cost..."

The elder's words echoed in Su Ming's head. He felt as if he had seen his elder, Dark Mountain, and the moment Dark Mountain Tribe's statue of the God of Berserkers shattered.

Eventually, in Su Ming's eyes, he recalled the sight he saw using Han Kong's power, where he saw himself tied up in chains in the void. That Su Ming had no scar on his face, but once he said something, the scar appeared on his face.

"I... refuse..." Su Ming mumbled.

The moment these words were spoken, the 1,000th blood vein dissipated. At the same time, the vast presence of Transcendence enveloped Su Ming's whole body. His broken body mended itself in that instant, and the blood mist that had spread out tumbled back into his body. Even the torn clothes pieced themselves together and appeared on his body, as if time had just reversed.

The world roared. The presence that only belonged to those who Transcended erupted from Su Ming's body! The might of that presence was so incredible it caused all the Berserkers in the Blood Solidification Realm in the area to tremble. Even Nan Tian and the other powerful Transcended Berserkers felt shocked. They could

clearly feel an incredibly mighty pressure coming from Su Ming's body.

Transcendence!

Chapter 194: Awarded The Title Of Divine General!

The might of the pressure far surpassed that of an ordinary Berserker who had Transcended, but it was still not stable. That presence filled Su Ming's entire body. Even so, the moment the pressure dissipated, it made all those around him feel shaken to the core.

This was the first time in their lives that they had seen the full process of a Berserker who attained great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm Transcending. This shocked them so greatly it could even affect their entire lives.

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe trembled as he prostrated himself on the ground. His level of cultivation may be at the middle stage of Transcendence, but there was only an indescribable reverence in him towards Su Ming. It was one that stemmed from his soul, and one that appeared due to the might coming from Su Ming's body.

This intimidating pressure made the Elder of Puqiang Tribe gasp for breath.

If he was already in this condition, then it was much more so for the man who looked like a mountain of flesh beside him. The tribe leader of Puqiang Tribe looked at Su Ming with incredible reverence

The 999 blood veins in Su Ming's body instantly melted. When his falling body was 100 feet away from the summit of Puqiang

Mountain, for the first time ever, with his own strength, Su Ming floated and stood in air!

He had Transcended!

At that moment, the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence clad in armor in the sky looked at Su Ming with a hint of gentleness that was barely noticeable in his cold and aloof eyes.

"Breaking thy body to obtain Transcendence... that is in accordance to the second law laid by the first God of Berserkers... I grant thee... South Asunder Sword... Come forth to Great Yu to retrieve thy sword, and thou shalt be awarded the title Divine General of Transcendence!"

The true form of the deity statue of Transcendence's magnificent voice echoed in the air. It cast a profound look at Su Ming before it swung its right hand down and charged towards Su Ming. In an instant, it appeared before Su Ming and touched the top of his skull.

Su Ming did not dodge. He had no blood veins in his body at that moment, but there was a power that far surpassed the power of 999 blood veins by several fold contained within him.

Besides, the deity statue of Transcendence in the sky gave him a strange feeling, as if there was some sort of mysterious connection between them. It made him feel that it was not a cold and detached being, but there was a sense of familiarity coming from it.

When the deity statue of Transcendence's right index finger touched the top of Su Ming's skull, his body trembled. He could clearly feel a special energy traveling from its finger into his body, causing his body to tremble and rumble once again. A feeling that grew increasingly stronger enveloped him entirely.

Eventually, that special presence spread out within Su Ming. When it surrounded his entire body, it turned into a black bundle of mist that surrounded Su Ming from head to toe before it turned into black armor!

That armor was slightly different from the armor the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence wore. It was clearly much simpler in design, but the incredible power from it spread out abruptly!

However, Su Ming's armor was a mere illusion. It was not real.

"Come... to Great Yu..."

The true form of the deity statue of Transcendence in the sky retracted its right hand. Its body gradually faded out, and after a moment, it completely disappeared from the sky. No traces of it could be found thereafter.

At that moment, the only thing left in the sky was the mighty blue cloud that was still gathering lightning. The lightning calamity would fall upon him at any moment now.

"I... finally Transcended..."

Su Ming floated in midair. The black mist armor surrounding his body gave him a vicious and freezing air. He stood in the air and looked at the sky in the distance. An indescribable feeling spread through his heart.

"Elder, I Transcended... Bai Ling, did you know? I Transcended..."

Su Ming felt anguish blossoming in his heart. Transcending should have been a joyous occasion, but for a reason he did not know, he felt no excitement. He simply missed Dark Mountain.

Even if he now possessed strength where his limits were unknown to even himself, even if he now lived up to his name and became the most powerful Berserker in Han Mountain, even if all those within sight in the area did not pose much of a threat to him, he... still did not have the excitement and thrill that he should have had after he Transcended.

The blue cloud in the sky rumbled. However, that rumbling sound could not stifle the uproar from Han Mountain and the three tribes. That sound was like a wave that rose to a shocking volume.

"He Transcended in the great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm! And he was rewarded the South Asunder Sword and given the title of Divine General of Transcendence!"

"South Asunder Sword... I've never read about this sword from any ancient scrolls, but if the sword was given by the deity statue of Transcendence, then it must be extraordinary!"

"Is this the serendipity for a Berserker who attains great completion of the Blood Solidification Realm Transcends? They'll be rewarded with a treasure! And they'll be given the title of Divine General of Transcendence as well! What is the Divine General of Transcendence though?"

"The strongest of Han Mountain City..." Nan Tian looked at Su Ming standing in midair and mumbled.

"Divine General of Transcendence... why did this never appear the previous time I saw the deity statue of Transcendence appear...?"

Ke Jiu Si's heart raced against his chest and deep reverence appeared in his eyes.

Xuan Lun was completely stunned. All emotions in his heart were replaced by bafflement. He looked at Su Ming and a feeling of powerlessness blossomed within him.

"Divine General of Transcendence... He was awarded the title Divine General of Transcendence!"

Han Fei Zi trembled and disbelief appeared in her eyes. She was

one of the few who knew the meaning of the title Divine General of Transcendence. In fact, she was suppressing her blood veins to become the Divine General of Transcendence as well!

"Divine General of Transcendence is an acknowledgement bestowed upon the Transcended Berserkers who truly obtained the quintessence of the Berserker Tribe. It is an emblem of Berserk... and it's something that normal Transcended Berserkers cannot compare..." the old woman mumbled on Lake of Colors Tribe.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe was on his knees with a respectful expression on his face on Tranquil East Mountain. "I can't believe a Divine General of Transcendence appeared in Han Mountain... I wonder which deity statue's armor he'll receive once he goes to Great Yu..."

After a short uproar, two figures flew out from Lake of Colors Mountain. It was the old woman and Yan Luan. The latter's face was filled with deep respect. Along with the old woman, she bowed towards Su Ming in midair.

"Lake of Colors Tribe congratulates Lord Divine General on Transcending!"

At the same time, the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe flew up from Tranquil East Mountain as well, and along with Fang Shen, who stood on the mountain, their words traveled forth.

"Tranquil East Tribe congratulates Lord Divine General on Transcending!"

"Puqiang Tribe congratulates Lord Divine General on Transcending!"

Their sounds reverberated in the air, and they were followed by congratulatory words rising and falling from the entire Han Mountain City. Their voices echoed in the air as they commended Su Ming.

Besides the old man from the three people from Freezing Sky Clan who were thousands of li away from Han Mountain City, the man and the woman were both filled with shock as they looked at the distance.

"Junior sister Han Fei Zi was awarded the title of Divine General?!"

"We must report this to the left preceptor as soon as possible! Junior sister Han Fei Zi's name is definitely going to resound through the entire Freezing Clan!"

Su Ming stood in midair and suppressed his thoughts. He lifted his head and looked at the blue cloud in the sky. He knew that this was not the time to feel moved. He was only halfway through Transcendence. It was not over.

‘I have to quickly choose my Origin Vessel and assimilate it into my body, then I have to leave and find a quiet place to draw my Berserker Mark in meditation.’

Only when he had finished drawing his Berserker Mark could he be considered to have completed the process of Transcendence, and only then could his power stabilize, instead of fluctuating and spreading out like this.

‘It’s a pity that I don’t know what lightning is made of and neither do I know how it came to be, so it’s hard for me to keep it within me and make it my Origin Vessel... I can only choose to use Spirit Plunder.’

Su Ming stood in the middle of the air in silence and looked at the blue cloud in the sky. There was a look of regret in his eyes as he waited for the moment that bolt of lightning struck and the medicinal pill appeared.

Yet at that moment, a shred of lightning suddenly came off the converging bolts of lightning in the blue cloud in the sky. As the light in the clouds flickered, it charged towards the ground and landed on a mountain in the distance as if it was guided by something.

When he saw this, a rumble suddenly appeared in Su Ming’s head. He stared fixedly at the blue cloud in the sky and lowered his head to look at the land along with what little was left of He Feng’s body floating in the air.

‘Lightning strikes trees... Lightning was drawn in when I created Spirit Plunder... Lightning fell and struck the top of the mountain... This is... There’s...’

Su Ming seemed to have understood something, but that thought was not clear in his head. Still, he had a feeling that he had latched onto something.

At that moment, the blue cloud rumbled. A lot of lightning gathered together, looking as if it was about to explode, causing some of the thin threads of lightning that were wandering about in the cloud to fall towards the land all around the area. They fell on the mountains around them. Some of them even fell on the mountains where people had gathered to watch. They broke into commotion and quickly dodged the bolts.

‘Activation... Activation... I get it!’

A brilliant flash appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He had understood it somewhat.

‘Lightning originally doesn’t fall from the sky. It’s not out of its will that it struck the trees. Perhaps it’s more accurate to say that lightning doesn’t have a will, it’s just attracted to the trees in midair...

‘It’s the same for the mountains in the area. They attracted the lightning in the sky...

‘It’s the same for the people in the area!

‘He Feng is also the same. It’s not that the lightning is attacking

him, it's just that there's something on him that's attracting lightning to him. This thing exists in the mountains, the trees, and many other places...

‘Then... what is it?!’

Su Ming whipped his head around to look at He Feng.

‘He Feng absorbed the aura of death for refinement. Could it be the aura of death? But there's no aura of death in the ground, neither is there any in the mountains. It's not the aura of death, but something else.

‘What is attracting the lightning?!’

Su Ming understood a little of the concept, but along with it came even more confusion. However, he did not have time to think.

Just as his mind worked furiously, the sky rumbled with an intensity that shook the sky and earth. The blue cloud had finally charged up enough lightning. The blue light pierced into people's eyes. Lightning was about to fall.

Yet at that very moment, Su Ming's mind rumbled as he activated the Branding Art. With the activation of the Branding Art, he trembled and saw something vaguely on the land. The instant thunder rumbled, there was a barely noticeable, faint glow of lightning that would have been easily missed unless he had been searching for it. It was on the ground, on the mountains, and on

the crowd like a tide. It was a lightning glow that could not be seen with the naked eye. It was that thing that attracted the lightning in the sky. The bolts longed to touch it!

The lightning glow that could not be seen with the naked eye traveled on the ground and was all absorbed by He Feng's body. Once a large amount of it surged into his body, it gathered inside him. As it nourished the medicinal pill in his body, it also made He Feng's body into the spot where the most lightning glow from the ground had gathered.

Su Ming seemed to have heard a faint sound calling out to him, as if it was just a figment of his imagination. A rumble appeared in his head. He... understood!

At the same time, the cloud shrank, as if it was entirely absorbed by the bolt of lightning. Finally, only a blue bolt of lightning about ten feet in breadth was left behind, and it charged down towards the ground and He Feng's body, which was calling out to him.

Chapter 195: The Power Of Lightning

Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the large amount of aura of death that surrounded Puqiang Mountain. The vortex within his body appeared once again. In an instant, the aura of death charged towards him with a loud boom.

The lightning sparks that covered the earth swiftly changed their direction and charged towards Su Ming.

The light in his eyes flickered. He left his original spot. The moment his body left the ground, the air twisted on the spot he was standing, but no lightning appeared.

‘Once Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning come into contact, it’ll form lightning. I can’t evade or dodge it, because the lightning I see is just an illusion. In truth, the moment Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning come into contact, the power of lightning has already formed.’

Su Ming’s mind became clearer. Once he understood the concept, many branches stemmed out of the concept like a tree, and he managed to branch out his thoughts into many different areas. As he moved, he never stopped, but with every single step he took, a lot of Earthen Lightning that was not visible to the naked eye would surge forth and cover his entire body before seeping inside.

‘Before I absorb enough Earthen Lightning, I absolutely cannot let Void Lightning touch me...’

The thing Su Ming was dodging was the vague Void Lightning that he could only see with the Branding Art.

All of this could not be seen by others. In the eyes of the crowd, Su Ming was running around the place erratically, but strangely and shockingly, the space behind him continued distorting. It was as if every single spot that he went to would distort in a manner that would even block their vision for an instant. The distortions in the air spread out like ripples.

The strange sight made all those who saw it baffled. In their disbelief, they became more respectful and mystified by Su Ming.

Su Ming became faster, but even though his speed was quick, the Void Lightning that seemed to have filled the entire sky was also traveling at incredible speeds. It charged towards Su Ming from all around him as if there was something on him that attracted it, a substance that drew it mad.

In fact, the gigantic blue bolt of lightning that was attacking He Feng's head, causing it to continue dissipating and revealing the Spirit Plunder contained within, also started to become agitated. Distortions appeared all around the area, as if it was going to change directions at any moment.

It may seem simple, but only Su Ming himself understood the underlying dangers. He was focused. As he continued moving all around the area to avoid the Void Lightning as much as possible, there were still some shortcomings. Sometimes lightning would appear and fall on him.

‘It’s still not enough...’

Su Ming charged towards the Chain of Han Mountain connected to Puqiang Mountain. He saw a large amount of Earthen Lightning on the Chain. If it were not because of He Feng drawing in Void Lightning to himself, the Chain might have been attacked by countless bolts of lightning by now.

The moment Su Ming landed on the Chain at full speed, the Earthen Lightning attached to the Chain charged towards Su Ming and surged in to and around his body.

At that moment, rumbling sounds echoed in the air and numerous bolts of lightning appeared at the same time, crashing into Su Ming. He jolted and flew into the air, charging towards the sky.

‘I have enough Earthen Lightning. Now, I’ll need a similar amount of Void Lightning. The moment they come into contact, my body might not be able to withstand it, but... if I want to turn lightning into my Origin Vessel, then this is the only way!’

‘The longer I can persevere, the higher my chances of success!’

At that moment, the aura of death within Su Ming’s body had completely dissipated. The only thing left was the large amount of Earthen Lightning that could not be seen with the naked eye. It stayed within and around his body, causing him to appear even more appealing for lightning than He Feng, becoming the sole

object to draw in lightning!

‘Only physical objects can be refined and turned into Origin Vessels... Lightning is abstract, so only if I produce it relentlessly in my body can I make it belong to me!

‘Only then will I be considered to have taken control of lightning. All the other methods of taking lightning and fusing it into the body are just fake rumors, because the appearance of lightning is an illusion. The true force comes from the moment Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning crash into lightning! This is the true refinement of lightning!’

Su Ming charged towards the top of the sky. He could sense that there was a large amount of Void Lightning high up in the sky!

The moment his body reached that place, the world rumbled, and numerous bolts of lightning appeared out of nowhere. They charged towards Su Ming from all around him. Loud rumbling sounds echoed in the air. The people could no longer see Su Ming. The only thing they saw were the bolts of lightning that spread through the endless mass of sky.

At that moment, the blue bolt of lightning that was still incessantly attacking He Feng’s head suddenly changed direction and charged towards Su Ming, who was hidden away by lightning.

The moment the blue bolt of lightning charged out, the world trembled in a manner as if it was creating an abnormality of its own!

At the same time, in an area of 1,000 li in the sky above Han Mountain, bolts of lightning broke through the sky and whistled through the air towards Su Ming. The many lightning bolts illuminated the earth. The rumbling sounds deafened ears, causing all the people on land to be left gasping in amazement and shock. Their minds became blank.

The sky was filled with lightning!

In the midst of the rumbling sounds, Su Ming coughed out blood as he was shrouded by lightning sparks. Lightning sparks could even be seen swimming in his blood before the blood instantly turned into a small mass of blood mist.

Su Ming was pale, but his eyes were incredibly bright. Within his body, Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning relentlessly crashed into each other, turning into the power of lightning that grew increasingly stronger within him. At the same time, his Transcendence Qi was absorbing that power of lightning in a shocking manner. It continued to take that power in to refine it into Su Ming's Origin Vessel!

Su Ming could instantly refine a lot of materials into his Origin Vessel with the sort of refinement he was conducting, but since ancient times, it was almost unheard of for anyone to refine lightning into their Origin Vessel. Even for Berserkers who Transcended with 999 blood veins, this slow speed was enough for them to be killed before they succeeded.

‘My body can’t take it anymore... do I really have to give up now?!’

Conflict appeared on Su Ming’s face. He had not managed to complete the refinement. The Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning within him were crashing against each other incessantly. Every single time they crashed, the power of lightning that was created would become stronger, causing Su Ming to be unable to withstand it for a long period of time even if he had Transcended.

‘I can only last for at most ten breaths before I die!’

Su Ming jolted. A shade of blue had appeared in the sky.

‘Do I give up and make Spirit Plunder into my Origin Transcendence Vessel... or do I continue..?’

‘But if I continue, I won’t be able to succeed. Yet if I have to give up... I’ll regret it!!’

‘It would have been fine if I didn’t have the chance, but now that I have and saw how lightning is produced, if I could just have enough time to persevere through it, then I’m absolutely certain that I could turn lightning into my Origin Vessel!’

‘But...’

With a loud crash, Su Ming trembled and coughed out blood once

again. His face was pale. Lightning surrounded him. He could also sense that there was lightning filling up the sky further in the distance.

‘There’s still one more way... I still have one more way!’

In this critical moment, an idea appeared in Su Ming’s head, but he did not have time to think whether he would be successful. He hastily descended. The sky rumbled. He might have been falling at incredible speeds, but lightning continued assaulting him, causing him to cough out a lot of blood.

Eventually, when his body descended above Han Mountain City, the black mist armor on his body dissipated with a boom, revealing the black robes he wore underneath. They turned into ashes in an instant.

Fortunately, the light from the lightning was blinding, hence it was still difficult for others to see him. They could only see a ball of lightning descending upon Han Mountain City at shocking speed and charging towards the stone gate separating the third and second layers of Han Mountain City – where Han Mountain Bell was!

Su Ming landed on Han Mountain Bell then quickly sat down cross-legged. He was refining the power of lightning at maddening speeds within him. The bolts of lightning crashed into him with huge rumbles, but the moment they landed on him, they covered Han Mountain Bell.

The bell trembled and bell chimes rang out. As they echoed in the area, a large amount of lightning appeared in the sky, covering 2,000, 3,000, 4,000 li area. With Su Ming acting as the center, they charged right there

The bell tolls became louder, exuding a mighty and majestic presence that seemed to be echoing through the entire world.

At that moment, besides the old man from the three people from Freezing Sky Clan that were 2,000 li away from Han Mountain City who still remained calm, shock completely replaced all other emotions within the man and woman. They looked at the shocking bolts of lightning in the sky and trembled.

"What... is junior sister Han Fei Zi doing?!"

"She's refining thunder!"

The one who answered them was the calm old man. He might look calm, but the shock and eagerness in his eyes revealed the torrent of emotions in his heart.

‘That lass Yan Fei is bold, she actually dared to use lightning as her Origin Transcendence Vessel. As expected of a Divine General... Since ancient times, very few prodigies dared to refine celestial lightning... this was originally something only the immortals in other worlds could do. We rarely hear anyone succeeding amongst the Berserker Tribe.’

Praise and admiration appeared on the old man's face.

‘It's a pity that junior Zhou Shan was a step ahead... and she's a lass. It's not suitable for her to receive my inheritance... a pity, such pity...’

The old man sighed deeply, and he felt a little depressed.

‘It's so hard trying to look for a suitable disciple!’

It was also during this time, at the foot of the seven colored mountain located far into the distance, that the girl exuding wild beauty let out a light chuckle before standing up and rearranging the chessboard. She then personally poured a cup of wine for the handsome man in white. Her face was slightly red due to shyness, but she still winked at him and held up her cup.

"Big brother Si Ma, allow me to toast you. I will talk to my father about letting you into Freezing Sky Cave."

The man in white smiled faintly and looked at the beautiful girl before him gently. He took the cup, but the moment he did so, the man suddenly jolted. A large amount of lightning sparks appeared out of nowhere and swam through his entire body. As the girl cried out in surprise, his right hand trembled. The wine cup shattered with a bang.

For the first time, the man's expression drastically changed and he swiftly stood up before glaring at the horizon in the distance.

His breathing quickened, a rare sight to be seen.

"The power of lighting? Han Mountain Bell only belongs to me,
Si Ma Xin!"

Chapter 196: It's Been A Long While, Junior Sister Fang

"Big brother Si Ma!"

The girl was stunned. Worry appeared on her face. She had never seen that expression on the man's face. In her impression of him, that drastic change and rapid behavior should never appear on Si Ma Xin.

He was always gentle and elegant, and would always have a faint smile on his lips, as if even in the face of mountain shattering and the earth breaking, he would still remain unperturbed.

This was what attracted her to him. In her mind, this sort of man was what was considered to be truly powerful.

Yet at that moment, she saw Si Ma Xin's expression change. She saw the sudden appearance of lightning sparks outside his body. She saw the wine cup shattering. Once she linked all these together with Si Ma Xin's words, a theory appeared in the girl's heart.

At the moment Si Ma Xin's wine cup shattered and lightning sparks traveled through his entire body, a shocking change appeared in Han Mountain City.

The lightning that filled the sky in an area of thousands of li all charged towards Su Ming, sitting on Han Mountain Bell. As bell chimes echoed in the air, amidst the sky that was filled with

lightning, suddenly, the third abnormality appeared after the manifestation of the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence and the blue cloud!

It was an indistinct fierce beast. While only its contour was visible, there was a mighty presence coming from it like a tidal wave. That fierce beast had nine heads. Six of them had their eyes closed as if they were sleeping.

Two of the three heads that had their eyes open were surrounded by a large amount of lightning. It let out huge rumbling sounds, and as lightning surrounded the heads, the reflection of a person in white appeared in the eyes of two of the heads. However, that person's figure was distorted.

Su Ming's body was reflected in the eyes of the one head left. At that moment, it was looking at the horizon in the distance coldly. Black mist surrounded it, making it glaringly obvious.

"Nine..."

A muffled low roar came out from the mouths of the three heads of the beast that had their eyes opened.

"Nine... headed Dragon..."

The voice seemed to have traveled through the passages of time. It shook the heavens and earth, and it even made most of the lightning around it dissipate.

This strange sight made all those watching from the ground to fall into shock.

Su Ming sat on Han Mountain Bell and used it to resist the power of lightning. This was the only method he could think of. The bell itself was a priceless treasure, and the one head from the nine that had his will was the best thing that could resist lightning in this place.

The moment he sat down, and the moment most of the power of lightning in his body spilled out and surged into the bell, Su Ming knew he had made the correct decision!

His face may have been pale, but his expression was calm. As of now, he had ample time to refine the lightning created when the Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning in his body crashed against each other. As for the might of the lightning that was attracted to him from the area around, most of it went to the bell underneath him, and the bell was resisting the might in his place.

In fact, at that moment, ambition grew within Su Ming's heart!

Han Mountain Bell was a priceless treasure, but he could not take it away. Even the person in white who had obtained two heads could not take the bell away. If Su Ming wanted to claim the bell, then he definitely needed to awaken more heads and leave his will within them.

Before he Transcended, Su Ming could at most only awaken one

head. Yet now, he had Transcended. The moment he realized that the bell could resist lightning in his place and earn him more time, his ambition appeared.

He spread out the Branding Art around the bell. As the bell tolled, as the three awakened heads of the beast rose and yelled out 'nine-headed Dragon'...

The bell let out a loud chime that was layered with multiple layers of sound. As the chime rang out, a layer of ripples spread out. Han Mountain City trembled, the mountains around the area shook, and another head from the six heads of the beast in the sky opened its eyes swiftly.

The moment it opened its eyes, the beast let out a howl that reverberated in the sky once again.

"Nine... headed Dragon... South..."

That voice was filled with astonishing power. As it echoed in the air, the eyes of the awakened fourth head shone with a brilliant light. Su Ming's body appeared in its pupils!

The instant Su Ming's will occupied two of the nine heads of the wild beast, he clearly felt a mysterious connection between him and the bell. While that connection did not allow him to use the bell, it made him feel as if he was in perfect harmony with the bell.

It was as if this sacred treasure belonged to him in the first place,

and now, it was showing signs of returning to him.

It was also during this moment that the other two heads of the wild beast in the sky let out sullen voices. Those voices sounded like a low roar as it reverberated in the area.

"Han Mountain Bell belongs to me, Si Ma Xin! I'd like to see just who you are!"

The moment the voice appeared, all the people in Han Mountain City fell silent. Nan Tian and the others immediately turned pale. The mountains belonging to the three tribes were so quiet a pin could be heard if it fell on the ground.

Han Cang Zi trembled. To her, that voice was akin to a nightmare

Yet very soon, Han Cang Zi's expression changed and she quickly spoke. "Brother! Fang Mu!"

Fang Shen trembled, and he appeared to be struggling. Did he truly not understand the nature of his son's injuries..? That was his secret, and no one else knew about it.

However, he only struggled for a moment before he gritted his teeth and looked as if he had decided to put everything on the line before he ran towards Han Cang Zi standing on the mountain stairs with a pale face. He immediately followed behind her.

Fang Mu was originally watching anxiously and excitedly on

Tranquil East Mountain when he suddenly trembled and fainted. A lot of black mist rose from his body. That black mist spread out, and in the blink of an eye, it enveloped his entire body, moving in as if it was about to occupy the center of his brows.

At the same time, the Tranquil East Tribe's Chief of War also trembled furiously. Black mist spread out from his body. The same thing also happened to several people on Lake of Colors Mountain and Puqiang Mountain. In their unconscious states, their bodies convulsed as the black mist covered their faces.

As the two heads of the fierce beast in the sky was assaulted by a large amount of lightning, they roared.

As it roared, the two people who fainted on Puqiang Mountain and were enveloped by black mist opened their eyes. Their eyes were empty, but there was a hint of maliciousness within them. The moment they opened their eyes, they stood up. As the people beside them let out cries of surprise, they turned into two long arcs that whistled as they charged through the air towards Su Ming, who was sitting on Han Mountain Bell.

Soon after, Tranquil East Tribe's Chief of War lifted his head and howled on Tranquil East Mountain. Black mist spread out on his face and once it covered him completely, madness appeared in his eyes. A powerful presence burst forth from his body, and he leapt into the air towards Han Mountain City.

Two people surrounded by black mist also charged out from Lake of Colors Mountain towards Han Mountain City.

As they charged forth, these five people turned into black long arcs that rushed towards Su Ming. They were so quick that they closed in on him in a moment. These five people had already fallen into madness. Their eyes were filled with a savage ferociousness. As the people in Han Mountain City cried out in surprise, the three tribes remained in silence.

The five people closed in on Su Ming on Han Mountain Bell from three different directions.

Tranquil East Tribe's Chief of War was the first to arrive. His face was filled with malice. With a low growl, he lifted his right hand and swung it towards Su Ming. A giant log appeared behind his body. The giant log rumbled and rushed towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the Chief of War pounded his chest with his left hand. Immediately, his shirt exploded, revealing the Berserker Mark of a battle axe on his chest.

The Berserker Mark let out a dim light and gained substance. It materialized in the sky and the axe swung down towards Su Ming!

The other four people arrived in succession and activated a variety of Berserker Arts, forming a wave of loud booms as they closed in on Su Ming!

Su Ming closed his eyes and did not move. At that moment, he had already reached the final stage of refining lightning. He could not be disturbed. In the face of the barrage from the five people, a

green light shot out from the center of his brows and turned in to the small virescent sword.

This was not a moment to hide the sword. The instant the sword came out, it immediately spun rapidly around Su Ming's body and turned into a layer of green light that acted like a shield.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air. The giant wood crashed into the green light. The giant axe slashed towards him horizontally. The moment it touched the green light, the attacks from the other four people also arrived.

The battle was not restricted to the ground. In the sky, the two heads that contained Su Ming's will charged towards the two heads occupied by Si Ma Xin's will. The four heads of the fierce beast started attacking and biting each other as if they were trying to destroy one another.

However, the heads occupied by Si Ma Xin's will had to resist the lightning strikes that came crashing towards them besides having to deal with Su Ming. Due to this, they were caught in a disadvantageous position.

This was a strange battle, and it was the first time Su Ming and Si Ma Xin crossed hands with each other!

As the rumbles echoed in the air, Su Ming remained seated and still on Han Mountain Bell. He simply allowed the five people around him attack the light formed by the virescent sword, because he did not have the luxury to divide his attention to

control the sword and kill these people. He could only remain in defense.

What he needed now was time. He had refined most of the lightning in his body. Before long, once he finished refining all of the lightning within him, his Origin Transcendence Vessel would appear!

This Origin Vessel would be the lightning of the heavens and earth!

Fang Shen was anxious as he took huge steps towards where his son was on Tranquil East Tribe. Han Cang Zi followed behind him. They traveled at incredible speeds. When the five people were attacking the green light surrounding Su Ming, Fang Shen or Han Cang Zi had already arrived at the mountain side. Many tribe members were gathered there as they looked anxiously at Fang Mu trembling relentlessly on the ground.

Fang Mu's face was purple, only the center of his brows remaining blank. Fang Shen closed in with one step, but the moment he got closer, he stopped and felt his heart taking a loud thump against his chest. A freezing presence spread out abruptly from Fang Mu's body.

Han Cang Zi's expression instantly changed. Once she came to a halt, she instinctively took a few steps backwards.

Fang Mu, who still had his eyes closed, suddenly stopped trembling. Slowly, he opened his eyes. There was no madness

within his eyes, only tranquility.

That calm gaze made all those who saw it feel a chill blossoming in their hearts and running down their spine.

"It's been a long while, junior sister Fang."

An unfamiliar voice came from Fang Mu's mouth. He stood up and looked at Han Cang Zi with a gentle smile. The purple shade of his skin slowly disappeared and turned into a purple long robe that covered his body.

Han Cang Zi shuddered, and all color disappeared from her face.

Chapter 197: Si Ma Xin!

"Si Ma Xin!"

Han Cang Zi took another few steps back, and hatred appeared on her face.

Fang Shen stood there dumbly. As he looked at the familiar yet unfamiliar person before him, his heart clenched in pain. He knew the source of Fang Mu's injuries, but he pretended not to. What else could he do besides that..?

He only pretended not to know and put on an act that he had done everything he could to cure his son's injuries. He knew that only by doing so could there be a possibility for Fang Mu to truly recover some day.

"I am Fang Shen, tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe. Greetings, Sir Si Ma..." Fang Shen lowered his head and bore with the pain his heart as he spoke respectfully.

That gentle look remained on Fang Mu's face, as if he did not see the hatred on Han Cang Zi's face. He ignored Fang Shen, who was standing by the side. He walked towards Han Cang Zi, and once he was by her side, he lifted Han Cang Zi's pale chin with his right hand.

"Han Mountain Bell is mine, Fang Mu is mine, and you too, are mine! Now, I will go and see just who is it who dared to take what belongs to me!"

As Fang Mu spoke, a dark look appeared on his face. With a swing of his arm, he no longer paid any attention to Han Cang Zi and walked to the summit of Tranquil East Mountain up the stairs.

As he walked forward, the steps of the stairs would be covered by a layer of freezing air. When he arrived at the summit, the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe only cast him a glance before a shudder immediately ran through his body and he quickly got up to bow towards Fang Mu.

"Greetings, Sir Si Ma."

Fang Mu did not speak. He walked past the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe with a dark expression. He stood at the edge of the mountain and looked towards Han Mountain City!

Without hearing his command, the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe did not dare stand up. After he was bowed for an extended period of time, the other people around him saw this and were shocked. They also bowed down and did not dare straighten up.

Right at the moment Fang Mu stood on the summit and cast his gaze towards Su Ming sitting on Han Mountain Bell in Han Mountain City, the lightning within Su Ming's body erupted forth with a piercing light and a loud crash. A change that made Su Ming's body tremble surged out from within him.

Those were thin bolts of lightning arcs. The appearance of these bolts of lightning swimming around his body were not drawn in to

Su Ming from his surroundings, but a product from his body after the Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning relentlessly crashed into each other and fused together. After continuously refining it, he finally made a part of it completely belong to him!

What he refined was not lightning, but the source that created lightning's power!

He refined the Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning. Only during the instant they crashed into each other would these two materials gain substance for refinement, and only then would he succeed.

The Earthen Lightning surged through his organs, and the Void Lightning filled his brain and the top of his skull. When these two bolts of lightning that were not visible to the naked eye fused together and produced a shocking force, lightning would naturally appear outside Su Ming's body.

He trembled. The lightning in his body was finally completely refined and had turned into his Origin Transcendence Vessel!

However, it was during this moment that Su Ming's heart leapt and shock replaced all emotions within him. He had thought that he was refining lightning, but once he succeeded, he saw something unbelievable in his body!

Lightning filled his body, but the bolts of lightning would not cause any harm to him. It created a feeling within him as if they were about to fuse into him and become a part of him. He could

feel that there was also lightning arcs swimming outside his body. Crackling sounds echoed in the sky and the mark of lightning appeared at the center of his brows!

He succeeded!

He successfully turned lightning into his Origin Vessel. Lightning rumbled in the sky. As the sound spread out, it seemed as if there were countless people roaring in the sky, congratulating Su Ming!

A sensation that made him feel powerful rose within Su Ming's heart, but it could not dispel the shock he felt at that moment. After a long while, he forcefully suppressed that feeling and opened his eyes. The moment he did so, the small virescent sword came to an abrupt halt and slashed outwards horizontally, piercing through the center of Tranquil East Tribe's Chief of War's brows, who had been incessantly throwing attacks at him. It shot through his head with a bit of blood, and Tranquil East Tribe's Chief of War trembled before he fell down dead.

At the same time, numerous bolts of lightning spread out from within Su Ming's body and charged towards the other four people. The four were completely shrouded in black mist, but before they could dodge, they had already been bombarded by the power of lightning. One of the four people instantly exploded, while the other three coughed out blood. Once they tumbled back, the small virescent sword caught up to them, and with one single slash, the three people's heads flew off their necks.

A chill appeared in Su Ming's calm gaze. He would never take the initiative to provoke others, but once someone harassed him, then

he would definitely not show mercy!

After killing all four in one go, Su Ming looked towards Tranquil East Tribe. He had a strong hunch that there was a person looking at him from Tranquil East Mountain. The moment he looked over, his gaze clashed with Si Ma Xin's in the air between Han Mountain and Tranquil Mountain.

The moment their gazes clashed, Fang Mu trembled where he stood on Tranquil East Mountain. A large amount of lightning instantly appeared around his entire body and it traveled into the ground through his feet. His pupils shrank.

"I underestimated him!"

The moment Su Ming met Si Ma Xin's gaze, his body was immediately covered in a chilling layer of frost on Han Mountain Bell. A large amount of freezing air spread out from within his body, and he was covered in a thin layer of ice. Even if the ice were instantly destroyed by the lightning arcs and disappeared, a shudder ran through his body.

Su Ming stood up slowly, and the instant he straightened up, the lightning in the sky let out a rumble and gathered around him, as if it was about to spill out in an instant.

'I refined lightning and turned it to my Origin Vessel... My Origin Vessel is caught between a state of being an illusion and being real. Its true form rests in me... Yet the moment it spreads out, it would cause the Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning in the world to

fuse together...'

A flash appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand when the lightning from the sky arrived and seized at the air in the direction of the numerous bolts of lightning.

Su Ming's body was immediately covered by the numerous bolts of lightning. The rumbling sounds shook the heavens and earth. Eventually, there was no longer any lightning in the sky. All of it had gathered on Su Ming and turned into a gigantic ball of lightning.

The light from it shone in all directions, looking as if it was a sun made of lightning.

When Fang Mu saw this on Tranquil East Mountain, his face became even more solemn.

"What's his name?!"

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a low voice. "Sir, his name is Mo Su... he Transcended after attaining great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm and was awarded the title... Divine General of Transcendence..."

A piercing glare appeared in Fang Mu's eyes. He stood on the mountain and lifted his right hand before pointing towards a barren mountain in the distance.

"Freezing Sky Berserker Art, Nine Creations!"

His voice was calm, but when his words traveled into the Elder's ears, the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe felt his heart lurch.

‘Nine Creations?! Sir Si Ma has actually managed to control this Berserker Art to this extent?!’

Cold air suddenly appeared out of nowhere on the mountain Fang Mu pointed to. That cold air instantly enveloped the entire mountain, and in the blink of an eye, it turned into a mountain of ice.

A rumble that shook the earth echoed in the air. The ice mountain trembled, and a layer of ice broke off from the mountain in perfect condition and floated into the sky.

More accurately speaking, this was an ice mountain that had nothing within. The inside of the mountain was empty, but its shape was the exact same as the mountain on the ground.

As it floated up, the empty ice mountain charged towards Han Mountain with a loud boom, commanded by Fang Mu's finger, storming towards where Su Ming was and falling on him.

The entire Han Mountain trembled. Many rocks broke off from the mountain and fell down, along with a lot of buildings that instantly shattered.

Su Ming trembled. The giant ball of lightning around him floated upwards and crashed into the empty ice mountain in midair.

When his lightning and the ice mountain came into contact, a huge boom that shook the sky and earth reverberated in the air and turned into a wave of sound that spread out in all directions!

The ice mountain was enveloped by lightning. As it shook, it immediately turned into countless shards. Yet the moment it shattered, the ball of lightning around Su Ming also disappeared.

When both lightning and ice disappeared, Su Ming looked as if he was frozen. His entire body was covered in layers of ice. Although the ice shattered soon after, Su Ming's face was incredibly pale. When the ice on his body disappeared, he coughed out a mouthful of blood.

The blood was also freezing cold. When he coughed out the blood, it turned into grains of ice that scattered away into the wind.

However, there were still bolts of lightning rotating behind Su Ming. They spread out as if they were relentlessly trying to merge together once again. The symbol of thunder also appeared on the center of Su Ming's brows.

However, the symbol of lightning had numerous branches spreading out. Its shape was incomplete, but it still looked incredibly similar to the lightning people saw in the sky.

Besides those lightning sparks on his body, there was also the armor that was formed by black mist. That armor covered his entire body, including his face. Only his indifferent gaze could be seen as he stared at Fang Mu, who was similarly looking back at him from Tranquil East Mountain.

"What is mine is here. If you dare take it, then you must pay an equivalent... No matter where you are, I will find you!"

Fang Mu spoke languidly. The robe made from purple mist on his body was quickly disappearing. He came to this place personally for one purpose – he wanted to see who the person who dared to take what belonged to him was. Now, he had seen him.

"It's a pity that this body can only provide me enough power for one strike... but if you're injured with just one strike, then... you're too weak. You're not worthy for me to come here.

"But I'd like to see whether you still dare to take what belongs to me after experiencing my attack."

Fang Mu smiled faintly. As his voice echoed in the air, the purple robe on his body completely dissipated. He sat down cross-legged, and once he cast a glance at Su Ming, he closed his eyes. Once he opened them once again, there was bewilderment in his eyes.

Si Ma Xin had left.

The land was silent. Only the four heads of the fierce beast

continued attacking and biting each other in the sky.

Su Ming was silent. He could tell that the other person just now was Si Ma Xin!

‘He’s indeed strong...’

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the nine-headed beast in the sky. A glint appeared in his eyes and he slowly floated into the air. Once he reached the peak, he looked at the heads that were taken over by Si Ma Xin’s will.

‘But, you can’t... prevent me... from taking what "belongs" to you!’

Once he controlled the two heads, Su Ming could tell that once he took over four heads, then he could take the Bell away.

Notes:

By now, you’ve probably seen two Creation Arts: Eternal Creation and Nine Creations. Later on, you will see another Creation Art called Endless Creation, and later on, mentioned in passing, One Creation, Ten Creations, One Hundred Creations.

Now, all these Arts are related to creating things (duh), but there’s also a ranking system for these Arts, and they’re listed from strongest to weakest.

Eternal Creation - Strongest

Endless Creation - Weaker than Eternal

One up to 999 Creations – Weaker than Endless and Eternal

The reason for this is because the original version for Eternal Creation is 万古一造, Endless Creation is 千古一造, and Nine Creations is 九古一造. 万, 千, 百, 十, 九, and 一 are numbers for 10,000, 1,000, 100, 10, 9, and 1 respectively. The power system is ranked based on the numbers. If they're placed with 古, 万古 and 千古 both mean eternity, and since these two refer to time, I thought it was ridiculous to assume that 百古一造, 十古一造, 九古一造, and 一古一造 would be 'Hundred Ancients Creation', 'Ten Ancients Creation', 'Nine Ancients Creation', and 'One Ancient Creation'. So for one up to 999, these Creations were numbered, but the moment it reaches 千古一造 (Endless Creation), Endless is used because I wanted something that showed a peak of something (end), and then had the meaning of eternity as well (-less). 千古一造 jumps to 万古一造 immediately, and Eternal is used to signal that it's an Art exclusive for God of Berserkers.

Chapter 198: Departure

Su Ming knew that with his current power, he could not awaken another two of the slumbering heads. However, he could still take over the two awakened heads that were occupied by Si Ma Xin's will.

‘He may be strong, but not so strong that I can't wipe out his will...’

A chilly look appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he walked towards the heads in the sky.

The two heads of the fierce beast that were occupied by Si Ma Xin's will turned their towards Su Ming at the same time. The figures of Si Ma Xin in their pupils also looked as if they were looking at Su Ming.

They did not fight back. They simply looked at Su Ming walking towards them coldly. Si Ma Xin knew since a long time ago that with just the wills in the heads, he could not prevent them from being erased unless he came to the place himself, but he could not make it in time.

However, he did not make any threats. The underlying meaning in his aloof gaze was much more fearsome than any words that could be spoken.

Su Ming looked at Si Ma Xin's figures in the eyes of the two heads with a similarly cold glare. His eyes were also freezing cold.

When the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe saw this sight from Tranquil East Mountain, he finally understood why Su Ming and Si Ma Xin felt so similar. It was because these two people were similarly indifferent. Even the presence they exuded was almost identical...

Su Ming lifted his right hand and many lightning arcs appeared out of nowhere. In an instant, the two heads of the fierce beast were enveloped.

"Si Ma Xin, this bell belongs to me."

As Su Ming stated that calmly, thunder rumbled in the sky. Si Ma Xin's figure in the one of the two heads immediately disappeared and turned blank.

The other figure disappeared soon after. The moment it almost disintegrated from the eyes, Su Ming saw Si Ma Xin smiling.

No signs of emotion, neither happiness nor anger, could be seen in that smile. However, there was a hint of pride that was embedded in his bones hidden away in that smile. That pride could not be seen by others, nor did they have the right to sense it, but at that moment, it appeared.

Su Ming's face remained passive. He swung his right arm and as lightning rumbled, the smiling Si Ma Xin in the eyes was completely wiped out.

The instant the figures in the eyes of the two heads were completely wiped out, lightning sparks suddenly appeared within their pupils, and gradually, Su Ming's figure was reflected in them.

At that moment, the four of the nine heads of the fierce beast in the sky with Su Ming's will lifted their heads and roared.

"Nine... headed Dragon... Southern... Emperor... Absolute..."

The five words echoed in Su Ming's mind like a giant's growl. The voice sounded old and weathered as if it was mumbling, giving others a feeling that it was sometimes coming from afar, but sometimes very near.

"Nine-headed Dragon Southern Emperor Absolute..." Su Ming mumbled.

The moment his voice traveled out, a bell chime that had never appeared before in Han Mountain City reverberated in the air abruptly.

The bell chime sounded as if it was recognizing its master. As it reverberated in the air, the Han Mountain Bell on the land trembled, and right before the crowd's astonished gaze, it slowly floated up from the ground.

It was not quick, but every single time it floated up a little more, it would let out a bell chime that would turn into ripples.

Eventually, the bell charged towards Su Ming. The giant bell was shrinking rapidly, and when it got closer to Su Ming, the bell shrank to the size of a fingernail. It swiftly fused into the center of Su Ming's brows and disappeared.

The instant it fused with Su Ming's body, a loud bell chime came from within him.

The bell chime spread all around the area, causing all those who heard it feel shaken to the core. In that instant, their minds turned blank.

Even the old woman from Lake of Colors Tribe was in the same condition.

They did not know how much time had passed, but when the crowd gradually recovered from their daze and their minds became clear, they turned their eyes to the sky, but... Su Ming could not be found!

Not in the sky, not on the earth, not on the mountains, not anywhere else. Su Ming just could not be found. It was as if he had never appeared and everything that had happened was just a dream shared by the crowd.

After a short period of silence, an uproar broke out among the people!

"Is he gone?"

"What happened just now? It felt like it was just an instant, but when I woke up, the Lord Divine General was already gone."

"Han Mountain Bell! Han Mountain Bell! The bell is also taken!"

The old woman took a deep breath on Lake of Colors Mountain. There was a contemplative look on her face. By her side, Yan Luan frowned. She also looked all around the area for Su Ming but to no avail.

Just as everyone was looking for Su Ming, a cry of surprise suddenly rang out. The person who cried out was near where Xuan Lun was in Han Mountain City.

Xuan Lun stood there with fear in his eyes, still and unmoving.

There was a man not too far away from him. He was the one who had cried out. He saw a bloody red line on Xuan Lun's neck. Blood flowed down from the line and eventually gushed out from that wound.

When the crowd's attention turned towards him, Xuan Lun's head was separated abruptly from his body and fell to the ground. When the head rolled hundreds of feet away from him, his body fell.

The crowd instantly fell silent. No one spoke a word.

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe was pale as he stood on Puqiang Mountain. He was the only one who saw what had happened just now clearly. In truth, his level of cultivation might have been in the middle stage of the Transcendence Realm, but right now, he could not have been able to see clearly under the influence of Han Mountain Bell's chime.

However, Su Ming had come here before!

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe sucked in a deep breath. His mind was clouded when he heard the chime, but once a great might scattered the cloud in his head, his mind became clear. The moment his mind cleared up, he saw Su Ming clad in the black mist armor walking towards them from the sky. Once he was above Puqiang Mountain, he took away the remaining half of the skull that was the only thing left of the head after the incessant barrage of lightning it had suffered.

After that, he cast the Elder a glance.

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe would never forget that gaze. When he thought back on it, he would still shudder as if lightning had just swept through his body.

He saw Su Ming walking away from the mountain. With a flash of green in midair, a green ray of light charged towards Xuan Lun in Han Mountain City. It circled around Xuan Lun's neck once and returned to Su Ming. The man had seemed as if he was thinking about something, but he immediately lifted his head towards the east, then turned into a long arc and charged in another direction before disappearing without a trace.

While all the people in Han Mountain City and the three tribes were silent, three long arcs whistled through the air as they charged in from the distance. The leader of the three arcs was the old man named Liu.

He approached swiftly and stood in the sky above Han Mountain City with a grave expression. His very first sight when he came was the Chain of Han Mountain leading to Puqiang Mountain that was swaying because it had lost some stone pillars. He narrowed his eyes.

The people from Han Mountain did not recognize the old man, neither did they recognize the man and woman who came after him. However, a conflicted look appeared on the old woman from Lake of Colors Tribe when she saw the old man.

The other person who recognized the old man was Han Cang Zi, who was still standing on Tranquil East Mountain with a pale face. The moment she saw the old man, a respectful look immediately appeared on her face.

"Greetings, Leader Liu."

"Senior brother Chen, senior sister Xu," Han Cang Zi greeted softly, looking at the man and woman.

The moment Han Cang Zi's words were heard, excitement immediately appeared in the crowd and around Han Mountain. Everyone looked towards the trio.

"Freezing Sky Clan!"

"It must be the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan. They hastened their trip by several months this time!"

"The people from Freezing Sky Clan are here. The selection for disciples is about to begin!"

"It's a pity... if they came earlier, then they would have seen what had happened just now!"

"I wonder who will be fortunate enough to be taken into Freezing Sky Clan. The Lord Divine General will definitely be able to."

Discussions and uproars broke out among the people. Envy, excitement, and all sorts of mixed feelings rose inside them, which were then reflected in their eyes as they turned all their attention towards the three people in the sky.

Most of the people in Han Mountain City gathered here for the goal of joining Freezing Sky Clan. How could they not be excited at this moment? Even if their chances were slim, that did not mean it was impossible.

The old man in the sky did not seem to hear the discussions. He stared at the Chain of Han Mountain and the light in his eyes flickered before he lifted his head to look at Puqiang Mountain.

The man and woman beside him were relaxed even under the people's attention. They were already used to outsiders looking at them like this. The people of Freezing Sky Clan would always catch the attention of the masses like the blazing sun no matter where they went. It was even more so now that the two of them were here to take in disciples for the school. As of now, their status symbolised Freezing Sky!

Nan Tian, Ke Jiu Si, and Leng Ying were also barely able to remain calm. They wrapped their fists in their palms towards the three people in the sky.

"Greetings, envoys of Freezing Sky Clan. I am Nan Tian."

"Greetings, envoys of Freezing Sky Clan. I am Ke Jiu Si."

"Greetings, envoys. I am Leng Ying."

Even with three Transcended Berserkers greeting them, the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan only gave them a brief nod of acknowledgement. The old man did not even bother. He was frowning instead as he averted his gaze from Puqiang Mountain and looked towards the sky. The spot he was looking at was where the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence had appeared before.

"Junior sister Han Cang Zi. The two of us were given orders to come and take in disciples. We have not seen each other for quite some time, let's catch up later."

The beautiful woman smiled at Han Cang Zi and wrapped her fist in her palm as a greeting. She swept her gaze across the crowd and zeroed in on Han Fei Zi. With that one glance, she was stunned, but there was still a smile on her face as she spoke amiably towards Han Fei Zi standing in the city quietly.

"You must be junior sister Han Fei Zi. Congratulations on being awarded the title Divine General of Transcendence and summoning the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence when you Transcended after attaining great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm. If the left preceptor knew about this, it will surely cause a stir within Freezing Sky Clan."

The man named Chen by her side hesitated for a moment as well. Naturally, he had seen that Han Fei Zi had yet to Transcend. However, he could not find it in himself to believe that there was someone else in the city who managed to Transcend.

‘Perhaps something went wrong for her...’

The man named Chen smiled and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Han Fei Zi as he spoke with a smile.

"I too, wish to congratulate you for being awarded the title of the Divine General of Transcendence and attaining great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm. This is definitely not an ordinary matter. Junior sister, you will need to rest well and recover as quickly as possible."

The moment the both of them spoke, the loud discussions all

around them instantly fell dead. The excited, conflicted, and envious gaze all changed in that moment, and their eyes seemed to contain a strange look as they stared at the man and woman who spoke.

Not only did their words make the crowd's voices fall silent, Han Fei Zi also frowned before she lifted her head and looked at the two people in the sky.

"The person who Transcended after attaining great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm is not me."

Chapter 199: Tian Xie Zi!

The moment her words were out, the expressions on the man and woman instantly change into disbelief.

"It's not you?! Could there be someone else here who attained great completion for the Blood Solidification Realm?!"

"If that's the case, then everything that I saw just now, including the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence was due to someone else? This... This is..."

The two of them took in a sharp breath. They suddenly understood why the discussions around them suddenly died down the moment they spoke just now.

"If it's not you, then who was it?"

"Who could attain great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm then summon the true form of the deity statue of Transcendence and be awarded the title of Divine General of Transcendence?!"

In the face of the obviously shocked words uttered by the man and woman in the sky, Han Fei Zi remained silent for a moment before she spoke softly.

"It was a stranger. He Transcended after attaining great completion for the Blood Solidification Realm and refined

lightning into his Origin Vessel. He also took away Han Mountain Bell... Si Ma Xin also took control over a body to appear, but even he could not stop the stranger..."

Her words were soft, but they fell into the two people's ears like thunder. It made them breathless, as if they could not believe this sudden change.

"Even elder brother Si Ma came? And he couldn't stop him..? Was this person a man or a woman? How many blood veins did he have?" the man named Chen immediately asked.

The moment the woman by his side heard Si Ma Xin's name, she sucked in a sharp breath and a respectful look appeared on her face. However, there was also fear within that respect.

"He's an adult man... as for his blood veins... I do not know," Han Fei Zi replied calmly.

"Above 995 blood veins!" an old and aged voice came from the old man's mouth. He had averted his gaze from the sky and was looking at where Han Mountain Bell used to be.

"That's a prodigy if I've ever seen one!"

The old man let out a boisterous laugh and joy appeared on his face. He looked elated as he cast his gaze towards a location in the distance. Only the Elder of Puqiang Tribe knew that it was the direction in which Su Ming had left.

As he laughed, a bright shine appeared on the old man's face. He turned his head toward Lake of Colors Mountain and looked at the Elder of Lake of Colors Tribe. As they looked into each other's eyes, the old woman closed her eyes.

The old man did not speak. He took one step towards where Su Ming had left and then moved so quickly that he disappeared in the blink of an eye. Right till the moment he left, besides the one glance he threw to the old woman from Lake of Colors Tribe, all of his other looks were on the places Su Ming had traversed before.

When the old man left, the man and woman snapped out of their daze and flew to Lake of Colors Mountain in silence.

A strange light appeared in Han Cang Zi's eyes. There was eagerness and excitement there. She looked towards the direction the old man left and a vague thought appeared in her head.

The incident in Han Mountain City had ended. When he came, Su Ming was at the Blood Solidification Realm. When he left, had had Transcended!

This was the first time in Su Ming's life he flew in the air with his own power. However, he did not feel excited. There was only a grave look on his face.

Besides leaving quickly to choose a hidden and remote location to draw his Berserker Mark, he also left due to his amazement with the refined Origin Vessel within him.

It was also because he sensed two presences charging forth when he was still in Han Mountain City.

He had yet to stabilize his power. That was why after a moment of thought, he chose to leave.

Su Ming flew at full speed all the way. After a few days, remote mountains appeared in his sights. This place was quite and people rarely came here. He stood in midair and once he swept his gaze around with his head lowered, he charged down to the ground like a comet and disappeared into the mountains.

In a spot in the endless mountain ranges, green light appeared. Su Ming stood there calmly and looked at the small virescent sword speeding forth before him. Once it dug out a cave abode for him, Su Ming walked in.

The moment he walked into the cave abode, the big rock that was dug out previously turned into a door and blocked off the cave.

Su Ming looked around the dark cave. He touched his bosom with his right hand and red light instantly flared up. A beast skin appeared and floated down to the ground. It instantly turned into the red meadow and covered the ground in the cave.

Once he activated the Branding Art, the small virescent sword floated to one side of the stone door and remained there in constant vigilance.

He Feng was also forced out of Su Ming's body. He bowed deeply towards Su Ming in respect and gratitude appeared on his face.

A few days ago, he had regained consciousness when Su Ming claimed Han Mountain Bell, and saw Su Ming taking Xuan Lun's life with one slash. At the same time he revered in the feeling of revenge, deep reverence grew within him towards Su Ming. This sort of reverence fused in to his soul. He could not imagine just what sort of power was necessary to kill a Transcended Berserker with one strike!

"Work with the virescent sword and defend me!"

Su Ming sat down cross-legged and gave He Feng a look.

He Feng immediately nodded and the respect on his face grew. There was even a hint of instinctive flattery as he made his promise...

No longer bothering with He Feng, Su Ming took a deep breath. He may look calm, but in his heart, he felt somber. He closed his eyes and could feel that there was no lightning within him at this moment. However, he just needed to make the Earthen Lightning resting in his organs and the Void Lightning resting in his head collide, and lightning would instantly appear.

That, however, was secondary. What was important was that during the instant lightning appeared within him, he saw the same item that had made him shocked once again!

That item was real. It had substance, but it would only gain a physical state when lightning appeared, then turn into the illusionary might of lightning before traveling out of his body.

‘What I refined was celestial lightning. It was Earthen Lightning and Void Lightning. The power of lightning should only have been produced after the two types of lightning fused together... but... how did this come to be?!’

Su Ming could no longer contain the shock he felt as he observed what was within his body dumbly.

After a long while, he opened his eyes again and a pensive look appeared in them. After a moment, he closed his eyes again and Earthen Lightning that could not be seen by others spread out from his organs. At the same time, the Void Lightning in his head descended.

A boom resounded the moment the two collided. A large amount of lightning sparks immediately flew out off Su Ming’s body, making He Feng let out a cry of surprise and retreat. Fear appeared in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

The instant the two types of lightning collided, Su Ming saw his Origin Vessel clearly!

It was a black plate in the shape of a cauldron with nine holes on the surface!

This was his true Origin Vessel. As for lightning, those were just illusions. Only the cauldron shaped black plate with nine holes was his physical Origin Transcendence Vessel!

‘What is it..?’

Su Ming was baffled. That item was within his body, but it only existed for a moment before it disappeared. He could not find it.

He touched the piece of debris that was the same hue, hanging on his chest. He remembered the mountain that existed in the stone debris. In his memories, he also seemed to have seen this blue bolt of lightning before...

"Could it be... but... it's not that similar," Su Ming mumbled.

As he thought about it in his confused state, Su Ming did not know that an old man was walking in the sky above his cave abode. That old man was the person named Liu from Freezing Sky Clan. There was anticipation on his face as he stood in the sky and looked at the ground.

"I've only ever taken in two disciples in my life, but they weren't able to inherit the true essence of my Art... I once placed my hopes in Si Ma Xin, but the child's heart... is not vice, but more a fiend. He's not my best choice.

"The vice I want is an overturn!" the old man mumbled. He cast a

look at a specific location among the remote mountains and his anticipation grew.

"Whether you can become my disciple... depends on your serendipity."

The old man sat down cross-legged in midair, then lifted his right hand and pointed towards the ground!

"The Ancient's Words, Endless Creation! Céacbán, fearr, æsc."

As the old man spoke, he widened his eyes, and red filled the whites of his eyes, causing him to look absolutely different to how he usually looked. His white hair floated in the air even without wind. As it swayed, his hair color also changed. Red spread out through his hair like a tidal wave. In the blink of an eye, his whole hair became red.

His red hair dancing in the wind made the old man look like a Fallen Berserker. Veins popped out on his face and he looked terrifying. Behind him, an illusion appeared. That illusion was of a sea of blood. In that sea was a stone statue. The statue's face could not be seen clearly, but there was a shocking sinister air coming from within it.

The old man's power originally seemed to be only at the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. He still seemed like he was at the same level, but the sinister presence coming from him was enough to make those whose power was greater than his to feel shaken.

"Whether you can become my disciple all lies in this day!"

The old man lifted his right hand and drew an arc in the air before he swung his arm down towards the ground once again. The moment he did so, while the earth did not shake physically, it still gave people the misconception that the ground and mountains were trembling. It was as if stillness and movement had just overlapped with each other, causing people to be unable to differentiate between the two.

Even Su Ming did not notice it within his cave abode in the mountains. His entire attention was focused on his body. He was watching his Origin Vessel turning back into a mere illusion from a physical entity, then gushing out of his body in the form of a bolt of lightning.

‘Forget it. I just don’t understand this...’

Su Ming opened his eyes and a calm look gradually appeared on his face.

‘Right now, I need to draw my Berserker Mark... What should my Berserker Mark be..?’ he mumbled.

Most of the Berserkers already had an illusionary Berserker Mark before they Transcended, and would then draw it on their skin once they Transcended so that it could turn into a physical entity.

However, there were a group of people who did not know how

their Berserker Marks would look like. They had to sense it through meditation before they could draw it on their skins naturally.

Su Ming was one of them.

He silently circulated his Qi, which did not stem from blood veins. There was the presence of Transcendence within his Qi. As he circulated it, Su Ming gradually fell into a state where he was neither asleep nor awake. It was as if he was in a trance. He placed both his hands on his knees and lifted his head with his eyes closed. His hair spilled on his shoulders and the scar under his eyes glowed with hints of red.

"My Berserker Mark..." Su Ming mumbled as if he was calling out to his Mark.

To Transcended Berserkers, the most important thing to them was not just their Origin Vessel, but also their Berserker Mark.

The Berserker Mark was different because it determined the Transcended Berserker's path in the future. All of them would be different.

At that moment, the old man who was also sitting outside the cave abode in the mountains pointed towards the ground with his right index finger. His eyes were closed too, but he opened them swiftly.

"I see, so it's the moon... Hmm? That's not it!"

Chapter 200: Berserker Mark...

"My Berserker Mark..."

Su Ming had his eyes closed as he mumbled in the cave in the mountains. His Qi was circulating slowly and filling up his entire body.

A layer of red appeared on his skin under his robes. It was not a brilliant shade of red, but was rather dark. It looked as if they were clouds and fog swimming on his skin, spreading all over his chest, back, limbs, and face.

The red spreading on his body was not stable. Sometimes there would be a flash of piercing light. At other times, it would turn dark in an instant. It was as if it was reflecting Su Ming's current state of mind – there was agitation lying within his calmness.

Once he completely calmed down, his Berserker Mark would also be finished.

Su Ming did not know of the change he was experiencing. An indistinct illusion appeared before his eyes in his trance. That illusion was bizarre. It was a lake without any ripples. It was shrouded by fog, causing others to be unable to see it clearly.

They could only glimpse the reflection of a full moon on the surface of the lake. It shone with a harmonious light, making those who saw be unable to differentiate whether they were looking at the moon or at the water's countenance.

As he looked at the moon on the lake, Su Ming heard a sound calling out to him in a whisper.

That voice calling out to him was weak and he could not hear it clearly, but it made him want to hear what it was saying. However, all of this just made him feel at a loss.

"Where... is this..?"

Su Ming looked at the moon on the lake. He felt that his mind was still clear. He had even once assumed that his Berserker Mark would be related to the Moon of the Fire Berserkers.

"This is your heart..."

The whisper that sounded like a call seemingly answered his question. The voice was barely discernible, making those who heard it feel as if it was by their ears but also as if it was a lingering echo of a voice that came from afar.

"Who are you? Did you bring me here?"

Su Ming calmed down and looked around.

"This is your heart. You were the one who brought yourself here... Receive your Mark and take the moon with you. From then on... you will be the strongest Fire Berserker in the land..."

"Is the symbol of the Fire Berserkers the moon..?" Su Ming mumbled.

Since he was young, he heard the elder talking about Transcendence to him. He also saw a few powerful Transcended Berserkers. Yet he only knew that when he Transcended, he would draw a permanent and personal Mark on his skin when he was in a trance.

This Mark held an important meaning to all Berserkers. The Mark was related to their entire life.

It symbolized an aim, a reflection of themselves on their bodies. The Berserker Mark could be seen by others. A person would usually only have this one chance in their entire lives to draw it, and they could only have one Mark.

Su Ming listened to the whispers by his ears and looked at the lake shrouded by fog. It looked as if the fog around the lake had become much thinner, allowing his gaze to fall on the full moon reflected on the surface of the water.

When he saw the moon, the voice calling out to him became stronger. That voice came from the moon on the water. It was as if it had been waiting for Su Ming's arrival for ages. It had been waiting for him to come to this place and take it away.

"Take the moon... Take with you the will of fire and the might of Berserk. Burn the heavens with fire, sweep away the world,

assemble in you the body of the Fire Berserker!"

The whispering voice gained a hint of urgency. The instant the whispers echoed in the surroundings, the serene lake burned with raging fire, causing the lake to instantly turn into a lake of fire.

All the fog dissipated in the face of the lake of fire. As the area distorted, only the moon in the lake of fire continued letting out a soft glow. However, there was something strange about that moon in Su Ming's eyes.

The moon was slowly turning red.

"Is my Berserker Mark the moon..?"

Su Ming felt his will urging him to move forward and touch the moon calling out to him from within the lake of fire.

As the lake of fire before him growled, it sounded as if it was worshipping him. The fire spread out and opened up a path for him.

The moon had turned to a brilliant shade of red. The moment Su Ming felt as if he was about to touch the moon, the scenes before him suddenly became clouded. In an instant, the world within his heart changed.

What appeared before Su Ming's eyes was a fire red sky. The entirety of it was burning with an endless sea of fire. As the fire

burned, the ground dried up. There were countless burnt skeletons on the land, and they scattered into ashes in the midst of the shrill cries penetrating the air.

There was a person floating in the red sky. That person wore a red robe. Even his hair was red and fell to his waist. He had his hands behind his back as he looked at the sky. His body seemed as if it had fused together with the sea of fire around him. In the direction of his gaze, Su Ming saw...

He saw the end of the world. There was an indistinct distortion over there, and there was a giant cauldron within. Golden light scattered out of the cauldron, as if it traveled through time and was similarly about to go through this place to arrive at another time.

"Begone!"

A cold harrumph fell out the mouth of the man in red who had seemed to be one with the sea of fire. He lifted his right hand and swung it towards the sky. The sky rumbled, and the indistinct distortion immediately cracked apart and shattered like a mirror. Cracking sounds rose from within, and the giant cauldron immediately crumbled as if it had just suffered grievous injuries.

The man in red turned around slowly to look at Su Ming and said in a hoarse voice, "Come, accept the fire moon. Become one with the Fire Berserkers and receive the mark of the moon..."

The moment Su Ming saw the person's face, he felt shaken. This

person's countenance was the exact same as his. Even his scar on the face was on the other person.

His gaze was profound. And as he spoke, he stretched out his hand as if summoning Su Ming to his side.

Su Ming took a deep breath and stared at the person who looked like a replica of himself before him with a dumbfounded expression. He had an inkling that this was not a duplicate of himself or an illusion, but a symbol of the Berserker Mark. If he accepted the mark of the moon, then it meant that he would very likely turn out like this in the future.

After a brief period of pensive silence, resolution appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"The moon is the mark of Fire Berserkers... but I'm not one of the Fire Berserkers. Even if I receive the mark of the moon, it will only turn into lightning... My Berserker Mark isn't set just yet. I won't take this Mark!"

The instant Su Ming said his words, the fire-red world before him instantly fell apart. The person in red also dissipated. Once they disappeared, the lake that appeared once more before Su Ming's eyes let out a loud boom. After a moment, the lake dissipated before him as if it was disassembled from the world. Even the moon disappeared in the blink of an eye.

It was also during this moment that the old man sitting in the sky cried out in surprise.

"He discarded it?!"

The old man's expression was grave as he looked at the ground. He used a unique Timeless Art to see how Su Ming's Berserker Mark was formed. He also sensed that Su Ming's Mark was a moon.

‘Marks are categorized into three categories, and each experiences nine levels of alteration. The sky, the earth, and the world are the three categories. Each of them will go through nine alterations. Once any type of Mark reaches the ninth alteration, then they will allow a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm to have enough power to break into the Bone Sacrifice Realm...

‘The sun, moon, and stars are known as the sky mark... he sensed the presence of the Sky Mark, which is enough to show that he's not an ordinary person... but he chose to give it up!’

The old man looked at the ground and he instantly swung his right arm before him. The sea of blood behind him immediately boiled and tumbled as if there were giant waves roaring about.

"Everyone's Berserker Mark is different in the Transcendence Realm, but most of them only have one choice. It's not something that they can discard at will. The moment the will of the Berserker Mark appears, it'll naturally gather on the body... Hmm?"

The old man's words came to an abrupt halt.

The moment he stopped speaking, the dark and dull blood fog on Su Ming, who remained in the cave abode deep in the mountains down below, gathered together on his skin and gradually formed the shape of a full moon on his chest. The Mark may have been indistinct, but the outline could be clearly seen.

At the same time, a hot wave of heat filled the entire cavern. Some of it even spilled out of the cave and surrounded the mountain.

Yet the moment the moon was about to be formed, Su Ming trembled, and as he did so, the fog forming the outlines of the moon on his chest rapidly tumbled about like waves. After a moment, the fog dissipated from Su Ming's chest as if it was reversing. It appeared once more on his entire body and turned into an unstable fog.

Soon after, the heat in the cave also dispersed as if someone was fanning it away with great strength. In the blink of an eye, it disappeared, along with the heat that had spread outside the mountain. It disappeared like a bonfire and would never exist again.

"He really discarded it?! How did he do it?! That's just absurd!"

Shock and amazement appeared on the old man's face, but he quickly frowned and was about to risk revealing himself to prevent the act he deemed preposterous when his movements suddenly faltered.

A white snowflake floated down before him. It was this snowflake that caused the change on the old man's face. Even his breathing became rapid.

"Snow... Snow has never appeared in the Land of South Morning, especially where Han Mountain City is located..."

The old man took a deep breath and lifted his head swiftly. He saw a lot of snow forming in the sky. The heat in the air instantly turned into cold.

"Could it be..." The old man slowly lowered his head and looked at the remote mountains on the ground. A piercing glare appeared in his eyes. "He actually... sensed a second Berserker Mark!"

In the caverns where Su Ming isolated himself deep within the mountains, the instant the heat that existed moments ago disappeared, a large amount of frost appeared on Su Ming's body. In a short amount of time, it spread through his entire body, causing him to look as if he was covered in snow. Even his brows and hair were covered in white.

The snow on his face released a chill that was completely different from the heat before. As the chill spread out, the entire cave abode became cold. Very soon, a layer of frost gathered on the walls in the cave and turned into ice.

Cracking sounds resounded, and after a moment, the entire cave turned into a world of ice. Even the ground was covered in a layer

of ice.

The entire mountain was covered in ice. The plants on the mountain instantly turned into ice statues and froze there, unmoving. It was as if the entire mountain had turned into an sculpture.

As the chill spread through the ground, a lot of snow appeared in the sky. The snowflakes gradually floated down, causing a strange sight to appear in the Land of South Morning, a place where it rarely snowed.

The snow floated down, but it did not cover the ground. They gathered on the mountain where Su Ming's cave was instead and gradually gathered into a thick layer of snow.

The figure of a boy and a girl could be seen vaguely in the snowstorm. They were holding hands and walking forward through the snow... walking... as if they wanted to continue walking together until their hair turned white with age.